THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

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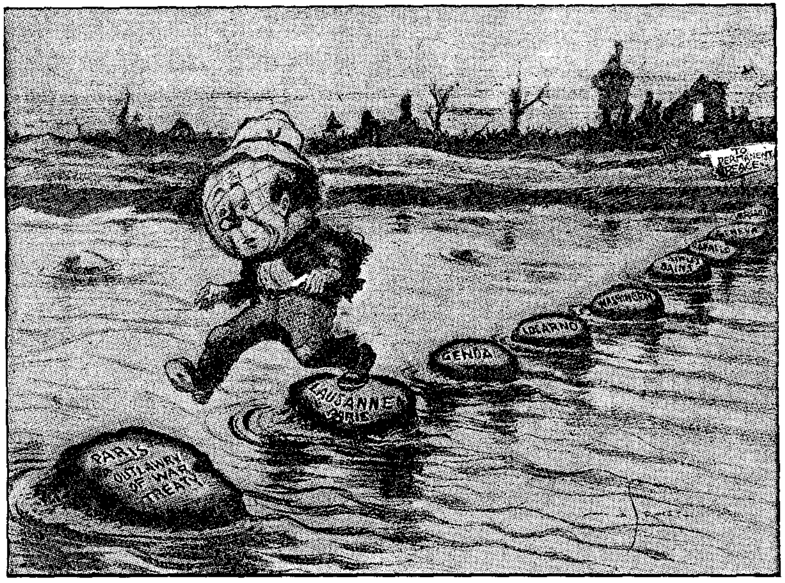
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

"THE PACT OF PARIS" OPENING A NEW WORLD ERA

"ONE OF THE GREATEST EVENTS since the birth of Christ" was the signing of the Kellogg treaty outlawing war—now officially "the Pact of Paris"—by the chief nations of the world, on August 27, according to one press writer, and the event is hailed no less enthusiastically by statesmen and editors in every country. President Coolidge, for instance, calls it "a great forward step in the preservation of peaceful relations between the nations," and President Doumergue of France is convinced that the act "responds to the innermost longings of all mankind." German Foreign Minister Stresemann, who came from a sick-bed to sign the treaty, being the first German Cabinet Minister to visit Paris in sixty-one years, believes the pact holds the basis for the creation "of a world in which war, one of the most terrible scourges of humanity, will no longer exist." The signing of a general pact renouncing war, in the opinion of Aristide Briand, whose original suggestion of a Franco-American pact was expanded into the Kellogg multilateral treaties, "marks a new date in history making." Lord Cushendon, too, who signed the treaty for Great Britain, has not the least doubt that it is "the biggest step yet taken toward the stabilization and perpetuation of peace." London papers hail the 27th of August as one of the great days of history. In South America, *La Nacion*, of Buenos Aires, sees humanity obtaining a new victory. Paris dailies welcomed the arrival of Secretary Kellogg in Paris, and recalled President Wilson's journey there to help negotiate the Treaty of Versailles, and they pay their homage to "two great American citizens, Wilson and Kellogg, bent on the mission of establishing peace on earth." In Germany and Rome the treaty gets similar praise, mixed with contrasting scorn and cynicism from certain sections of the press. In Central Europe there is praise of the idealism behind the Kellogg pacts, but regret that something was not done before the signing to rectify the frontiers established by the Versailles Treaty.



STILL ANOTHER STEP

—Racey in the Montreal *Star*.

In our own country the Pact of Paris is heartily acclaimed in the press, with a small minority distrustful and fearing that our own national interests are being betrayed. The general feeling is that whatever the treaties may lack in legal weight they make up for by their moral influence. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* now feels that while, of course, war has not been abolished, "international wars can not fail to be less frequent than in the past." The importance of the agreement, as the Brooklyn *Eagle* argues, "is that it focuses the moral sentiment of the world against the use of force, and in the development of that moral sentiment lies the real hope of peace." A number of dailies take as their own Secretary Kellogg's statement that the acceptance of this pact is "a moral step forward of civilization." A very great event it is, in the judgment of the New Haven *Journal-Courier* —"all other issues of earth are mere whistling in the street compared to setting things up among men so that when one or more Powers want to go to war, or think they do, they run up against a sentiment, accepted, agreed upon, compelling, to the effect that the World War taught us something; that it simply isn't done." Never before, the Newark *News* reminds us, "except in the Covenant of the League of Nations, have the nations formally and in concert put war on the shelf." The Philadelphia *Bulletin* calls the signing of the pact "a challenge to cynicism and pessimism, an act of faith that civilized man can and will outlaw war." For the present it is enough for the Syracuse *Herald* to know that "fifteen nations commanding an immense preponderance of the weapons and resources for war have united in branding war as a scourge, as terrible as it is avoidable; as an organized crime that deserves to be outlawed by the combined power and intelligence of the twentieth century's humanity; as a standing peril to man, and an unpardonable offense to man's Creator!" "The moral promise involved is perhaps the most momentous pledge toward international justice and permanent good-will in all the run of time until the present hour," says the Hartford *Times*, and in the Atlanta *Constitution* we read:

"The moral effect of world-wide approval of the treaty will exert a powerful influence in inducing any country obligated by the treaty to make an honest effort to settle its differences with other countries by peaceable means rather than by a resort to arms.

"Had such a treaty been in effect before the World War, even the then hell-bent-on-war Germany would have hesitated a long time before taking the step that cost 10,000,000 lives."

Or, as the Boston *Herald* puts it:

"Think what it means—that the oldest implement of policy among nations, tracing back beyond the records of history, is formally renounced. It is a thing to rejoice over, it is superb, it is magnificent. We should sing the *Te Deum Laudamus*, and trust in the statecraft of the future for the solution of new problems as they may arise. It is the will for peace that counts."

"Mankind has never before had such a weapon with which to combat war," declares the Washington *Post*. And Paul V. Collins writes in the Washington *Star:*

"In the 10,000 years of history or tradition there has never before been so momentous an agreement for ostracizing war. We of the living generation can not comprehend its full significance as will our descendants 1,000 years hence. Hitherto might made right in the policies of governments, for any statesman could find sophistry or casuistry sufficient to justify aggression on the weaker nations. The League of Nations merely bound its members to unite in making war upon a nation which was so wicked as to make war without its consent. The Kellogg pact will go in the opposite direction and forbid war as the aggressive policy of any nation—including the members of the League of Nations. The enforcement of the treaty will be with the world spirit and passion for peace. Personal duels to-day are not usually prevented by the billy of the police and arrest of the fighters, but they are made impossible by the universal sentiment that dueling is wilful murder, and he who commits it is inexcusably vicious, unfit for decent society. Similar pressure will now prevent nations from 'dueling' for self-aggrandizement.

"There have been many previous attempts to abolish war, but never any which could be compared with the present agreement."

TEXT OF THE PACT OF PARIS

Article I.

The high contracting parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

Article 2.

The high contracting parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means.

Article 3.

(Prescribes methods of ratification).

SIGNATORY NATIONS

Germany, United States of America, Belgium, France, Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Union of South Africa, Irish Free State, India, Italy, Japan, Poland, and Czechoslovakia.

NATIONS ASKED TO JOIN

Albania
Afghanistan
Argentina
Austria
Bolivia
Brazil
Bulgaria
Chile
China
Colombia
Costa Rica
Cuba
Denmark
Dominican Republic
Ecuador
Egypt
Esthonia
Ethiopia
Finland
Greece
Guatemala
Haiti
Honduras
Hungary
Iceland
Latvia
Liberia
Lithuania
Luxemburg
Mexico
Netherlands
Nicaragua
Norway
Panama
Paraguay
Persia
Peru
Portugal
Roumania
*Russia
Salvador
Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes
Siam
Spain
Sweden
Switzerland
Turkey
Uruguay
Venezuela

*Invitation by France.

Contrasting with such enthusiasm is the skeptical mood in which some editors find themselves as they reflect on the ceremony of August 27. The Detroit *Free Press* admits that the treaty is a good thing, but does not admit that it is a sign of an overwhelming expectation of peace—

"The very fact that a formal agreement not to resort to arms is considered desirable is an indication that something is wanting in the way of perfect friendship and trust among the civilized nations of the earth. The agreement is an outcome of apprehension rather than an outcome of affection."

It seems to the Providence *News* that if the various nations "ever really want to outlaw war as an instrument of national policy, they will find a way of expressing their intentions less vague than this." And there is a hostile note in the comment of the weekly *Liberty* (New York):

"We apparently are expected to trust only to this treaty for defense, and do nothing about our Navy.

"The treaty has been surreptitiously and secretly fostered by pacifist organizations.

"We do not know whether the Senate will fly in the face of this carefully cultivated pacifism. But we do know that the people of this country have not abandoned their belief in the Monroe Doctrine. We hope the Senate will add a reservation to the treaty sustaining the Monroe Doctrine in its full strength, so that the final decision as to our own affairs may continue to rest with us."

"The Soft Soap in the State Department," is the title of a long leading editorial in the Chicago *Tribune*, which argues that under Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge, successively, irrespective of party, those in charge of our foreign relations have forgotten the interests of the nation in their pursuit of pacifistic fantoms and futilities:

"Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lansing would have subordinated the United States to a superstate controlled in Europe. Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes gave away American sea power. Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg are giving away the national defense, placing the country in the control of its organized and endowed pacifists and stimulating the debt cancellationists to new hope and renewed effort.

"This, it must be said, is consistent with the tradition, the record, and the ambition of the American State Department, which conceives its duties and its obligations to be everywhere except where they should be. The flattery of European statesmen, whom American representatives regard as their superiors, converts the men who ought to be our lawyers into counsel for the other side."

Such are the pro and con of the talk about the treaty. Certain key facts are set down for convenient reading at a glance in the center of this page. Certain other facts may be gleaned from current news items in the press. For instance, one Associated Press correspondent in Paris points out that this is the fifth peace agreement concluded in the last six years. Previous to the signing of the Pact of Paris, on August 27—

"At Genoa, in May, 1922, thirty nations adopted a resolution not to commit aggressions upon one another.

"At Geneva, in September, 1924, the Assembly of the League of Nations adopted a protocol which bound the members to substitute arbitration for violence in the settlement of disputes.

"At Locarno, in 1925, France, Belgium, and Germany signed a pact which bound them never to make war upon one another, but to settle their controversies by arbitration.

"At Havana, in 1927, the Pan-American Congress adopted a resolution to tabu war as a means of furthering national policy."

The history of the progress of the Pact of Paris is given in a New York *Herald Tribune* statement, which we abbreviate:

On April 6, 1927, Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister, speaking in connection with the tenth anniversary of America's entrance into the World War, announced: "France is willing publicly to subscribe with the United States to an engagement

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. Do the fat or the thin live longer? (p. 21).
2. Why did the survivors of the *Italia* disaster paint their tent red? (p. 32).
3. What one word sums up the American woman's idea of religion? (p. 28).
4. Who furnished most of the funds for the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford? (p. 24).
5. What nations signed "The Pact of Paris"? (p. 6).
6. How was Captain Lundborg stranded in the Arctic? (p. 37).
7. Do people flock to churches which drop "antiquated doctrines"? (p. 27).
8. How many copies of "The Story of Philosophy" were sold? (p. 23).
9. Is the college athlete short-lived? (p. 18).
10. What two statesmen are chiefly responsible for the treaties outlawing war which were signed at Paris last week? (p. 5).
11. What sort of hat did Trader Horn wear to America? (p. 51).
12. What are some of the faults of Modernism? (p. 26).
13. Who are the two most famous "Scotch" comedians? (p. 25).
14. Who is the first German Cabinet Minister to visit Paris in 61 years? (page 5).
15. What is the color of the sun? (p. 59).
16. What percentage of school children are "word-blind"? (p. 20).
17. Where was Carducci's birthplace? (p. 25).
18. How many nations have been asked to join the original signers of the Pact of Paris? (p. 6).
19. What is considered the loveliest language in the world? (p. 53).
20. What are the chances of Methodist reunion in England? (p. 28).
21. Why would an invisible man be blind? (p. 56).
22. Do accidents happen, or are they caused? (p. 60).
23. Is the earth crust cooling or becoming warmer year by year? (p. 20).
24. Why is the ear not wholly satisfactory in testing the tones of violins? (p. 57).
25. Who among athletes have the highest mortality? (p. 18).

tending to outlaw war, to use an American expression, between these two nations." On December 28, Frank B. Kellogg, American Secretary of State, suggested that the two nations, instead of making a bilateral declaration, should try to bring the chief nations of the world into a multilateral pact renouncing war as an instrument of national policy. After an exchange of notes Messrs. Kellogg and Briand agreed to invite Great Britain, Germany, Italy, and Japan into the negotiations. On the suggestion of Great Britain, Canada, the Irish Free State, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India were asked to join, and later Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and Poland were brought in as signatories to the Locarno treaties. By July 20 the last of these nations had announced its willingness to sign, and a number of speeches by Mr. Kellogg and several exchanges of notes had given assurance that there would be no conflict with a nation's right to go to war in self-defense, or with the requirements of the League Covenant, the Locarno Treaties, and France's treaties of neutrality. After the signing at Paris for the fifteen nations, forty-eight other nations were asked to adhere to the treaty."

So, on August 27, in the historic Salle de l'Horloge of the Quai D'Orsay, representatives of fifteen nations, beginning with Dr. Stresemann of Germany, signed the document. There was little speechmaking—in fact, Mr. Kellogg made himself temporarily notorious for his "mutism"—but Foreign Minister Briand spoke for all in a carefully prepared address of welcome, from which we quote a few characteristic sentences:

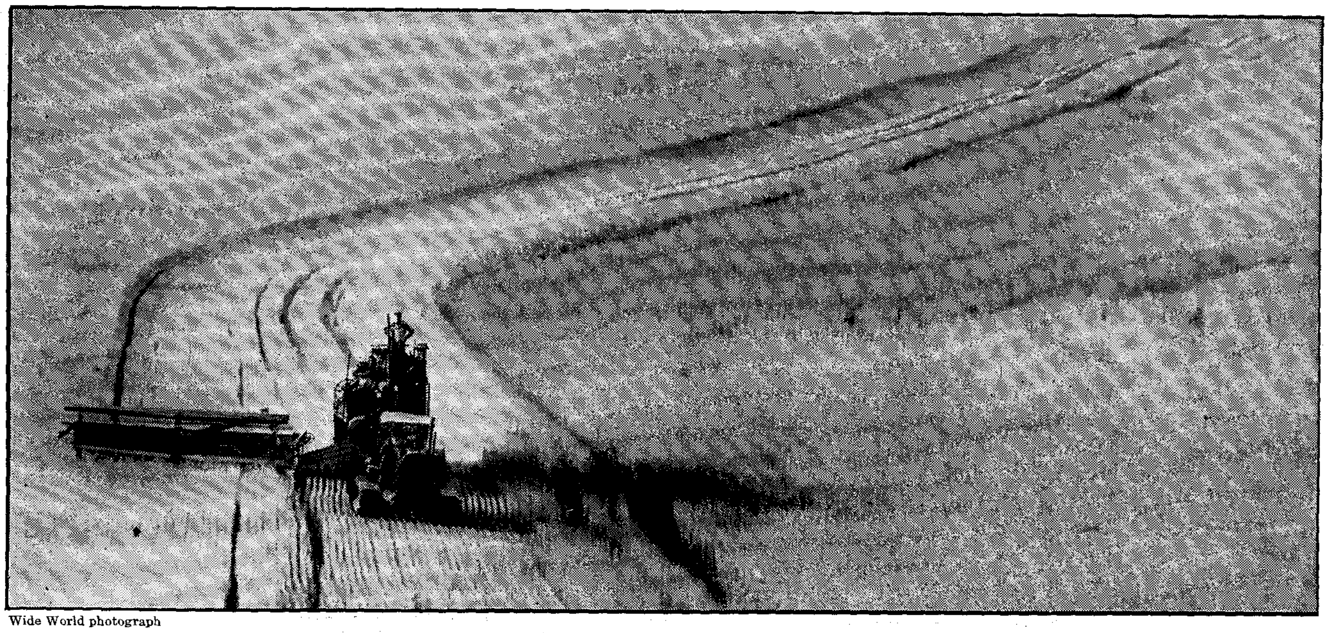
> "For the first time, on general plans accessible to all nations in the universe, a congress of peace does something else than settle politically the immediate conditions of a particular peace such as they are imposed in fact by the results of war.
>
> "For the first time in the face of the whole world, through a solemn covenant involving the honor of great nations, all of which have behind them a heavy past of political conflict, war is renounced unreservedly as an instrument of national policy; that is to say, in its most specific and dreaded form—selfish and wilful war. Considered of yore as of divine right, and having remained in international ethics as an attribute of sovereignty, that form of war becomes at last juridically devoid of what constituted its most serious danger—its legitimacy. Henceforth, branded with illegality, it is by mutual accord truly and regularly outlawed so that a culprit would incur the unconditional condemnation and probably the enmity of all its co-signatories.
>
> "Peace is proclaimed. That is much; but it still remains necessary to organize it. In the solution of difficulties right and not might must prevail. That is to be the work of to-morrow."

A summary of what the statesmen assembled at Paris consider to be the real meaning of their treaty is made by Paul Scott Mowrer, in a Paris dispatch to the Washington *Star:*

> "1. It binds all signatories to keep the peace among themselves, except in clearly defined cases of self-defense.
>
> "2. If war nevertheless breaks out, it leaves States that are members of the League of Nations free to determine the aggressor and take appropriate action through the League machinery, but leaves non-League members, like the United States and Russia, free to form their own opinions, both regarding who is the aggressor and what action should be taken.
>
> "3. Thus it insures that in case of war there can be no conflict between the United States and the League, provided the facts of aggression are clear and commonly agreed upon.
>
> "4. It does not abolish war, for nothing can abolish war as long as the possibility of bad faith remains among men, but it makes war more difficult, for henceforth no signatory can attack another State without breaking its solemn pledge and running the risk of finding itself opposed by a coalition, not only of League members but of non-members like the United States, which feel a moral obligation under the pact to interfere against aggression.
>
> "5. For all of these reasons, it tends to strengthen peace sentiment throughout the world and give peace-loving peoples something concrete to hold and insist upon.
>
> "6. Finally, it tends to establish an entirely new principle of international law—the principle that for one nation to attack another is illegal, and must be dealt with accordingly."

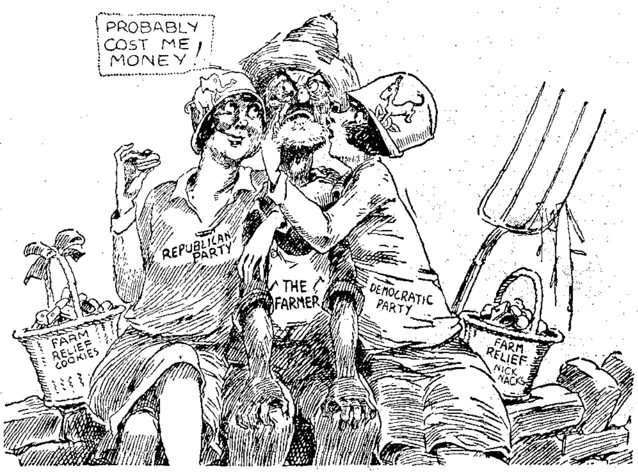
In the ceremonies of the Quai D'Orsay, the Philadelphia *Record* is but one of many American papers to see America returning "to a position of leadership in a cause of peace and orderly civilization." The Dallas *News* discovers in our Government's act the promise that "without becoming legally bound to it, the United States will cooperate with the League of Nations in its effort to prevent war." The Macon *Telegraph* sees Europe reasoning that "perhaps eventually we will enter the League." At any rate, there are plenty of statements by French and British newspapers, to the effect that the United States is at least ranging herself definitely with the great European Powers for world peace. As the London *Daily Telegraph* remarks: "perhaps the chief benefaction from the pact is that the United States has come back to Europe, making her a member of the standing committee for the preservation of European peace."

Looking ahead, some press writers wonder whether the United States Senate will treat the Pact of Paris as it did the Treaty of Versailles. Unless it does ratify the pact, there will be no pact, for the antiwar compact will come into force only after ratification by all the original fifteen signators. It would not surprize the Hartford *Courant* if the Senate should make difficulties, but Washington correspondents in general feel that Mr. Kellogg can count on ratification, particularly as he is supposed to have the support of Senator William E. Borah, head of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and as it is believed that much greater sympathy for the Kellogg-Briand proposal exists in the Senate than ever existed there for the League of Nations.

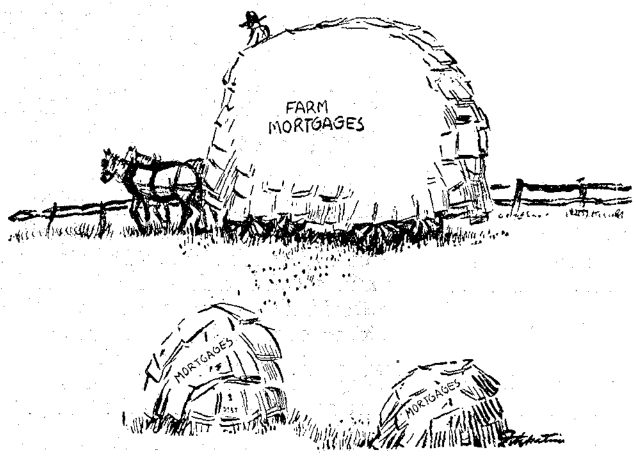


Wide World photograph

A CATERPILLAR TAKES A "HEADER" THROUGH THE WHEAT FIELDS OF WASHINGTON


PROBABLY COST ME MONEY!
REPUBLICAN PARTY
THE FARMER
DEMOCRATIC PARTY
FARM RELIEF COOKIES
FARM RELIEF NICK NACKS

GOSH! HOW THEY LOVE HIM
—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch.*


FARM MORTGAGES
MORTGAGES
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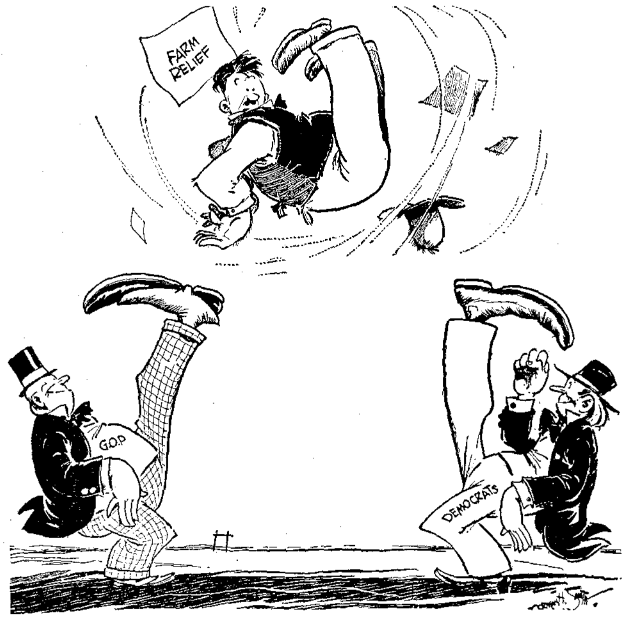
TARIFF PROSPERITY
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*


FARM RELIEF
GOP
DEMOCRATS

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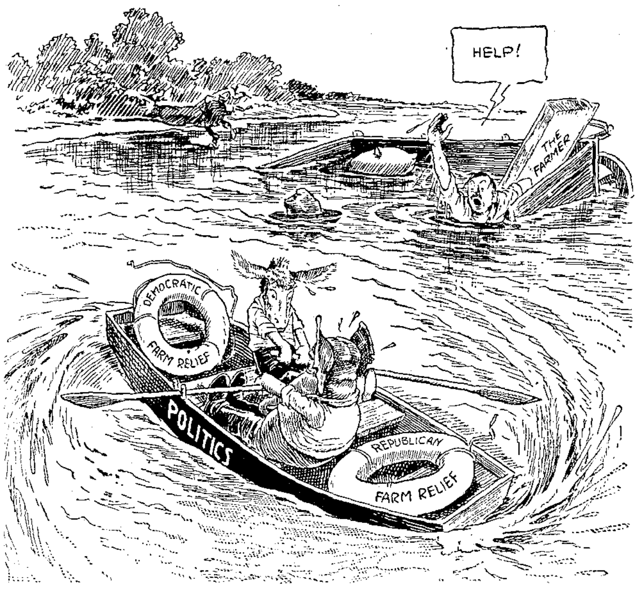
THE FOOTBALL
—Smith in the New York *American.*


HELP!
THE FARMER
DEMOCRATIC FARM RELIEF
POLITICS
REPUBLICAN FARM RELIEF

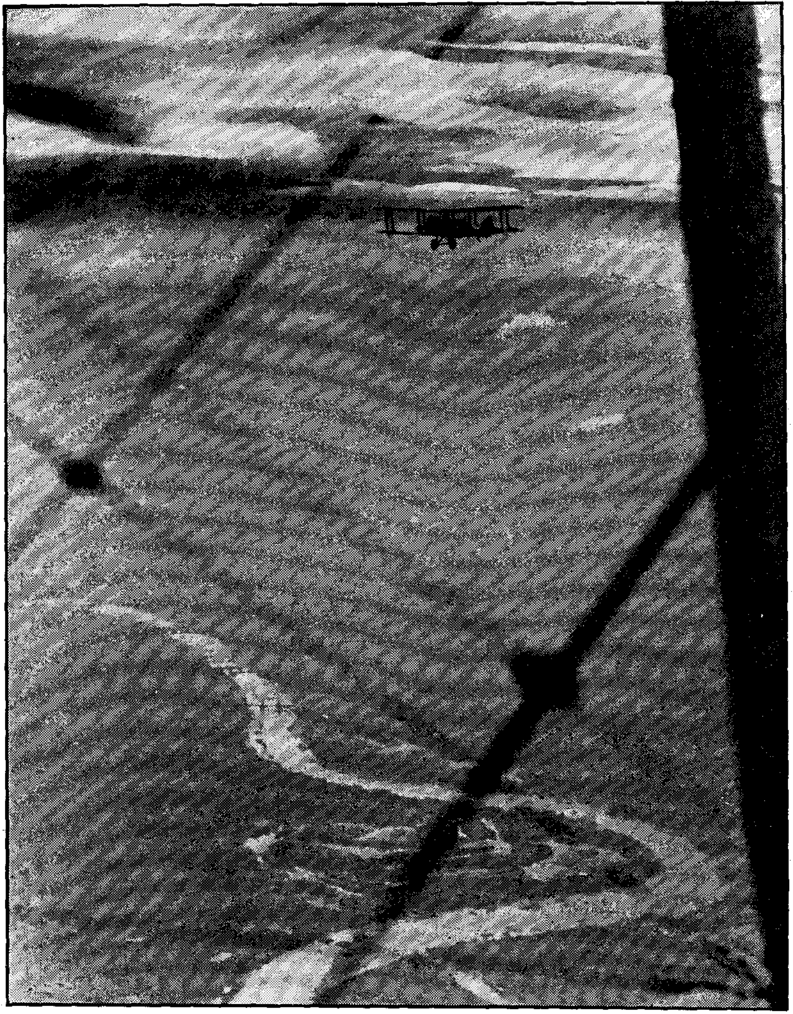
NOW IF THEY COULD JUST PULL TOGETHER
—Evans in the Columbus *Dispatch.*

REAL AND IMAGINARY VIEWS OF LIFE ON THE FARM

LONDON'S "DOOM" IN THE AIR

LONDON WAS "WIPED OUT"—theoretically—in a recent attack by the Royal Air Force, which staged a four-day mimic invasion and defense test, and the question of what is to be learned from such a demonstration of the helplessness of great cities in the "next war" raises keen discussion here as well as overseas. "High explosives and gas bombs will be used freely in the next conflict," says Brigadier-General Groves, secretary of the British Air League, and "it will be the aim of each side to terrorize the civilian population of the other." The London *Times* and other papers call for a bigger, better, and faster air force that will make an enemy slow to attack because of the danger to nerve centers of its own homeland. Liberal and Labor organs, however, discount the maneuvers as propaganda. Lloyd George takes occasion to declare that "of all the armaments that should be cut down, armament of the air is the most urgent."

British Army experts agree that the capital of the Empire is absolutely at the mercy of an air attack launched from the Continent, because in this sham battle in the air at least half of the "enemy" bombers were effective. They made fifty-seven daylight raids, in nine of which they completely evaded the defense; they theoretically laid vital points in ruins, and they made all other sections uninhabitable by means of gases. Theoretically, 300 tons of bombs loaded with gas and high explosives were dropt in these maneuvers, equal, it is said, to all that the Germans dropt on England during the World War, and it is calculated that an attack from the coast would be so swift that destruction could be accomplished before defending airplane squadrons could get out of airdromes into fighting altitudes.



Wide World photograph

A TERROR OF THE AIR OVER LONDON

Caught by the camera in the mimic airplane bombing attack which destroyed the capital of the British Empire—theoretically.

Considerable comment in American papers is condensed in the Baltimore *Evening Sun's* editorial, which says:

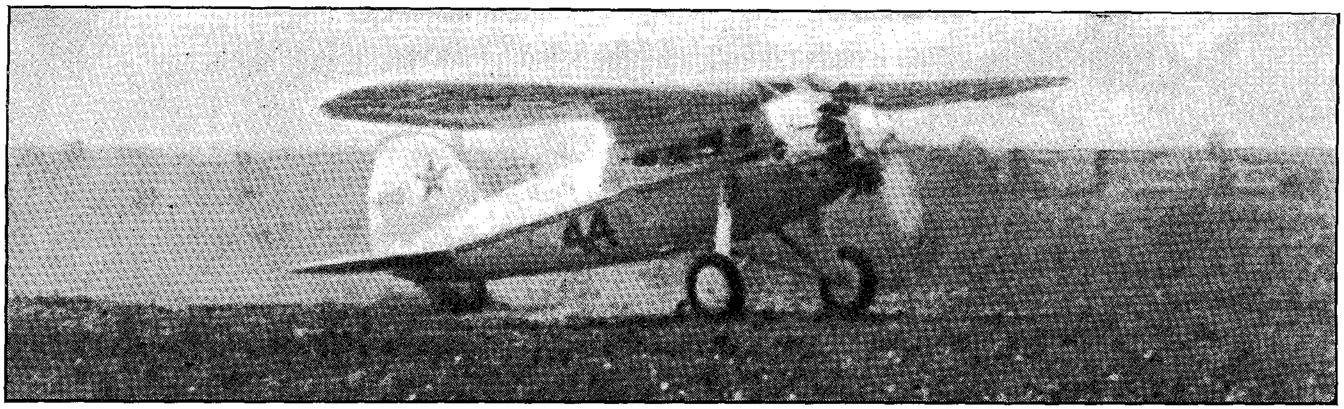
> "John Smith, taxpayer, long ago learned that whenever military men stage a sham battle to test the defenses of a city, whether the attack be by land, by water, or by air, the defenses are going to prove inadequate. It is by convincing him that he is left practically naked to his enemies that John Smith can most easily be scared into supporting huge military expenditures.
>
> "So we here and now make a general prophecy: The next time London is the objective of a sham battle, its defenses will prove inadequate again."

Nevertheless it is quite generally assumed by our editorial writers that, as the Washington *Post* declares, the results of the sham bombardment of London were ominous and "vindicated the contention of experts that that city—and presumably any other—will in future be utterly defenseless against this mode of warfare." The progress in aviation leads naturally to the conclusion that London is not the only "peculiarly vulnerable" city, according to the South Bend *Tribune:*

> "Citizens of the United States have seen their traditional natural safeguards, the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, spanned by planes. The cruising power of airplanes is increasing rapidly, and the theory held only a few years ago that planes would be impotent unless they had war-ships accompanying them to serve as fuel and supply stations is less forcible.
>
> "The lessons to be learned from the British Royal Air maneuvers are valuable to all governments. The balance of power may rest within a generation with the nations that take a rational view of aviation."

The Chicago *Tribune*, which admits that the airplane and airplane bomb have been considerably improved since the Armistice, sees no reason to believe that these offensive weapons will not be successfully countered by improved defensive methods. In the World War bombing never "proved a serious menace to the Allied cause or, for that matter, to the German, altho all the important railroad centers in western Germany were subjected to repeated attacks from the air." Further, we read:

> "One reason for the failure to cause permanent damage is the inability of the airplane, moving at high speed, to hit a mark; as most bombing is done at night, the difficulty of striking the target is considerably augmented. A more fundamental reason for failure over cities lies in the nature of the target itself. A great city is a collection of a vast number of buildings. A bomb which penetrates the roof of one will explode within four firmly built walls. It may do much damage in the building it strikes, but the damage will be strictly limited to that small area. Cities built of wood might be considerably more vulnerable from the air than the masonry cities of western Europe, but modern American buildings of steel and reinforced concrete are far better able to resist bombing than the older masonry types.
>
> "The possibilities of destroying a civilian population in a rain of gas are easily exaggerated. The amount of gas required to maintain a lethal concentration in an area as vast as that of a modern city is so far greater than can be carried by a fleet of airplanes that the possibility of disposing of a civilian population by these means can be considered fanciful. The worst that gas bombs can accomplish is to render a limited area temporarily uninhabitable, and there is no doubt that this menace can be met by the organization of chemical units resembling fire-fighting companies, equipped with neutralizing apparatus."



P. & A. photograph

THE RECORD-BREAKING LOCKHEED-VEGA MONOPLANE TOUCHES ITS WHEELS TO EARTH

For the first time in approximately nineteen hours, during which time it flew from Los Angeles to Curtiss Field, near New York City, a distance of 2,710 miles. The engine used was a Pratt & Whitney "Wasp" of 400 horse-power. It is interesting to note that the Liberty engine used by Macready and Kelly on their transcontinental flight five years ago delivered about the same amount of power, but consumed some 300 gallons more of gasoline in the flight from New York to San Diego.

OCEAN TO OCEAN BETWEEN LUNCH AND BREAKFAST

MOVING TWO OCEANS CLOSER TOGETHER might be a difficult engineering task, yet that is exactly what Col. Arthur Goebel and Harry Tucker accomplished—in terms of transportation—when they flew in their monoplane *Yankee Doodle* from Los Angeles to New York City in less than nineteen hours. By thus clipping almost eight hours from the previous non-stop transcontinental record, Goebel, who piloted the machine the entire distance, notes the Dallas *News*, "has done more real service to aviation than by winning the Dole Prize in his flight from San Francisco to Honolulu last year." And while the flight of August 19-20 was made in a commercial plane, "we know now that we could bring an air fleet from the Pacific to the Atlantic, or vice versa, for defense or attack, within twenty-four hours," observes Arthur Brisbane in the New York *American*. An examination of the country's press, however, shows that the Goebel-Tucker "hop," the fastest ever made between the two oceans and the first from West to East, is regarded purely as a commercial aviation feat, since it was accomplished by a civil flyer in a mail-carrying plane. Certainly, points out the St. Joseph *News-Press*, "it bespeaks the improvements that have been made in airplane and engine design and construction since Macready and Kelly made their historic non-stop flight from New York to San Diego, back in 1923." Furthermore, we are reminded by the Los Angeles *Times*, "the war-built motor used on the 1923 flight consumed 300 gallons more of gasoline than the modern air-cooled engine. And a reduction in the fuel bill means as much to the business of commercial aviation as an increase in speed." To quote from a New York *Herald Tribune* article by Francis D. Walton:

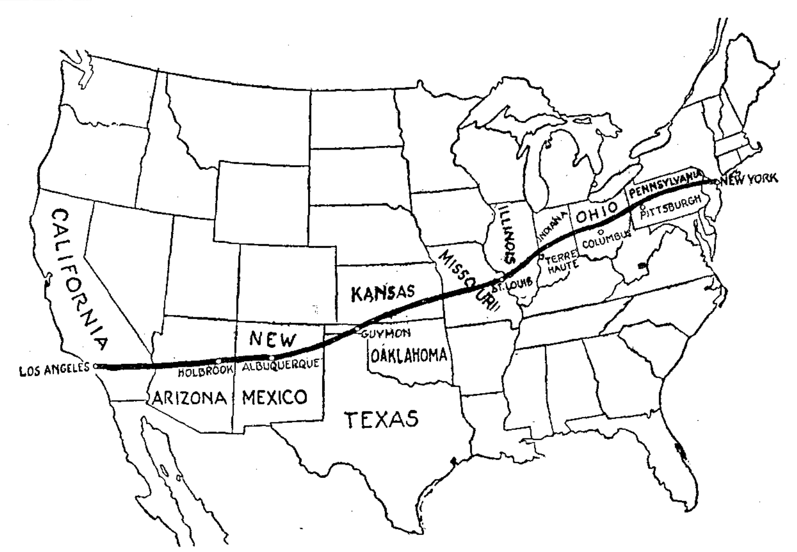
"The fastest journey ever made across the United States from coast to coast was completed this morning [August 20] when a white Lockheed-Vega monoplane, powered with a Pratt & Whitney 400-horse-power air-cooled engine, and bearing Col. Arthur Goebel, Dole prize-winner, and Harry Tucker, financial backer of the flight, dropt down to a graceful landing at Curtiss Field. The wheels of the *Yankee Doodle* touched the ground at 11:04, Eastern daylight time. The pilot and his passenger landed here before a full day had elapsed since the start of the journey, completing the 2,710-mile trip without stop in 18 hours and 58 minutes, at an average speed of 142 miles an hour.

"It was the first non-stop flight ever made across the United States from West to East. It bettered by nearly eight hours the only other non-stop flight ever made across the country, that which was achieved in 26 hours and 50 minutes by the Army flyers, Macready and Kelly. And finally it clipt two hours and fifty minutes off the fastest previous time for a transcontinental flight. The former record for the quickest trip by a human being in going across the United States was 21 hours and 48 minutes. It was set in 1924 by Lieutenant Maughan, in his famous 'dawn-to-dusk' flight.

"Of the three, the breaking of Maughan's record is accepted as the greatest feat. It was not non-stop, and it was made in a specially conditioned Army pursuit ship.

"The fact that Goebel and his backer clipt nearly three hours off Maughan's record in a non-stop flight in which they carried sufficient fuel for the entire journey when they took off was remarkable in itself. But that they did this in a stock cabin plane powered with a standard air-cooled engine, and yet broke the record of a special racing job was applauded as a demonstration of phenomenal piloting and a concrete illustration of the advancement made in standard aircraft.

"Goebel had 453 gallons of gasoline in his plane. At the end of the flight, which was made at an average altitude of 8,000 feet, there were ninety gallons still remaining in the tanks. He flew the entire distance himself. Altho his backer, Mr. Tucker, has been an aviation enthusiast for many years and has made a few flights, he is not a licensed pilot. Goebel rode alone in the pilot's cockpit. Tucker made the trip in the cabin, which has space for five passengers. Passenger and pilot communicated only infrequently on their trip from California, and when they did, it was by writing out notes and



Courtesy of the New York *Times*

APPROXIMATE ROUTE OF THE *YANKEE DOODLE'S* FLIGHT shooting them back and forth from cabin to cockpit. At the end of the first hour of flying the *Yankee Doodle* had reached an altitude of 8,000 feet, and it sailed serenely through the San Jacinto Pass at this height. Goebel and Tucker were moving along at about 150 miles an hour and at an altitude of 10,000 feet when they went over Albuquerque, New Mexico, five hours and thirty-five minutes out of Los Angeles. Darkness came shortly after leaving the New Mexico city behind, and they headed out over Oklahoma as the new night settled down.

"It had been windy but clear over New Mexico, but in Oklahoma, moving along at 8,000 feet, the flyers encountered rolling clouds. Eastward the *Yankee Doodle* flew. Far to the south and nearer on the northern side Goebel saw a line of electrical storms, but his compass course proved to be a clear path between them. Back of and far beneath the plane the cities of the Middle West fell in odd little collections of twinkling lights.

"As the *Yankee Doodle* raced into Indiana, a strong fresh wind sprang out of the south. At 8,000 feet it blew at near gale velocity. As Goebel was unable to see his specially devised drift indicator wire in the dark, he was swept nearly fifty miles off his course before he began to compensate for this drift by crabbing into the wind at a fifteen-degree angle. As a result of this he passed far to the north of Terre Haute, whereas he had planned to fly south of it. Throughout the last hours of the night he fought the strong south wind almost continuously. In the morning he passed north of Columbus, still slightly off his course. He crossed the Alleghanies at 10,000 feet, and then in the light of a new day began a long, slow glide down to his goal.

P. & A. photograph

LUNCHEON IN LOS ANGELES; BREAKFAST IN NEW YORK

Col. Arthur Goebel, winner of the California-Honolulu flight last year, is shown at the right breakfasting with Harry Tucker, Santa Monica sportsman and financial backer of the Los Angeles-New York flight, which was accomplished in 18 hours, 58 minutes. The old record was 26 hours, 50 minutes.

"The Lockheed-Vega is a plane now in standard production in California. It is rated as one of the fastest ships in commercial production, having a high speed of 175 miles an hour. It was a ship of similar design which carried Sir Hubert Wilkins across the Polar sea from Alaska to Spitsbergen last April, and in which the Australian explorer is now planning to make an air trip to the South Pole."

"The plane that spanned the continent in a single flight bore but two men, an extra shirt, and a few sandwiches," recalls the Dallas *News*, "but following it will come freight and express planes which will carry more and carry it faster." The possibility of a one-day trip from Los Angeles to New York "is not far off," concludes the New York *Morning Telegraph*, now that the California city, in terms of transportation, is brought nearer New York than Chicago is to-day by rail. What it means to commercial aviation can best be realized by comparison with the time made by the fastest railroad trains between New York and Los Angeles, explains Russell Owen in a New York *Times* article—eighty-one hours. The Goebel flight was made in less than one-quarter of that time. To the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, the transcontinental flight "is a prophecy of the part aerial transportation will play in this country in the near future." In the opinion of the Newark *News*, the Goebel-Tucker "hop" establishes the feasibility of a commercial air-express service that will span the United States within twenty-four hours. Of course, admits the Springfield *Union:*

"Years may elapse before non-stop flights from Los Angeles to New York become commonplace, but crossing the continent by airplane is bound to become more and more frequent. The first step has already been taken in the formulation of plans to carry passengers from one coast to another by airplane and by train, in about one-half the time that is now required for the trip by train alone.

"The fullest development of national airways depends upon such flights as Goebel's, which hasten the time when aviation will be utilized to its utmost by an increasingly air-minded country."

The Washington *Post* also is convinced that—

"Every flight made with an efficient plane, suitably equipped, helps the world to reach the era of air travel. The development seems slow as it is considered day by day, but a review of progress by decades, or even by years, reveals that mankind is adopting flight far more readily than it adopted the railroad. Already the percentage of fatalities by aircraft is making a favorable showing, as compared with other means of locomotion. Busy brains are at work devising means of safety and certainty in flight. When the continent can be crossed with safety in eighteen hours or so it is evident that Americans will not be contented with surface travel that consumes four days."

There was a time, remarks the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "and not so long ago, when eighteen hours by train to Chicago was regarded as the marvel of the century. Now we have two young men lunching in Los Angeles one day and breakfasting in New York the next." What amazes the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, however, is the lack of nation-wide excitement such as existed at the time Macready and Kelly made their non-stop flight. And it adds:

"A change of attitude like that within five years means something about progress in aviation. The American people have become familiar with the skill of pilots and the dependability of airplanes. At this rate of progress, it will take a flight to the moon to startle them before long."

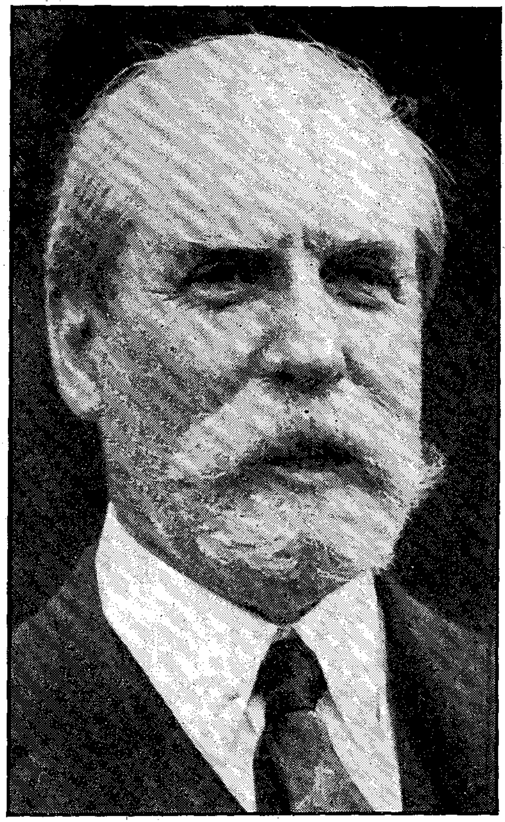
"Goebel's feat is all the more remarkable for the speed attained," thinks the Providence *Journal*. And it believes that—

"'Art' has established himself firmly in a leading position among American aviators. As the winner of the race to Honolulu, an event which brought several planes and a dozen flyers to their death, he might have been warranted in resting on his laurels, but like other enthusiasts of his hazardous profession, he is bent on continued achievement.

"Aside from the ordinary risks of the air, the hero of this latest victory, of course, faced far less danger on this occasion than he did in undertaking his Pacific flight. As he or any other man of the air might say, all he had to do was to take on a sufficient fuel supply, assure himself as to the working condition of his motors, and simply keep on flying until he arrived. That is about all there was to it. Just start and keep on going. But it is not as simple as it may seem, and it calls for courage and endurance as well as a high degree of technical skill to span the continent by air at the rate of 142 miles an hour."

MR. HUGHES A WORLD COURT JUDGE-TO-BE

OUR INTEREST WILL BE REVIVED and appreciation of the importance of the World Court will be stimulated by the election of Charles E. Hughes as one of the Judges, American editors agree. His elevation to the Permanent Court of International Justice, established by the League of Nations, will be "a magnanimous expression of admiration for a citizen of a nation which has stedfastly declined to accept the responsibilities of League membership," according to the Topeka *Capital*. Other papers repeat the observation, and the Seattle *Times* represents the substance of much editorial comment in saying that the accession of Mr. Hughes will "do much to inspire American confidence. Even those who are most fearful about the League of Nations may in time have faith in the World Court with Mr. Hughes on the bench. His great ability, his unquestioned integrity and his good judgment would do much toward allaying the fears of the bitter-enders." Cuba, Brazil, and Sweden, we are told, initiated the movement to nominate Mr. Hughes, formerly Justice of the United States Supreme Court, as the successor of Prof. John Bassett Moore, of Columbia University, resigned, and press cables report that at least thirty-three votes, or more than the required majority of fifty-three member nations, assure his election at the September meeting of the Assembly of the League. "That a distinguished American is to be succeeded on the bench at The Hague by a still more distinguished American can hardly fail to have some effect upon public opinion," according to the New York *Evening Post*. The choice is excellent for several reasons, the Boston *Herald* points out:



International Newsreel photograph

CALLED TO WORLD SERVICE

Charles Evans Hughes, drafted by the League of Nations for the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague.

> "It fulfils the ideal of the international court plan, that the leading nations of the world and the several systems of jurisprudence be represented on its bench. Obviously, and for reasons both selfish and generous, the other great Powers want the United States to have a place in the panel of eleven judges. It is good news that is contained in the flat statement in a dispatch from Paris, signed by Edwin L. James of the New York *Times*, 'that Mr. Hughes will accept.'"

Many editors remind us that Mr. Hughes, when Secretary of State under Presidents Harding and Coolidge, prepared reservations for United States adherence to the Court, which were acceptable to other members, but the reservation added by the Senate requiring American consent to even an "advisory" opinion on any submitted question in which the United States "claims an interest" kept us out of the Court. Other papers, like the Brooklyn *Eagle*, recall that "there was a time when Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State felt that he could not deal with the League of Nations because his country was not a member of it," leaving League communications unanswered. But now "Americans, regardless of party," says the Richmond *News-Leader*, "will be glad that Mr. Hughes will have an honor he is known to have desired, and they will be gratified that a man of his standing will continue the service that Americans have rendered the cause of international justice, even tho their country has not yet accepted the protocol of the Court."

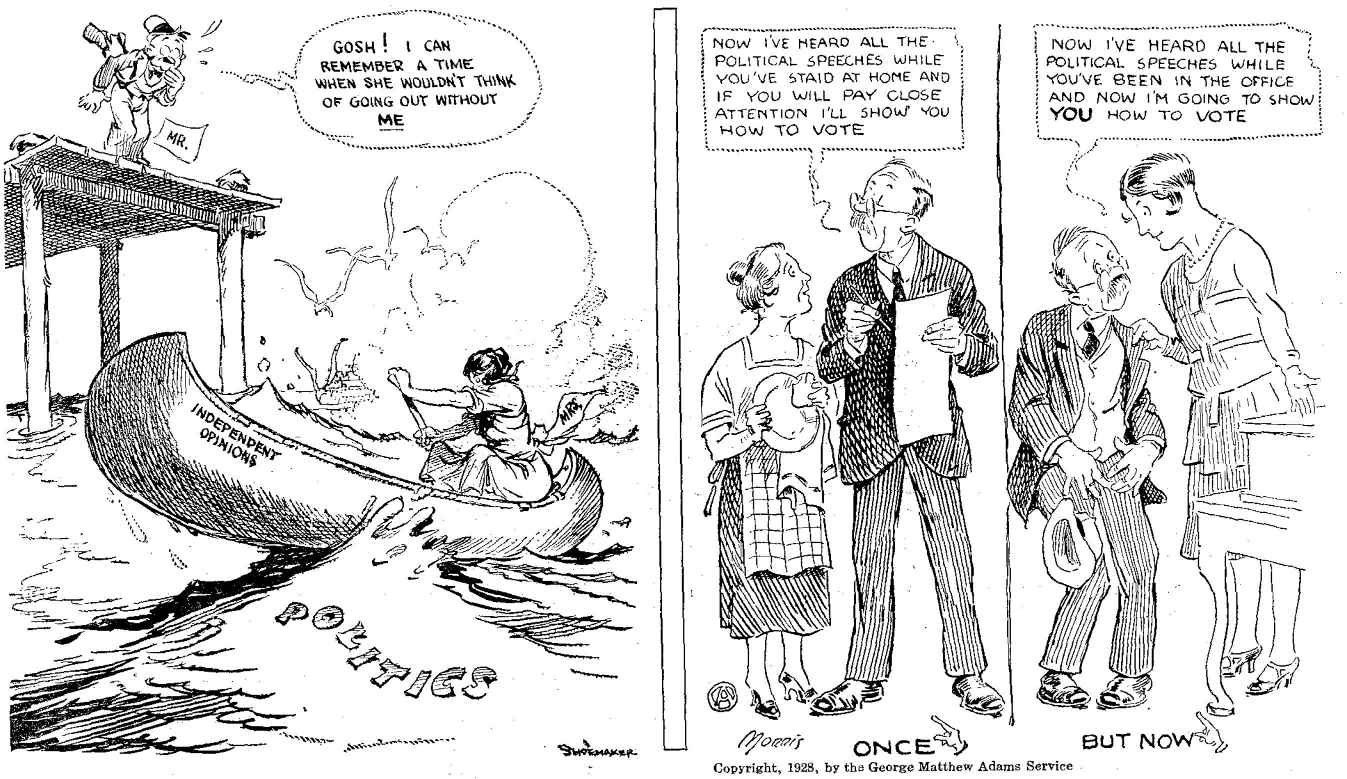
Comment on the "solemn silence" of both parties in the Presidential campaign regarding matters touching either the League or the World Court "is not a record of which Americans can be proud," in the opinion of the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, and the Hartford *Courant* predicts that Mr. Hughes's election will revive the movement for our adherence, asserting that "whatever the result of the election this November, these negotiations should be resumed."

The Newark *Evening News* notes the "peculiar," even "ridiculous," situation arising from our "proud promotion" of the Kellogg antiwar pact, which may be dependent for its success upon an institution we do not recognize officially. This situation is detailed by Edwin L. James in a cable to the New York *Times:*

> "Jurists have found it entirely possible that the World Court will be called on to rule on the antiwar compact in a fashion to fill some of the gaps the treaty contains, notably the lack of provision for determining when a contracting party shall have violated it.
>
> "Seventeen countries, including Germany, have accepted the universal jurisdiction of the World Court, which jurisdiction includes ruling on all alleged violations of all treaties. It is entirely possible, then, that the World Court, with Mr. Hughes on the bench, will be called on to decide whether or not the Kellogg compact has been violated. And so the world may see the interesting spectacle of a former American Secretary of State preparing an opinion which may have much to do with the success of the antiwar compact bearing the name of his successor. How isolated we have become!"

Mr. Hughes will be chosen to fill an uncompleted term of two years, writes Charles Hodges, in *The League of Nations News*, until 1930, when the whole body will be up for election for a new nine-year term. This authority reminds us that under the protocol establishing the Court nominations are made by "national groups" represented in the older arbitral court at The Hague, and through United States membership in the latter we participate indirectly in naming candidates who are elected by the Council and Assembly of the League. To Mr. Elihu Root's acumen is due the method of nomination and election. Mr. Hodges points out the "larger political expediency" in the selection of the American Justice Moore and his successor, Justice Hughes, and goes on to explain:

> "There is growing opposition, however, to a non-member State such as the United States having one of the fifteen judgeships, when so many of the members can not be represented except in case they are parties to proceedings before the Tribunal. The nomination of Mr. Hughes represents a division of opinion, one group of States holding the view that it is still advisable to consider the possibility of American membership following the Presidential campaign in 1928, and the other voicing the sentiment that the United States would be more consistent even if there were no American nominations for a body which she refuses to join. To the latter, the two-year term now remaining should mean the end of an American judgeship. There are those who fear the possibility of a conflict of interests between the United States and League members who are meeting obligations under the Covenant. These advocates of an American judgeship believe that the World Court will gain support for its acts if an unofficial judicial spokesman, as it were, of the United States participates in the Tribunal's proceedings."


GOSH! I CAN REMEMBER A TIME WHEN SHE WOULDN'T THINK OF GOING OUT WITHOUT ME
MR.
INDEPENDENT OPINIONS
MRS.
POLITICS
Shoemaker
NOW I'VE HEARD ALL THE POLITICAL SPEECHES WHILE YOU'VE STAID AT HOME AND IF YOU WILL PAY CLOSE ATTENTION I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO VOTE
NOW I'VE HEARD ALL THE POLITICAL SPEECHES WHILE YOU'VE BEEN IN THE OFFICE AND NOW I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO VOTE
Morris
ONCE
BUT NOW

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PADDLING HER OWN CANOE
—Shoemaker in the Chicago *Daily News.*

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

"THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE——"

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

The most painful wound in the world is a salary cut.—*Birmingham News.*

The usual issue in a Mexican campaign is an issue of ammunition.—*Louisville Times.*

No one should expect the Solid South to be liquid.—*Ashton Hood Syndicate (Philadelphia).*

Candidates for President of Mexico prefer to be notified by long distance.—*Savannah News.*

"Every nation has a conscience." That's right. Ours is called Kansas.—*Jersey City Journal.*

Another blindfold test, we often think as we study the results, is the popular primary.—*Ohio State Journal.*

About the most successful method of farm-relief is driving to the city and attending a movie.—*Louisville Times.*

The reason ginger-ale has gained such wide-spread popularity is due to the fact that it's a good mixer.—*Birmingham News.*

Repeal all the laws that are not being rigidly enforced, and you will soon have a lawless country.—*Marshall County Banner.*

"Brake linings have been strengthened to endure modern strains." So, apparently, have stomach linings.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

The cost of living declined two per cent. last year. Fifty more years like that and the consumers will be sitting pretty.—*Wichita Eagle.*

Probable complaint to radio service station: "This set you sent me is no good. I can't get Famous Players or Metro-Goldwyn."—*New York Sun.*

They are having lots of trouble getting some one to run as provisional President of Mexico. They have to run faster than a bullet from a gun.—*Chicago Tribune.*

An Arkansas woman shot at her husband three times from a distance of ten feet, and missed him. But not every man can have a wife like that.—*Mesa (Ariz.) Journal-Tribune.*

Yes, the old-timers lived cheaper, if you call that living.—*Muskogee Phoenix.*

And when a nominee accepts he up and accepts without reservations.—*Dallas News.*

In other words, Al Smith hopes to be the straw that breaks the camel's back.—*Mobile Register.*

It is the caddy these days who carries a great deal of the white man's burden.—*Dayton Journal.*

Politics and religion may not mix, but it seems difficult to convince either of the fact.—*Dallas News.*

Maybe pedestrians would last a little while longer if they drest like baseball umpires.—*Louisville Times.*

Henry Ford says men past fifty run the world. He overlooked the women under thirty.—*Mobile Register.*

The two-dollar bill isn't so unlucky. It's the only one that can pay for a dollar's worth of anything.—*Key West Citizen.*

There is pretty good reason to believe that the bootleggers don't give a darn who is elected.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

The two major parties have united in the "Good Samaritan" act; one is pouring in oil and the other wine.—*The Clay County (Fla.) Times.*

Over in England they are greatly concerned about the flapper vote, but what worries our States most is the flopper vote.—*The New Yorker.*

"Wall Street's Chief Worry Is Tight Money."—Head-line. For once we can view Wall Street with sympathetic understanding.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

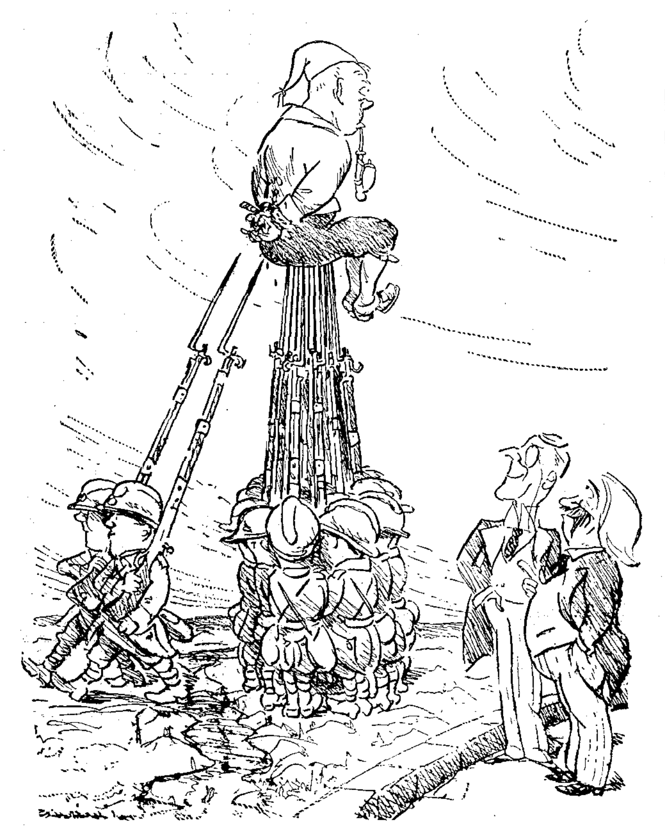
While we believe the talk we hear about shatter-proof windshields, we'd feel even more cheerful if the poles along the streets and highways were made of rubber.—*Nashville Banner.*

Any campaign prediction will be premature until the country learns how the carpet-sweeping industry stands on Hoover and what the cough-drop industry thinks of Smith.—*New York Sun.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE RHINELAND CLOUD OVER THE PARIS PEACE PACT

ABOVE THE SERENE AIR of peace and security that prevailed in the Salle de l'Horloge in the French Foreign Office when the representatives of fifteen nations signed the so-called Kellogg treaty to outlaw war by "liquidating wars before they are declared," Paris press dispatches point to a cloud of great German disappointment that the occasion could not register simultaneously a promise that the Allied troops would be taken out of the Rhineland. Among English sympathizers with the German claim for the evacuation of the Rhineland is the Manchester *Guardian*, a world-known Liberal newspaper, which says that the occupation of that region of Germany is "like a ring round the ankle of a captive." It does not fit so tightly as it did, we are assured, the sores it produced have almost healed, the chain has been lengthened, and the captive can wander about with little pain and considerable freedom. Only now and then is the chain jerked, according to this journal, which proceeds:



GERMAN SATIRE

Chamberlain and Briand: "Now that the Rhine garrison has been reduced, don't you feel much easier, Fritz?"

—*Jugend* (Munich).

"The captive at once feels the ring and is reminded that he is not free. He will have to be liberated some day, but until then all kinds of promises might be extorted from him by an occasional jerk of the chain. He was defeated in war, and he had to pay for his defeat. His enemies chained him up so as to be sure he would pay. He has been paying all they have collectively asked him to pay. But some of them, taking advantage of his captive state, are asking for more, and jerk the chain accordingly. The latest jerk has been given by Mr. Zaleski, the Polish Foreign Minister. He has acted with the approval of the French Government. Indeed, it is highly probable that his chain-jerking was instigated at Paris, for it coincides with his visit to that capital. What he is now demanding on behalf of France as well as of his own country is a special form of 'security.' Before discussing the preciser nature and implications of his demand, it may be useful to recapitulate what security France and Poland have already achieved, by victory, by agreement, and by chain-pulling.

"Germany has signed the Treaty of Versailles. No responsible German statesman repudiates this treaty, nor does German public opinion. The treaty has imposed disarmament on Germany to such an extent that her Army is little more than a constabulary—it would be annihilated at once in a war with a modern Power. But this was not enough. The Rhineland is demilitarized. No German armed forces and no German fortifications can exist on Rhenish soil. The whole authority, not of the Treaty Powers alone, but of the League of Nations, guarantees the observance of this demilitarization in a manner unparalleled in history."

But for France, this candid critic of that country avers, this security was not enough, and so France has surrounded Germany with "a ring of heavily armed States bound to herself by military alliances." The balance of power, a principle conducive to war and long abandoned by England, it is charged by *The Guardian*, has been adopted by France, and there now exists a "formidably weighted balance of armed Powers against an unarmed Germany." We read then.

"But even this was not enough. In the hope that her former enemies would at last be satisfied, Germany of her free will reaffirmed her permanent renunciation of Alsace-Lorraine and agreed to accept her present western frontier and the demilitarization of the Rhineland for all eternity. This unprecedented arrangement was guaranteed by England, who undertook to throw her armed forces against whatever Power should venture to violate it. Germany was given reason to expect that this would be enough, and that the ring and the chain would be removed. But it was not enough. Even the British guaranty did not make it enough. Germany, to satisfy the fears of her eastern neighbor, pledged herself never to attempt any alteration of her Polish frontier, except by peaceful means. She had accepted this frontier by signing the Treaty of Versailles, and any attempt of hers to change it by force would be dealt with under the League Covenant. But even this, in addition to the military alliance with the other Powers of the Little Entente and with France, was not enough for Poland."

The comment in the French and Polish press about a so-called "Eastern Locarno" is described by *The Gaurdian* as a sheer absurdity, because the essence of Locarno—and there is said to be no need to call it "Western Locarno," for there is and can be only one Locarno—is the German renunciation of Alsace-Lorraine and the British military and naval guaranty. Alsace-Lorraine was territory not simply surrendered to France, but restored to France, and this Manchester newspaper continues:

"None of the territory lost by Germany to Poland has this character. The German eastern frontier is not a good one. Its revision is desirable, not only as a matter of right or wrong but also of convenience. Revision does not mean recapture of lost territory, but readjustment in the interest of both countries, and more especially of the local population, on whom the present eastern frontier inflicts annoyance and hardship that has no parallel along Germany's western frontier. Germany does not insist on revision, but she foresees it and pledges herself never to pursue it by violence or threats of violence. In doing so she gives a far more honest, and therefore more reliable, promise of security from armed conflict than if she were to concede an unreal immutability to this naturally mutable line. As for the British guaranty, it is already much, perhaps too much, that England should have promised to make war on the violator of the Locarno Treaty. But that she should similarly guarantee Germany's

Polish frontier is simply not to be considered. The very notion that Englishmen should die so as to save Poland's frontiers from a much-needed modification is preposterous. Or does Mr. Zaleski really imagine that English soldiers are willing to suffer death and mutilation, English families bereavement, and the English Treasury heavy losses on behalf of Polish desires that are not even reasonable. But without these things there can be no 'Eastern Locarno.' The truth is that the 'guaranties against unprovoked aggression by Germany' are already enough, and more than enough. And any Power attempting to delay the evacuation of the Rhineland so as to extract a special guaranty for itself on the false plea that they are not enough should be left in no doubt as to the attitude of this country."

In the Paris *Herald*, which is the European edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, it is reported that a few hours before going to the French Foreign office to affix his signature on behalf of the German Republic to the treaty renouncing war in the future, the German Foreign Minister, Gustav Stresemann, had a conversation lasting an hour and a half with the French Premier Poincaré about the Allied occupation of the Rhineland, but this daily advises us that:

"The plea for evacuation made by Dr. Stresemann is understood to have been made on grounds contrary to all expectations.

"Instead of offering definite inducements for the withdrawal of the Army of Occupation, Dr. Stresemann, according to to-night's most authoritative report, laid before the Premier a request for evacuation on the more intangible grounds of the changed spirit between France and Germany. His own presence here to-day, as a last evidence of the rapprochement growing since Locarno, is said to have been cited to Mr. Poincaré as one of the elements of the new friendliness which should be rewarded by the evacuation of alien troops from German territory.

"In addition it is reported that he went so far as to say that unless France did take recognition of the spirit of rapprochement by relenting in its attitude toward the Rhineland occupation, the German Foreign Minister, who is conceded to be his country's leading exponent of rapprochement and peace, might in the near future find it impossible to subdue the antagonistic Nationalist spirit within Germany.

"Unconventional and unexpected as are the proposals attributed to Dr. Stresemann, there seems to be no doubt that Mr. Poincaré's response was anticipated. He is understood to have replied that the occupation concerned the other Allies as well as France, and that Germany should expect concessions when willing to offer inducements in accordance with its Dawes plan obligations. That is, 'Pay cash for evacuation,' a doctrine to which it has been known for some time that France is committed."

The Paris *Herald's* story of the interview between Mr. Poincaré and Dr. Stresemann, as cabled to the New York *Herald Tribune*, informs us further that, according to an "authoritative" statement about the conversation, both gentlemen agreed that Franco-German rapprochement had grown and flourished under careful nurture since the signing of the Locarno Pact, and must reach a new significance in the signing of the Kellogg treaty. We are further advised that:

"Mr. Poincaré, it was said, exprest the conviction that good relations with Germany had become an increasingly necessary part of French policy. In speaking of what he defined as 'the new spirit' within Germany, Dr. Stresemann cited his presence here as one evidence of that spirit, but frankly said that it took political courage on his part to come to Paris at present.

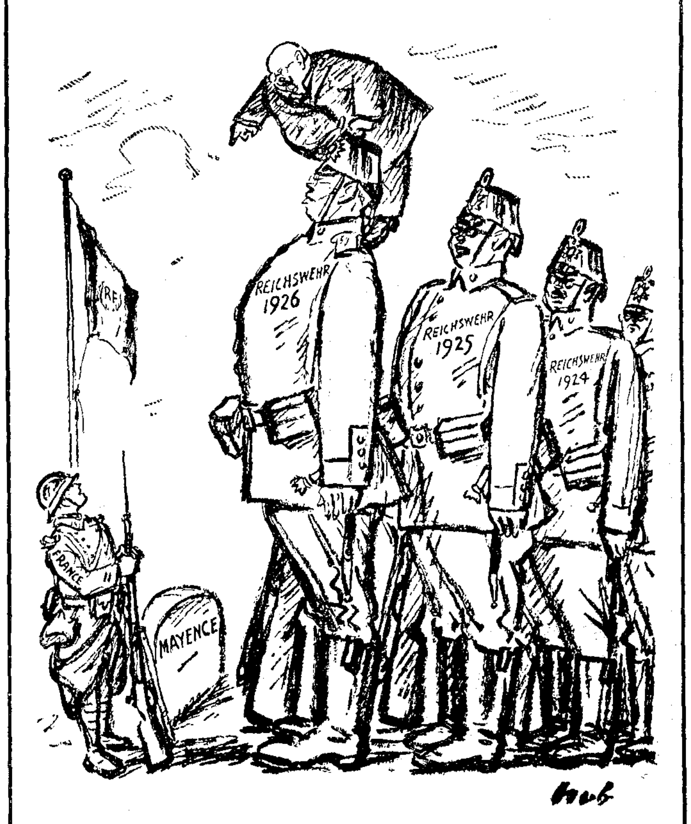
"With the greatest achievement of his career, his fostering of friendly relations with France in the last three years, Dr. Stresemann is reported to have said that he was anxious to return to Berlin, able to show the German people that that spirit and his coming here as evidence of it were appreciated on this side of the Rhine as well as on his own. Reciting incidents of the past, beginning with Locarno and ending with the Kellogg pact, Dr. Stresemann is understood to have based his whole case on the plea that the military occupation was not in keeping with the change of ideas encompassed in the time between those two events. That, so far as can be learned, was the German Minister's sole argument for evacuation—that it should be done as a French recognition of the rapprochement.

"Mr. Poincaré, in reply, is said to have given full credit to Germany's point of view, and especially to the personal efforts of his guest. He pointed out that one of the fundamental policies of his Government—since he has become known as the 'man of national union' instead of the 'man of the Ruhr'—has been friendly relations with Germany. But he had other more concrete arguments to advance.

"In the first place, evacuation was not a French problem alone, but directly concerned Belgium and England, and less directly all the other Allies. His second argument, speaking this time for France alone, is understood to have been an expression of his belief that his country would not consider evacuation except on the condition that Germany paid for it, in accordance with the Dawes plan.

"That France would consider shortening the period of occupation should Germany wish to pay cash for it, he is reported to have conceded.

"He invoked the Versailles Treaty, pointing out that it contemplated no evacuation until Germany had fulfilled all its obligations, especially those concerning reparations payments. Only when Germany saw fit to shorten the time of those payments could the Premier foresee French willingness to shorten the time of the occupation."



A FRENCH JAB AT GERMANY

"While the Reichswehr continually increases in size, the Germans are continually asking that the Allied occupation forces be reduced."

—*Le Rire* (Paris).

Another French view is afforded by Pierre Bernus in the Paris *Journal des Débats*, who expresses the fear that the members of the French Government will fail to agree on the compensation to be exacted from Germany, whether from the standpoint of security—"and this includes the security of the Eastern border"—or from the standpoint of reparations, and he adds:

"For all that, the first thing to be done is to fix upon a French plan. The next is to have that plan agreed to by our Allies. Sir Austen Chamberlain himself has acknowledged that ours is the first interest to be considered in this matter. We are convinced that, provided we talk frankly to him and explicitly, he will rally to our point of view. But we must not be afraid to express ourselves with firmness, just as the English showed no hesitation in energetically defending their vital interests during the negotiations of the pact to outlaw war, and were able to make themselves heard. In a word, we shall put the whole matter squarely in the hands of Germany, by telling her once for all the conditions under which the desired evacuation may be effective."

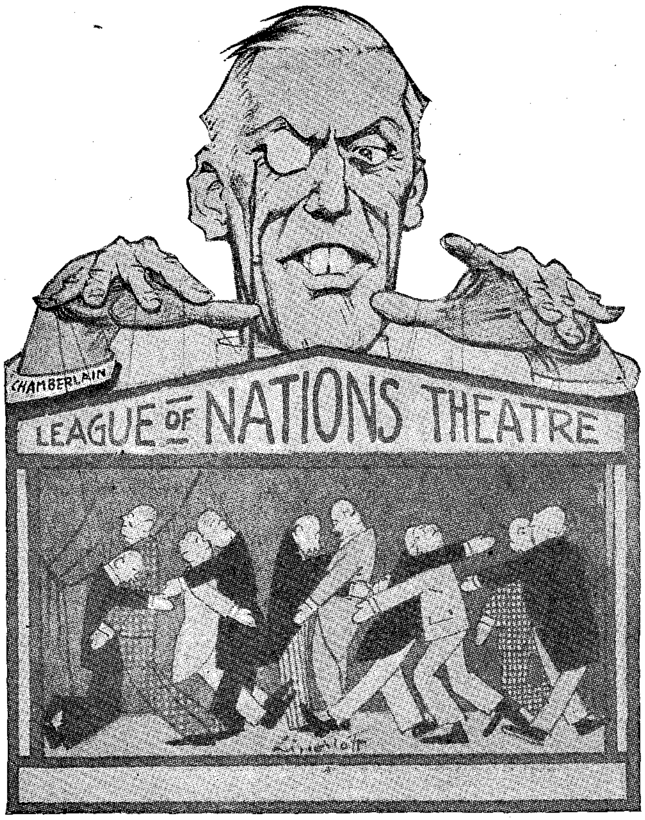
HOW THE LEAGUE HELPS ASIA

THE POPULAR IDEA of the League of Nations as a preventer of war inclines the general public, we are told, to overlook its activities in social service. As a political instrument, remarks a contributor to *The Asiatic Review* (London), the League has been more closely associated with European than with Asiatic affairs. This is only natural, he notes, because Europe was the storm center in which the great war originated. But now that most of the States opposed to one another in the war have joined the League, he reminds us, the greatest of all the early difficulties has been surmounted, and the second big task of the League has been much facilitated—namely, the task of fostering international cooperation. Such cooperation has been enlisted in many branches of human endeavor, it is asserted, and always with the aim of securing increased welfare and prosperity the world over. Of such a nature, we learn, is much of the work of the technical organizations of the League, the economic, health, transit, and social organizations, and of the International Labor Office. This contributor to *The Asiatic Review* is Dr. Norman White, a retired major of the Indian Medical Service, a member of the Health Organization of the League of Nations, and lately chief commissioner of the League's Epidemic Commission. The work of the League's Health Organization has had, perhaps, more direct associations with Asia than any other of the League's activities, and the Eastern Bureau of Singapore, we are then informed, has also started to coordinate inquiries into several public-health problems, of extreme importance to Asia, and helps to keep research workers in different countries in touch with one another. To assist health administrations in making themselves acquainted with public-health progress and procedure in countries other than their own, it is related, a series of collective study tours has been organized by the League's Health Organization, whereby health officials nominated by governments are enabled to visit one or more foreign countries. We read then:

"Two such study tours designed especially for Asiatic Government health officials have already been held: the first in Japan, and the second in India. The opportunities afforded participants in these tours to study the points of view of their traveling companions from many lands are particularly valuable. Contact between health work in Asia and in far-distant countries has also been facilitated by the grant, by the League, of individual traveling studentships.

"This short reference to League health work is sufficient to show that Asia has received very particular consideration, for in this, as in so many other branches of human endeavor, Asia has much to teach and much to learn.

"It should be mentioned that the very rapid development of the League's health work that has taken place during the last six years would have been impossible but for the additional financial support from the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation."



A GERMAN SLAM AT ENGLAND

"Chamberlain's League of Nations marionette theater."

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

THE FALL IN ITALY'S BIRTH-RATE

FRANCE'S LOW BIRTH-RATE we are accustomed to read about every so often, especially when there is brought to notice the energetic campaign there to encourage an increase. But it is somewhat of a novelty, we are told, to hear that the decline of the birth-rate in Fascist Italy is such as to cause serious alarm. The latest official returns, writes the Rome correspondent of the London *Observer*, show that during the first six months of this year there was a reduction in the number of births by 2 per cent. as compared with the same period last year. Moreover, it is related, the southern provinces, which have always had the highest birth-rate until now, show the greatest decline. In Puglia the difference registered is just over 5 per cent., and this correspondent continues:

"The press urges the vital importance of a growing population. Italy, it is declared, can not take its proper rank among the big Powers unless an increase of at least half a million takes place each year. Fascism has been looking forward to a population of eighty millions by the end of the century, and this decline has come as an unpleasant surprize, especially after all that has been said and written in favor of large families; after the tax on bachelors, and the rebate of taxes in favor of fathers of seven children and over."

But even this cloud has a silver lining, it is then stated, because census returns show that there are actually still 20,000 families in Italy which boast more than ten children apiece, and we read:

"Rome is half-way down the list with 517, Treviso heads it with 1,032, and Zara, on the borders of Jugoslavia, comes last with but one family of twelve.

"But those who merit, and are reaping, most praise and were among the first to receive a dedicated and signed photograph from Signor Mussolini himself are Signor Dominico Rolando and his good wife, who live at Portici, Naples, where he carries on a successful motor-car business. This happy pair has no less than nineteen children, all living and in good health. The family dines in the garden in summer and in a covered terrace in the short winter, for the dining-room has now grown too small for the twenty-one happy people who sit down together.

"The kitchen, with its enormous pots and pans, would make many a restaurant-keeper envious; the fare, tho abundant, is of the simplest kind, for Signor Rolando has to provide two square meals and a light breakfast with a comfortable but not large income. Macaroni, bought wholesale, salad with olive oil, bought by the vat, and plenty of bread, are the chief articles of food.

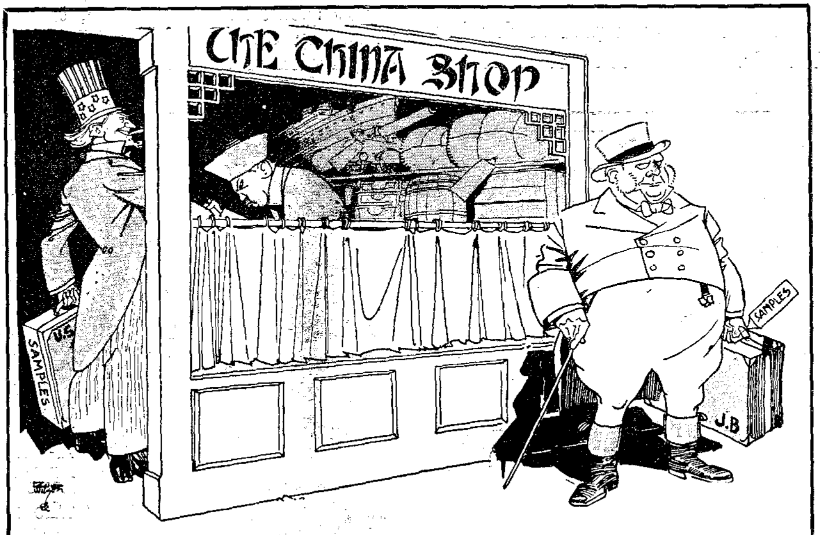
"At bedtime Signor Rolando has his roll-call, to which every member of the family must answer in person. When a pleasure trip is planned, or the family is invited to a christening, wedding, or birthday party, this paterfamilias goes to the Neapolitan Tramcar Company and hires a car for the purpose. Nor does he look to the future with anxiety

"'I and my wife hope to reach the number of twenty-five,' he told a Cabinet Minister, who congratulated him upon his achievement. 'Our youngest, a girl, is only four years old. We have plenty of time.'"

AMERICA'S "MEAN TRICK" TO JAPAN

THE FORMAL RECOGNITION of the Nationalist Government of China, as witnessed by Secretary Kellogg's announcement of the signing of a treaty, according to which we agree to China's tariff autonomy, or independence, is sharply resented in some sections of the Japanese press, and spoken of as "a trick, and a mean trick." The story of America's procedure with the Nationalist Government of China was fully recorded—with the editorial comment of our newspapers—in THE LITERARY DIGEST for August 11. Now we are hearing from Tokyo press complainers, and among their number is the *Hochi*, which charges that the United States intended to outwit the Powers by taking advantage of complications arising from the treaty question. This daily reminds us then that America was the promoter of the Washington Conference and prevailed upon the participants to conclude the Nine-Power Treaty and other agreements pertaining to China's tariff, and it is further alleged that:

"Defying her obligations, America now undertakes to alter the tariff independently of the Powers without caring for the Washington treaty. We are alarmed at the reckless courage and daring attitude of America. We shall watch with amusement whether China and America are able to effect the solution they desire. Great Britain will follow suit with the intention to improve her relations through the settlement of the Nanking outrage. It is necessary for Japan to see how the situation will develop from the action of Great Britain and America and to assert herself by adequate statesmanship."



A BRITISH ADMISSION

"This time the 'Bull' is not in the China shop."

—*The Bystander* (London).

A strain of bitterness may be noted also in the remark of the Tokyo *Asahi* that at a time when Chinese-Japanese relations are strained, America undertakes, as she has been accustomed to do since the Washington Conference, to show her good-will to China. America's view of China is very different from the view of Japan, and this newspaper continues:

"China is our neighbor and we are prone to see her weak points only, but America is separated from China by the Pacific, and is apt to be captivated by China. America is too easily charmed by ideal China, whereas it is the habit of Japan to take the outward charms of China at a discount.

"America's note to China is the expression of sympathy without criticism, and is taken as unconditional support. America shows her friendship in the hope of safeguarding her leadership in China. The American Department of State that was awaiting an opportunity may have been prevailed upon by the frantic efforts of Wu Chao-shu or Dr. C. C. Wu, Shih Chao-chi, or Alfred Sze, and Frank Lee. All this while, the Japanese Ambassador was absent from Washington on leave, and his absence was one of the shortcomings of Japan in her America policy, but a splendid chance for the improvement of Chino-American relations.

"The points in the American note are America's readiness to recognize the Nationalist Government as the *de facto* Government, and further as the formal Government, when the occasion affords, and her willingness to revise the treaty through the solution of the tariff question. The note does not refer to extraterritoriality and other matters, and it reserves the right to most-favored-nation treatment. America is trying to please China in order to take the leading position in the Powers' China policy.

"We have no means to ascertain if Great Britain and America have effected an understanding, but we are informed that Great Britain intends to settle the Nanking question with the Nationalist Government. Negotiations will soon be started. How will the American note influence China's foreign relations? The abrogation of the Chino-Japanese treaty seriously affected China's position in international politics, but the Nationalist Government will be saved from the difficulty by the note of America. It will be only too glad to accept that note."

The attitude of America, we are then advised, will only make the Nationalist Government behave more arrogantly, and China will resort to "her old practise of setting barbarians against barbarians." It is right for America to be considerate toward China, the *Asahi* concedes, but adds that it is a mistake for the Washington authorities not to take steps to remind China of her international obligations. They will spoil China, in the judgment of this Japanese daily, which goes on to say:

"Japan in China will certainly be harassed by this attitude of America, but Japan has herself to blame, because she has had no definite principle to pursue. The China policy of the present Government is strong by fits and starts, and weak time and again, and this causes misunderstanding among the Powers. If Japan is left solitary in international politics, what should she do? It is not unlikely that she will be made a tool by other nations. The Tanaka Government must gird up its loins."

Recapitulating the series of acts by which American recognition of the Nationalist Government was brought about, the Tokyo *Jiji* tells us that Dr. C. C. Wu, representing the Nationalist Government in the United States, intimated to Mr. Kellogg that he had been instructed to ask the American Government to appoint a plenipotentiary, adding that his Government would designate a delegate for treaty revision. We read then:

"The American Secretary of State responded by informing Dr. C. C. Wu that the American Minister in Peking would be empowered to conduct pourparlers regarding tariff clauses with the representative of the Nationalist Government.

"Mr. Kellogg did not allude to formal recognition, but complied with the request of Dr. Wu, believing that China had established a responsible Government properly vested with voice. This reply is understood to imply the tacit recognition of the Nationalist Government. As it is, America is the first to recognize it as the formal Government of China, but it should be noticed that the revision is limited to tariff autonomy. With reference to the abrogation of extraterritoriality, no statement is made. It is seen that the revision is sectional, but does not cover all the unequal treaties.

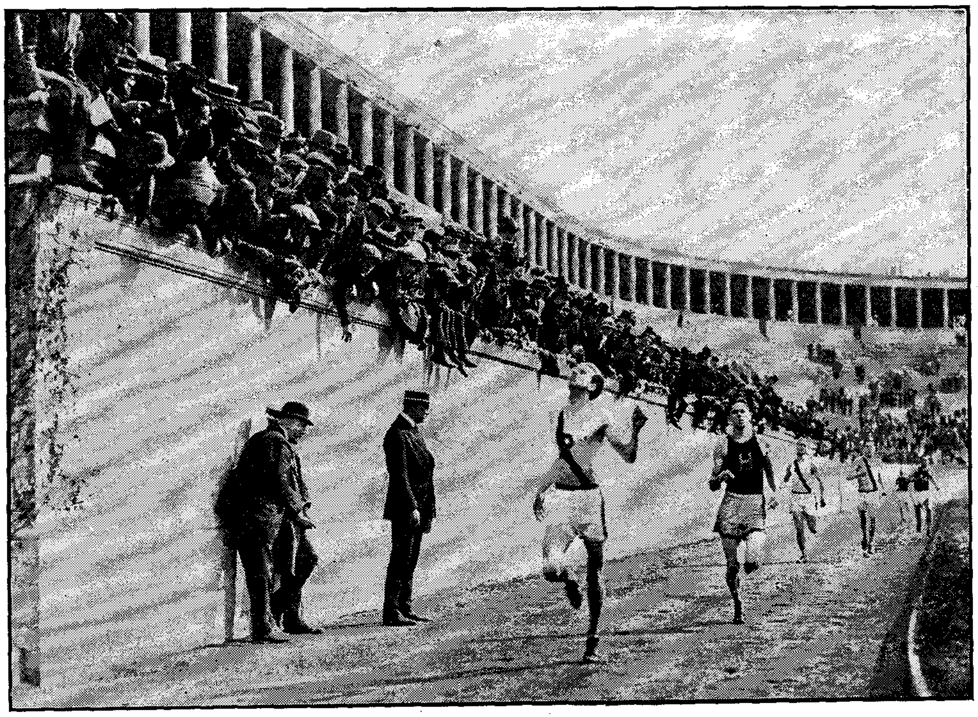
"The amended Chinese-American treaty takes effect only when China has been permitted to regain tariff autonomy by the revision of all the treaties with the Powers. The good-will of America toward China is simply moral, yet it is a success, because America will thus be enabled to take the leading position in the foreign affairs of China. America is free to pursue whatever foreign policy she thinks fit, and we are not in a position to criticize it. It is probable that the action of America will cause a change in China's international relations."

Referring to the Nanking question mentioned above, the London press inform us that the Nationalist Government of China has apologized for the outrages at Nanking on March 24, 1927, and has promised to pay full compensation for personal injuries and material damage.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

THE EFFECT OF ATHLETICS ON HEALTH

THE COLLEGE ATHLETE LIVES LONGER than the average man, concludes Dr. Louis I. Dublin, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, after a statistical study on which he reports in *Harper's Magazine* (New York). Of course, the college athlete is a picked man. His athletic career may have had nothing to do with this result. Indeed, there are some facts to show that athletic activities injure the heart, or at least did so in the early days of loose supervision. In mortality statistics, baseball men make the poorest showing, and among the colleges, Yale leads. These and other interesting facts are brought out in the article, significant parts of which we quote below. He writes:



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ARE THEY SHORTENING OR LENGTHENING THEIR LIVES?

Figures seem to show that college athletes live longer than average American men, contrary to the belief of some critics. Here we see a Harvard-Princeton track meet.

"The development of athletics in our colleges is a peculiarly American phenomenon. Nothing like it is to be found anywhere else in the world. Probably no other phase of American college life is so much commented upon by our foreign visitors and critics. They note with amazement the intensity of these athletic activities, the elaborate programs of sport, and their development of individual and team skill, their overwhelming importance in undergraduate life, the loyalties they inspire, the large money investment in buildings, playing fields, and equipment, and the enthusiastic public following of college athletics. But all these only add interest to the much more important question in which we are here concerned, namely, the effect of athletics on the men engaging in them and, particularly, the effect on their health and longevity.

"As might be expected, this institution has its very ardent advocates and critics. On the one hand, there has been the definite belief inside and outside college circles that athletic sports are builders of men, both as regards character and bodily development, and that they add to the vigor and length of life of the participants. Certainly these college sports have brought out our best physical types. Proponents of athletics often recall that certain whole teams of one sport or another survive to a ripe old age. On the other hand, critics of college athletics point out the names of many athletes who have died at a time when they should have been at the height of their vigor and usefulness.

"But discussion of individual situations gets us nowhere as to the fundamental issue involved. What is needed is rather a comprehensive study of the mortality of athletes of many colleges over a long period of years. Such investigation is arduous and expensive, and has not been conducted in a satisfactory manner up to this time.

"It seemed very desirable, therefore, some three years ago, to reopen the question, and I was very fortunate to obtain the cooperation of the Committee of Fifty on College Hygiene and its constituent organizations.

"Up to the present time we have succeeded in making a first study of the longevity of athletes of ten leading American colleges, most of them in the East.

"We have confined ourselves to the men who graduated in the years 1905 and earlier. The vital item is, of course, the longevity of persons after middle life.

"There was a total of 1,202 deaths among the athletes. If the death-rate expected by the Medico-Actuarial Table of Mortality had occurred, there would have been a total of 1,290 deaths. The ratio of actual to expected deaths was 93.2 per cent. If the more recent American Men Table had been used, the number of expected deaths would have been 1,314. The ratio of actual to expected deaths was 91.5 per cent. Thus these athletes have done better than insured lives."

The athletes show favorable mortality not only in the aggregate but pretty consistently throughout the life span, we are told. Only at extreme old age is the mortality higher among the athletes than among the insured; but here the number of lives is small, and the excess is not very great. To quote further:

"The mortality conditions in the classes 1900 to 1905 were extraordinarily good. If the entire group of five thousand athletes had shown a mortality less than three-quarters as great as the expected, we should say without hesitation, that college athletics had left its devotees entirely unscathed. In any case, it is encouraging to see the situation improve so markedly in the last period under observation. It is, of course, equally true that a great improvement has occurred in the mortality of the general population. At the same time, in college athletics, there was a marked improvement in the management of the several sports, in the amount of supervision which the men received both in their selection and during periods of training.

"The most interesting item in our analysis is the experience on the men in the various sports. Strangely enough, the highest mortality was recorded by the baseball players. The mortality was 98.0 per cent. of the expected against 91.5 per cent. for the group as a whole. The second group as to mortality were the crew men, whose mortality was 94.1 per cent. of the expected. Of all the men engaging in one sport only, those who played football made the best showing, the ratio of actual to expected deaths being 88.3 per cent. The most surprizing result, however, is the extraordinarily favorable mortality of the men who won letters in more than one sport. The ratio was 78.3 per cent. of

Per Cent Actual of Expected Deaths According to American Men Table

Sports	*All Classes Combined*	*Classes Prior to 1880*	*Classes 1880–1889*	*Classes 1890–1899*	*Classes 1900–1905*
All sports combined	91.5	94.1	94.6	93.6	72.6
Baseball	98.0	98.6	97.4	103.1	81.4
Crew	94.1	92.2	72.1	124.0	113.4
Football	88.3	87.6	94.7	91.6	63.4
Track	91.8	....	121.7	86.6	73.0
Two or more sports	78.3	85.8	80.8	81.0	62.9

the expected. The experience of each group is better after age forty-five than before. The several sports show substantially the same order according to mortality in the two broad-age groups. While the unfavorable experience of the baseball men was concentrated among the earlier graduates, that among the men on the crews is found in the more recent years. This situation should be given more careful study by those who are interested in rowing. The athletes who engaged in two or more sports were far below the average of the group throughout the study. It is entirely possible that this remarkable showing reflects the effect of selection rather than the effect of the indulgence in two or more sports. Those who could excel in more than one sport were probably men in the best physical condition.

"The excessive mortality of the men who played baseball is very difficult to explain. Yet the facts are very clear cut. Track men show an average mortality.

"Equally interesting is the picture of the mortality of these athletes in each one of the ten colleges which participated in the study. Dartmouth men show the highest mortality for all of the colleges. The next group are the Harvard men. The contrast with conditions at Yale is very striking indeed, with the single exception of the ten-year period from 1890 to 1899, when Yale men showed a very high mortality ratio. Cornell men also have a fairly high rate of mortality. The best showing of Yale athletes is in the earliest and in the latest periods. The men in the classes prior to 1880 had the very low ratio of actual to expected deaths of 82.0 per cent., and the men of the classes of 1900 to 1905 show a ratio of actual to expected deaths of only 71.1 per cent. Only those who are familiar with the internal organization of the athletic work of our two leading universities during the years under observation will be able to explain satisfactorily the situation which is so clearly shown in our mortality study.

"With the single exception of Dartmouth, the athletes of the smaller colleges enjoyed very favorable mortality conditions. It appears very clear that the conditions were altogether better in the smaller than in the larger colleges."

The investigators could not make a decisive investigation into the causes from which athletes die prematurely. They were able to obtain facts of sufficient trustworthiness in only 566 cases out of the 1,202 deaths which occurred. So far as they could go, these results appeared, however:

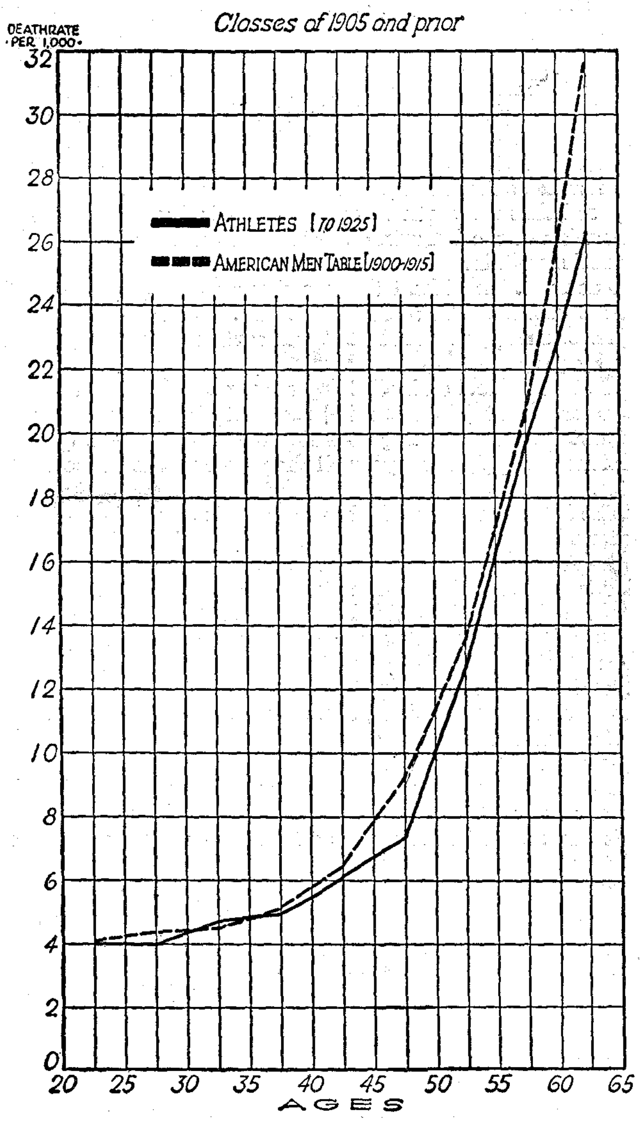
> "Among the younger men, the most frequently recorded disease was tuberculosis. Pneumonia was also frequently reported. Typhoid fever is a common cause of death. There was also a very high incidence of deaths from accidental causes. Among the older men, the picture is different; 32 per cent. were ascribed to diseases of the heart. This preponderance is, of course, significant. Among carefully selected insured lives rarely do we find more than 20 per cent. of the deaths at the ages over forty-five resulting from heart disease. In other words, the athletes, in spite of their better longevity, record showed a worse condition as to heart disease. This finding suggests, even if it does not prove, that indulgence in athletics may in a good many instances have deleterious effects on the heart, especially if careful selection and supervision of the athletes by trained medical men is not always available. The other important causes of death reported at the older ages are diseases of the nervous system, Bright's disease, pneumonia, and accidents. The incidence of each of these causes is fairly normal except for accidents, which show a higher mortality ratio.

Mortality of Athletes of Ten Colleges

	Per Cent. Actual of Expected Deaths				
College	*All Classes Combined*	*Classes Prior to 1880*	*Classes 1880–1889*	*Classes 1890–1899*	*Classes 1900–1905*
All colleges combined	91.5	94.1	94.6	93.6	72.6
Amherst	74.7	91.1	62.9	73.6	56.2
Brown	74.1	80.4	99.5	59.8	51.7
Cornell	94.6	99.5	104.1	97.9	70.0
Dartmouth	113.4	112.4	113.8	127.1	80.9
Harvard	100.1	107.5	99.2	94.9	85.0
Massachusetts Agricultural	84.4	....	98.6	94.0	*
Tulane	94.2	....	....	75.7	120.3
Wesleyan	85.3	93.4	84.2	73.6	61.2
Williams	79.5	....	....	61.9	101.1
Yale	89.2	82.0	93.7	108.6	71.1

* Rate not significant.

> "It is not easy to draw final conclusions from our investigation in spite of the fact that much time and work have gone into the preparation of the data. Taken by and large the group of college athletes presented a favorable mortality picture. The experience has been much better among recent graduates than the earlier ones, with the single exception of those who were on the crews. I must confess, however, that I expected a better showing. These college men represented the cream of the cream of American manhood. It is my opinion that athletic activities in the earlier periods of loose supervision did considerable damage. The high incidence of heart disease which we found at the older ages is a matter which should not be taken lightly. Conditions are very much better in more recent years of intensive selection and careful supervision of the athletes.



ATHLETES HAVE A LOWER DEATH-RATE

Death-rate of athletes of ten colleges compared with insured lives.

> "On the other hand, it may be that we have expected too much from our athletes. It is, after all, a good deal of an assumption that the athletic type of build and great longevity go hand in hand. Those who arrive at a ripe old age are often small and physically underdeveloped people. Women live much longer than men. Men of large frame, and especially those inclined to overweight, give high mortality rates. It is, therefore, possible that the type of man who is selected for athletic activity may, after all, not be cut out for extremely favorable longevity. The problem will be solved only when we have side by side with our present figures data for the classmates of these men who did not engage in athletic sports. We shall then be able to tell definitely what effects indulgence in the several athletic activities produce in terms of longer life."

POWER FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH

VOLCANIC POWER-STATIONS in Italy and California, using steam from natural vents in the earth, have attracted attention. But these are "timid efforts," we are told by John L. Hodgson, writing in *Cahiers de l'Etoile* (Paris). When we are bolder, we shall not be content with using the heat and energy that nature has allowed to escape from the depths of mother earth. We shall boldly go after them; and then, he predicts, will come a "new era" whose beginnings, as noted above, are now visible, but almost unnoticed. As he puts it:

> "Below the earth's surface are everywhere burning-hot rocks. We find them when in mining or tunneling we meet with a temperature that rises higher the deeper we go.
>
> "Rigorous reasoning based on these observations shows us that in most cases if we dig into the earth to a depth of eight thousand meters [about 25,000 feet] we shall reach a temperature of 200 degrees Centigrade, and that if we go on to 50,000 meters we shall find one of 800 degrees. In certain regions, as in Yellowstone Park, in the volcanic district of Larderelle, in Tuscany, and even in Bath, England, there are higher temperatures still.
>
> "The heat of the rocks comparatively near the earth's surface does not come from the primitive molten matter of which it is supposed that the earth was formed. It is due to the slow disintegration of the innumerable atoms of radium that these surface rocks contain.
>
> "The radiation of heat that we observe is not a sign that the earth is cooling. All the evidence that we now possess tends, on the contrary, to prove that the earth is becoming warmer year by year.
>
> "If we could cool off by 550 degrees a mass of rock of one cubic kilometer [about ¼ cubic mile] the heat obtained would equal that obtained by burning 50 million tons of coal—a quantity sufficient to supply for a year all the power plants in the United States.
>
> "The heat stored up within the earth is 30 millions of times greater than that obtainable from all the coal still in the earth.
>
> "Sooner or later the time will come when engineers will have seriously to ask this question: 'To what extent can this heat-reserve be utilized?' And this time is nearer than we think.
>
> "Already there are many who think that coal is a precious source of chemical substances that only a primitive industrial civilization would allow itself to destroy by burning it up. Coal gives us coke, gas, tar, dyes, oils, explosives and fertilizers.
>
> "Coke, to mention only one of these substances, is of vital necessity in metallurgy for the manufacture of steel.
>
> "During the next twenty years the world is threatened with a lack of young, flexible wood, which will require the use of inoxidizable steel in many cases where wood is now employed. And this or that vast project of construction, involving the use of steel, upon which the engineers may now embark, will increase the value of coke and at the same time the necessity of recourse to sources of heat and energy other than coal.
>
> "The problem that must be solved in order to utilize the earth's heat may be stated very simply. The heat that escapes into space by radiation is not worth the trouble of being captured. Even if it could be utilized with the same economy as that of our modern central stations, we should not get more than 16 horse-power per square kilometer [about ⅓ square mile] of surface. A good windmill on top of every hill would produce as good a result.
>
> "The problem is then to penetrate beneath the earth's surface to the high-temperature rock-layers, and extract their heat by circulating air or water among them. Calculation shows that such 'heat wells,' sunk several kilometers apart, and supplying each from 5,000 to 10,000 horse-power, could keep on functioning at full blast for thousands of years.
>
> "Two methods could be employed. The first would consist in penetrating to a depth of 25,000 feet or more. The machines for drilling and removing the débris would be operated by workmen who would have to stand a high temperature. This would be only an extension of conditions in metal mines, where depths of thousands of feet have already been reached. The second would be a bold attempt to reach a depth of about twenty miles by means of drills operated entirely from the surface.
>
> "Works of the former category could follow in part veins of zinc, tin, lead, gold or silver. The workmen would wear heat-proof clothing, and would be supplied with a fresh, dry atmosphere produced by evaporating liquid air.
>
> "The deep borings would be made perpendicularly, like artesian wells, with a central return channel they would be drilled on the principle used for bridge caissons, namely by pulverizing the ground beneath. The liquid used for this would be somewhat heavier than the rock, to balance the pressure and float up the débris through the central conduit.
>
> "The possibilities offered by the exploitation of the earth's heat are immense. They are as follows:
>
> "The obtaining of heat and energy at any point and at will.
>
> "The decentralization of large cities and the installation of residence districts in sites of beauty, far from smoke and dust.
>
> "The colonization of the polar regions and the irrigation of arid regions.
>
> "Already man has attacked the problem timidly, as did those who used to obtain coal by using only those veins that appeared at the surface. The Romans built at Bath conduits to utilize the hot spring water, and these have been used ever since. At Larderelle in Italy, and in the neighborhood of Sonoma, near San Francisco, the Italians and the Americans have established power-stations by making use of the steam from volcanic vents.
>
> "These are efforts that mark the beginning of a new era."

A NEW THEORY OF WORD-BLINDNESS

THE CONDITION KNOWN as word-blindness, a more or less complete inability to learn to read and to spell, comes occasionally under the notice of physicians, particularly those engaged in school service. The original idea that it was a form of feeble-mindedness has been abandoned in favor of the suggestion that it is due to defective development of a small area in the temporal lobe of the brain. Dr. Samuel T. Orton, of Ohio, who has made many studies of speech defects, throws out a new theory, which is thus explained and criticized in *The Lancet* (London). It is interesting in view of the recent discussion of the causes of "mirror writing," reproduced in these columns. We read:

> "He made a special survey of fifteen cases whose backwardness in reading was very marked, as compared with their progress in other subjects and their general intelligence. Their intelligence quotients ranged from 71 to 122 in spite of the special difficulty with certain tests caused by the reading disability. They all had normal vision, and could easily call up visual memories of objects and pictures. The failure was in the associative linkage between words visually presented and the corresponding concept. Now it has been found that destruction of one brain-hemisphere may cause loss of the associative function and inability to read (acquired word-blindness), while destruction of the other hemisphere does not produce this result. Visual records of only one side are used in symbolic association. Yet the inactive side is as well-developed as the other. This would leave some record in the cells of the inactive side, which would be opposite in sign and would form a mirrored pattern. May it not be, then, Dr. Orton asks, that while normally only one of these patterns is in activity, in these abnormal cases under consideration the habit of suppression of the other has not been established and hence the difficulty in differentiating between 'p' and 'q,' and 'd' and 'b' 'was' and 'saw,' and the tendencies to mirror-reading and mirror-writing which he found in his cases to be characteristic of the condition? The theory is fascinating, but not quite convincing, apart from the difficulty of proving it, which is as great as in the case of the theory it is proposed to supplant. The possibility of its truth depends upon the correctness or otherwise of Dr. Orton's claim that the 'tendency to reversal in the direction of reading' is the cardinal factor of the condition. The confusion of letters like 'p' and 'q' is one which probably few children escape at an early stage, and mirror-writing has been a well-recognized curiosity of development, usually of short duration, in many normal children, and of longer duration in some feeble-minded children. These facts may seem to support Dr. Orton's theory that the condition is a physiological variant, but mirror-writing does not appear to have been a factor in some recorded cases of word-blindness. His estimate that 2 per cent. of school-children are affected confirms the suspicion that he includes cases that do not even approximate to word-blindness, which has in England been estimated to occur in 1 out of 2,000 children. The theory also fails to explain the difficulty with other letters and words, a difficulty which Dr. Orton sets aside as of slight importance. Certain new training methods based upon the theory are being carried out upon some of the children; the results of these, when they are available, should be of much interest."

PLUMP YOUTH; THIN OLD AGE

YOUNG PEOPLE NEED AN INTERNAL food reserve to tide them over fatigue and illness. Their elders are in better health and live longer when thin. This is announced as the conclusion of modern science, after an analysis of the most recent experimental work, by a contributor to *The American Weekly*. No subjects, he says, are debated more hotly nowadays than whether to be fat or thin. Records of the insurance companies show that fat men and women live shorter lives than thin ones. On the other hand, hospitals report that patients with serious injuries or dangerous germ diseases stand better chance of recovery with some reserve of fat. He goes on:

“Meanwhile, scientists have been carrying out careful experiments to discover, if possible, just what the facts are, and some conclusions begin to be evident.

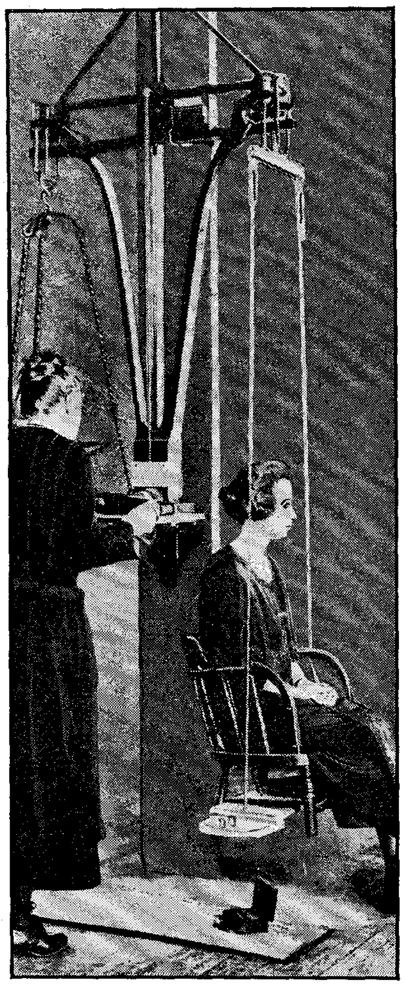
“There has been much talk about calories. Foods are described in some popular restaurants according to the calories that they contain. Calories are units of heat; not of temperature, but of the actual quantity of heat that is produced or given off or that undergoes some other physical change. These get into the discussion of food and fatness, because the human body is really a machine for producing heat and using it to create motion, much as a locomotive is. The food is the fuel.

“Even when the body is not moving, heat is being produced continually by the oxidation of the food, and this keeps the body continually warm.

“For over twenty years scientific men have been engaged in perfecting apparatus in which the calories given off by the human body can be measured. Some of these calorimeters are large enough to contain living human beings, or even cows and horses, every activity of normal life being allowed to continue, and the amounts of vital heat set free being measured accurately from hour to hour.

“In modern forms of these machines the amount of air breathed, the amount of oxygen absorbed by the body, the amount of carbon-dioxid gas exhaled, and other vital activities, are measured, as well as the number of calories of heat produced.

“Each kind of food has its specific heat value, all measured in so many calories per pound. Also, each human being and each kind of animal possesses a certain average heat production, so many calories per hour.”



Courtesy of the New York *Sunday American*

DETECTING LITTLE LOSSES

Specially constructed chair balance which records exactly how much weight the body loses from minute to minute through the pores of the skin.

Measurements of the number of calories produced by an individual when at rest, made by Dr. Benedict, of the Carnegie Institution, disclose the fact, we are told, that the average new-born baby produces 143 calories of heat in each twenty-four hours. The average thirteen-year-old girl produces 1,200 calories, and the average resting man, 1,700 calories. Thin people usually have a heat production different from fat people, even tho the total weights of their bodies are the same. Incidental changes of living conditions from day to day apparently have little effect. A man has about the same basic heat production just before his annual vacation and just afterward. To quote further:

“An interesting point uncovered by Dr. Benedict's researches is that Oriental women have a lower average production of heat than American women of similar ages and habits, a fact which probably accounts for the tendency of Oriental women to grow fat, for whatever food is not used up in the daily production of heat is apt to be stored by the body as fat. On the other hand, Maya Indians have a slightly higher average production of heat than Americans. That tropical climates do not really have debilitating effects on this bodily heat production was indicated by Dr. Benedict's experiments on white men who had spent seasons in the tropics.

“Even the exposure of the body to cold does not importantly increase the production of heat until one begins to shiver. This shivering is really an involuntary form of exercise forced by nature whenever the body gets too cold. Like all exercise, it produces more heat and warms the body.

“Many people eat more food than is necessary for the energy that they expend. This excess often, altho not always, goes into storage in the form of fat.

“For most modern animals, if food runs short, stored fat is drawn on for bodily energy. The output of calories from the body continues, as it must, as long as the body is alive. But the source of fuel is the stored fat, not any intake of new food.

“In the days when men were savages this ability to store food was probably an absolute essential. Both fatness and fasting, each in its turn, is a perfectly natural thing. The trouble is that nowadays, with food plentiful always and for almost everybody, the annual feeding and fattening season goes on forever. The corresponding fasting and thinning season never comes.

“With this change in the conditions of human life, the bodily machines of different individuals behave differently. One of the most important results of recent scientific studies of fat is the conclusion that some people store fat on the slightest encouragement. These are the persistently plump ones of the community. Other individuals never put on weight, no matter how much they eat.

“Just why this difference exists between individuals is still unknown. Most scientific men believe that it has something to do with differences in the glands, for it is found that diseases of the glands or even mild disturbances in the workings of these organs may cause changes in the tendency of an individual to stay thin or to grow fat. But the secret of just how the glands control fatness or thinness is still undiscovered.

“Concerning the degree of fatness or thinness which is best for human health, the scientists and physicians have more definite conclusions to announce. Dr. Martin Hahn of Berlin, in an address to a medical audience in Vienna a few months ago, summarized what science has to say about this. The ideal weight depends, Dr. Hahn said, upon the age of the patient. For persons past middle age, Dr. Hahn concluded, the ideal thing is to be slightly underweight. Elderly persons live longer if they are thin; they die more quickly, on the average, when they are fat. On the other hand, young people do better to be somewhat overweight instead of underweight. This gives them a reserve of internal food to draw on for the extreme exertions which are more frequent when one is young; also in case of serious illness.

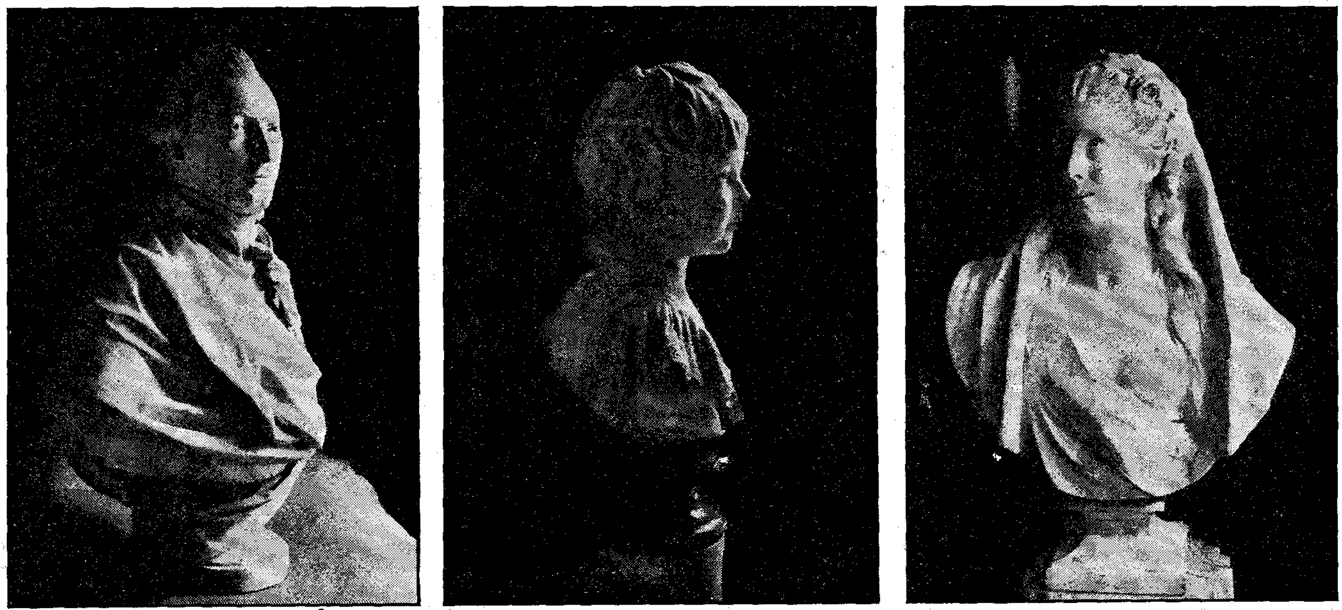
“Perhaps the best example of the value of overweight in young life is the recent conclusion of the Berlin biologist, Dr. Agnes Bluhm, that babies who are above the average weight at birth grow faster and resist disease better than babies who are underweight or who are merely average.

“According to this idea, the present cult of slimness begins at the wrong end of the community. The young girls and youths who are so careful of their figures would probably do better to think more of their resistance to disease or to fatigue.

“On the whole, the dieting of the flappers is something that the medical profession frowns on as apt to be overdone. For grandmothers and grandfathers, indeed for any one over forty, the prescription would do much more good. If young people were willing to be plump and old people determined to be thin, it would probably be a fine thing for national health.”

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE



MARQUIS DE BOUILLÉ UNKNOWN CHILD SOPHIE ARNOULD

THREE OF HOUDON'S SPEAKING BUSTS

The "sculptor of open eyes and palpitating mouths, he spiritualizes the marble and decants the clay"

THE SCULPTOR OF WASHINGTON

FRANCE AND SPAIN have been simultaneously celebrating the centenary of their greatest portraitists—Houdon and Goya. Both died in the same year, 1828, tho Houdon was five years the older. The Spanish painter was treated in our June 16 number. Now we bring forward some specimens of the sculpture of Houdon, who will be ever memorable for us for his contemporary statue of Washington now standing in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington. Born at Versailles on the 18th of March, 1740, his precocious talent was formed, it is said, more by the influence of that world of statues with which Louis XIV peopled the gardens of his native place than by the masters of the schools. Like Goya he has left behind him a whole gallery of portraits of his distinguished contemporaries, but unlike him, whose working days extended almost to the end of his life, Houdon ceased production during his last decade. His visit to this country, in 1784, was for the purpose of executing the Washington statue, and while visiting in Mount Vernon he modeled the bust. Other qualities of the Frenchman and the Spaniard are noted by Jean-Louis Vaudoyer in *L'Illustration* (Paris), from which we quote:

"Houdon's father was an honest man who, after having been a valet and a wine merchant successively, took a position two years after the birth of his son as porter in the *Ecole des Elèves protégées*. Here Jean-Antoine received a liberal education, and his first playthings were lumps of clay. 'At the age of nine,' he wrote later, 'I modeled in clay, and at sixteen I won the *grand prix*.' He was in Italy when he was very young, but the principal work which he executed there during his years of sojourn was the famous 'Ecorche,' that is to say, Rome did not alter his taste for that which was born of the direct observation from life.

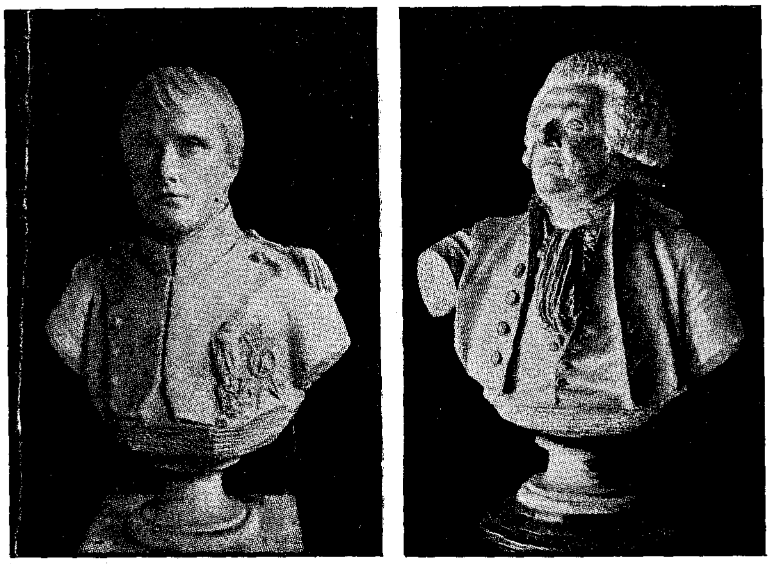
"Returning to France, Houdon was received by the Academy. His 'reception piece' was 'Morphée,' the study of a sleeping man. A man asleep, by Houdon! By the sculptor of open eyes and palpitating mouths! This 'reception piece' but poorly informed the academicians as to the personal merits of their new colleague and as to the particular character of his talent.

"Houdon loved nothing but life and was troubled only by life. But not alone the life which expresses itself by movement or gesticulation. The better part of his figures, such as 'Diane' or 'La Frileuse,' those in which the imagination is associated with observation, are figures which are almost stationary. If our destinies have the decoration of a monument, they obey the laws of measure and equilibrium which make of them the friends of architecture. Houdon primarily demanded the secrets of life from the face. But he did not demand them from the face alone, and all of his busts which go beyond the neckline show in the manner in which the neck is attached to the shoulders and in the manner in which the shoulders hold themselves, not only the form, but the attitude and in some way, the constitution of the entire body.

"Recall to mind Cagliostro. This soft and round face, the indefinite and almost ambiguous modeling of the neck and chest, the sensuality of the mouth and the nostrils, the false pathos of the expression in his eyes. This is not merely a portrait, but a type: here is the patron of all adventurers.

"It is through this double privilege that Houdon is so great. His art depicts not only the individual character of the model, but the social character as well. Diderot and Rousseau, Le Marquis de Méjanes and Sophie Arnould, are beautiful beings when they stand alone on their pedestals. They are not less so when surrounded by a troop of fantoms. Despite the technical ability of Houdon, one quickly forgets the work in favor of the material when examining one of his busts. He spiritualizes the marble, and decants, if one may say it, the clay. Just like all great portraitists, he knew how to see that which was meant to be seen and to divine that which was hidden. And that which was hidden, among the greater part of the men and women of that time, was not far distant from their lips and eyes. For the portraitist of Voltaire and Diderot, it was not a question of divining the mysteries of a restless soul, but rather to take inventory, as it were, of the palpitating curiosities and the exigent ambitions of the soul.

"One must not always regard Houdon as an analyst of the intelligence. If he has often represented, and always with rare good luck, men for whom only the world of ideas existed, he was not less successful when it was a question of perpetuating in clay the indistinctness and the undiscernibility in the face and expression of the child. Houdon is tender and gentle before the child, whereas in front of man he retained all of his *sang-froid*, all the lucidity of a scientist in his laboratory. These ravishing busts of little girls are his recreation, his evasion and, possibly, even his consolation in his work. It is no longer a question of studying or scrutinizing. He need no longer assume the rôle of confessor to his models. The psychologist in him relaxes, and the artist experiences nothing but sentimental pleasure. Add to this that the most of these little busts were not work which had been ordered, but free and spontaneous effusions of his parental love. One sees the heart beat in the involuntary emotion which is usually lacking in the works of his time. These 'real' children of Houdon would have been alone in the museums and libraries of France of the eighteenth century, if they had not had their little brothers and sisters, saying their prayers or eating their soup, in the canvases of Chardin."



NAPOLEON I. MIRABEAU

TWO OF HOUDON'S CONTEMPORARIES

"His art depicts not only the individual character of the model, but the social character as well." He was "fundamentally French."

The life of Houdon was too long, says this French critic. "Too long for his happiness and for his glory." For—

"In contrast to Goya, who had the privilege of intimately knowing the customs of the beginning of the nineteenth century in addition to those of the times when he was young, none of that which loved and understood Houdon survived the revolutionary torment. He is the man of the salons, of the encyclopedias, of all that which no longer exists for him. . . .

"The most characteristic works of Houdon and Goya, altho not their most beautiful, are those where they depict their compatriots. The one is fundamentally French, the other fundamentally Spanish. After the Italianism of the Renaissance and the Spanishism of the *grand siècle*, France—after passing through the influence of academic Rome at the moment of the first empire, and after passing through the influence of Germany and England, at the moment of romanticism—encountered a period when, just as in the first days of its gothic era, she was purely and simply herself. Houdon apparently knew nothing of the Romanesque voluptuosity of the primal Dianas nor, any more, the Berninesque emphasis of Puget. At the same time that a pastel of La Tour attests the same racial parentage as a design of Clouet, a bust of Houdon's has, by its taste for truth and its submission to reality, secret yet deep affinity with a face of Chartres or Amiens.

"French art, in the midst of the prosaic voluntary realism of Flemish art and the sensual idealism of the Italian art, remained attached from century to century, despite temporary infidelities, to a manner of seeing and feeling which kept it from naturalism without imitating the art of the North or falling a victim to the passionate dreams of the South. It is not with the heart, but with the spirit that a Frenchman of the lineage of Houdon or La Tour dematerializes reality. If an Italian portraitist prefers to dream before a beautiful face, a French portraitist, first of all, endeavors to understand it. The mystery which surrounds a portrait by Titian or Bronzino is best exprest by music. But before a bust of Houdon or a pastel of La Tour, the violins are stilled and the human voice does not sing. To-day, in the rooms of the Hotel Buvelot, which is filled with people, just as yesterday in the Library of Versailles, Houdon makes the eyes speak as well as the mouth. Here it is not a mere matter of conversation."

THE COVER—The artist, Laura Coombs Hills, is a Bostonian, and acquired her training in the art schools there. Prizes have been awarded her in Paris, Buffalo, Charleston, St. Louis, and San Francisco. Her "Persis" hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

ENGLAND'S CULTURE AND OURS

THE WORM WAS BOUND to turn some time. Now the worm that has represented America's patient endurance of Britain's patronage is turning and showing more than one head. Mr. Struthers Burt, after serializing his charges against England's wilful misunderstandings of America, publishes them in a book. Now Mr. Berton Braley takes up the theme in the September *Century* and writes what is termed a "friendly go at England's manners and methods." Part of this has to do with that condescension in "visiting British representatives," mainly lecturers, who "so patronizingly look down on our 'moron-minded' people." What of the culture of England, he asks, and takes as one of his tests the reading habits of the people:

"A book that sells forty thousand copies in Great Britain is at the top of the 'best seller' list. My authority for this figure is Hugh Walpole, the British novelist. Now what is the top in the United States? Forty thousand is moderate. The 'top' runs as high as four hundred thousand. Twice the population—ten times the sale. Add that up.

"What kind of books reach the forty-thousand mark in Great Britain? As a rule the cheapest, trashiest novels. Only once in years will you strike a phenomenon in this British hub of culture at all like the sale of one hundred thousand copies of 'The Story of Philosophy,' fifty thousand copies of 'The Education of Henry Adams,' one hundred thousand copies of 'The Outline of History' in the 'barren intellectual domain' of the United States.

"Ask Mr. Wells, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Bennett where the bulk of their royalties come from. Ask Mr. Shaw—who, never having been in the United States, nevertheless calls us a Nation of Villagers—which village, New York or London, first produced and best patronizes his plays?

"My individual opinion is that the avidity with which Americans fall for Mr. Shaw affords some justification for Mr. Shaw's remarks about 'Villagers'—but I doubt if that's why he said it.

"Now let's glance at the magazines. It's a shibboleth of the Intelligentsia in the United States to sneer at the *Saturday Evening Post*. But it's also a fact that no other country—least of all Great Britain—boasts a 'popular' magazine that averages one-fifth as much good literary meat. Two-thirds of the popular magazines of England are so cheap, trashy and namby-pamby that it is impossible to imagine a brunette housemaid from Harlem finding them worth perusal. But English people—what kind of English people I can't say—devour them by millions.

"What about 'highbrow' magazines? *Blackwoods* is heavy, highbrow, and dull. The *London Mercury*, tho occasionally sprightly, in the main can not compare in interest, in vigor, color, and wit with its American contemporary. I am not enthusiastic about Mr. Mencken or his works—but so much kudos is due him.

"And if there are any magazines in Great Britain that rank with the *Century*, *Scribner's*, *Harpers*, the *Forum*, the *Atlantic*, or the *New Republic* in combining literary flavor with charm and color—I can't name them. And heaven knows that I have dug into everything on English news-stands, looking hopefully and eagerly."

English newspapers come in for Mr. Braley's criticism also:

"English newspapers—and the really good newspaperman of Fleet Street itself will, I think, agree with this—gather news badly and edit it execrably. English newspaper accounts of

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Springfield, Missouri

court trials, for example, are so bad that I defy any reader to gain an adequate idea of what is going on. And the slovenly, haphazard reporting of the bulk of city news in 'popular' and 'conservative' papers alike would make even a tabloid editor in New York tear his hair.

"Brought up in the American tradition that English papers are dull but accurate, I have had shock after shock in discovering that, save for *The Times*—whose dulness is a part of the very basic structure of the Empire—the British dailies are seldom dull, but almost never accurate.

"Their liveliness, however, is in their editorials and their editorial features, written by obviously first-class men who are paid first-class salaries. Their inaccuracy, inefficiency and ineptitude in local reporting is due to a scale of reportorial pay that can not secure even second-rate reporters.

"Foreign news—except from America—is supplied by excellent news bureaus and crack staff correspondents. Parliamentary news is also intelligently and interestingly handled. And it is probable that the average Englishman is better informed and more directly concerned with what his government and other great Powers—except America—are doing, than his American contemporary.

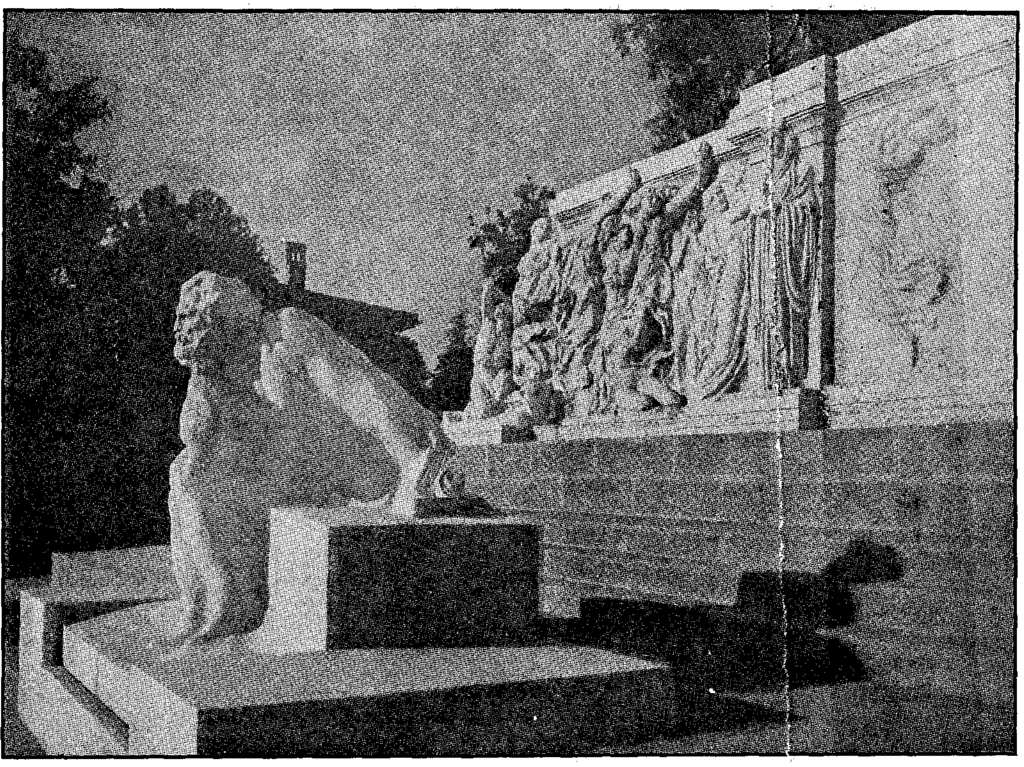
"But I emphasized those exceptions, because they further help to explain English ideas of our country and countrymen. For, whether by deliberate intent or by subconscious inhibition, the English papers feature that sort of news from the United States which tends to confirm British convictions of our lawlessness, crudeness, hard commercialism, and uncivilized braggadocio. There is plenty of material—and I don't object to its use. What I do object to, and what the least provincial of Americans rightly resent, is that this type of news is featured out of all proportion to its significance. It is treated—not as a chronicle of sporadic and local folly or bigotry—but as a complete picture of Americanism.

"To the English editor—or to most English editors—if ten million Americans contribute to relieve the Mississippi flood victims, that isn't news. But if one Remus is liberated by a jury, that is news. (That ten million Americans blush with shame over the verdict of that jury, however, isn't news—not in England.)

"It is news that some small town banker has said that Europe should pay every cent of its debt to us—here and now. There's your Uncle Shylock! But it isn't news that the same banker and several thousand of his compatriots fed half of Europe through the Red Cross and other agencies. It is news that Mayor Thompson would take all the English books out of the Chicago libraries; but it isn't news that the uncultured Amercians furnished the greater part of the funds for the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon.

"In brief, the English papers, consistently and, in my biased opinion, unfairly play up the kind of news that, without regard to the general conditions of American life, heightens and deepens the Englishman's traditional and prejudiced view of our people.

"And the reverse—I say this categorically, and without fear of serious contradiction—is not true of American editors and American correspondents in their handling of English news."



NEW CARDUCCI MONUMENT AT BOLOGNA

The Poet, with an allegorical altar in the background.

Architecture, art, music and other things are tests of civilization, and here Mr. Braley makes the scales wobble a bit:

"A test of civilization is architecture? There hasn't been a public building erected in England in the past fifty years that compares with the best in this country. English modern architecture isn't modern. The tradition of Victorian solidity has been nobly maintained—and so also, in the main, most of the other Victorian traditions of heaviness, sameness, dulness, and not infrequently smug hideousness.

"The beautiful buildings in London are old buildings, erected by men who were innovators in their day, tradition-makers, not tradition-takers.

"Seemingly, however, today's architects in England follow not the example of those who built Westminster and the Houses of Parliament, but of those who bulit that huge series of boxes called Buckingham Palace and the dingy stone dump called the Foreign Office.

"In private buildings the average is a little better, but it is by no means startling in loveliness or in originality. Liberty's new building in Regent Street is the only one I know that even approximates the beauty of a dozen non-skyscraper structures on Fifth Avenue.

"Height alone has a certain beauty and majesty. It is not fair, therefore, to compare New York towers with London's six-storied edifices. I haven't done so—my contention is that height for height and ground-space for ground-space, English modern public architecture is not in a class with American.

"Art is a test of civilization? We break about even there. English painting and sculpture is good in spots, and terrible in others. So is ours. London has some splendid modern monuments, and so has New York. New York has scores of sculptural monstrosities, and so has London.

"In the field of illustration there are half a dozen Englishmen as good as our best, or better. But the number of first-class artists in that field is ten times as great in the States. The reason for this is, I think, not superior talent in the American, but greater opportunity. The market is broader and the pay is enormously better. Which—again recurring to my definition—doesn't justify the Englishman in patronizing our civilization.

"A test of civilization is stability? Hand it to the English on that one. In protection from crime, fire and violation of privacy, the English system makes ours look barbarous.

"A test of civilization is regard for law? In this the Englishman makes us look absolutely savage.

"A test of civilization is music? I need not say anything about English music. Sir Thomas Beecham, an Englishman, has told England and America that England has virtually no appreciation of good music—it won't go to hear it, it won't pay to produce it."

Mr. Braley's retort on England is: "You're not as civilized as we are."

ITALY HONORS CARDUCCI

WHERE AMONG US is a poet thought worthy of tribute, such as France and Italy pay to their honored dead? It is not only Dante, a world figure, to whom Italy raises monuments, but Giosue Carducci, of whom the world outside Italy knows but little, who has lately had erected in his memory a monument that exceeds that given to kings and warriors. It is because his poetry, in the words of the late Queen Margherita, contained "the highest expression of the revival of Italy." The monument, grandiose in character, was recently unveiled in Bologna in the presence of the King and Queen, and a brief description of it is given in *L'Illustrazione Italiana* (Milan) by Piero Torriano:

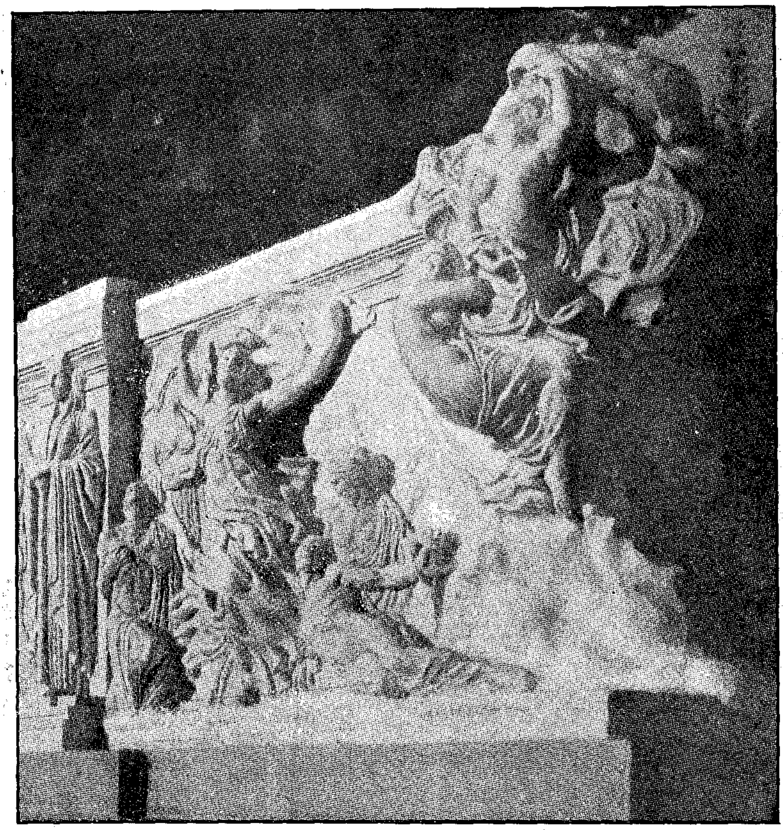
> "The monument is situated upon the slightly sloping high ground which adjoins the home of the poet. Leonardo Bistolfi overcame the topographical difficulties by laying it out on a semicircle, slightly sloping and ending horizontally with a wide central altar. The statues, arranged on a series of levels and approached by wide steps, are animated from left to right with an impetuous movement, symbolizing the rise of Carducci's work, from his 'Love of Nature' to 'The Bay Steed of the Canzone.' In the center, beneath the altar, is the separate figure of the Prophet.
>
> "In the left group, Nature in the form of a nude woman, emerging from the mass, clasps the poet tightly, while a small satyr plays the flute at their feet.
>
> "On the central altar, which is divided into three sections, the vast allegorical theme of the Carduccian lyrics runs in high relief in accordance with the mottoes (epigraphs) dictated by the sculptor himself: 'The Light of Sadness,' 'The Iambic,' 'Spring,' 'The Muse of One's Land of Birth-Love,' 'The Barbaric Ode,' 'Through the Air on Wings I Circle,' 'She Turns in Revolt,' 'Strength,' 'God Give Italy to the Italians,' 'The Canzone,' 'Fatherland,' 'The Heroes,' 'The Rise of the Divine Idea.' In the group to the right, at the end, 'Liberty on the Bay Steed of the Canzone,' is restrained by Rhythm and Rhyme. Such is the significance of the work.
>
> "The monument, a little overburdened perhaps by symbols, is, nevertheless, a magnificent conception with animated and imposing lines. Some of the sculptural details are excellent. The figures are modeled in sharp relief and arranged with skill.
>
> "The lateral groups are particularly noteworthy, and especially the one to the right, which trembles with enthusiasm, a violent play of rich masses of lights and shades.
>
> "The difficulties which had to be overcome, particularly those caused by the lie of the land, were many, and these must be borne in mind when judging the work which represents twenty years of endeavor.
>
> "Its erection was decided upon in 1907. The monument, after several delays, was finally finished, thanks to the energetic intervention of the Podesta of Bologna, Leandro Arpinati. Mario Labo, the architect, lent his assistance to Bistolfi in making the architectural arrangements and designed in simple severe taste the railing which surrounds the monument itself."

Giosue Carducci, the greatest Italian poet of the latter half of the nineteenth century, was born in 1835 and died in 1907, receiving one year before his death the Nobel prize for literature. As a critic he is said to have passed in review the whole field of Italian literature, suggesting new problems of history and criticism while stimulating a new school of investigators to sounder methods of research. Throughout this time he was a prolific poet, displaying passionate devotion to the ancient world and an effort to revive its pervading spirit. In an ode to the "Fountain of Clitumnus" he distils the whole essence of Italian history and, as in his "Ode to Satan," he shows his negative spirit in portraying Christianity as a destructive force, extinguishing the light of ancient civilization and the greatness of Rome. Before the days of Fascism, Carducci represented the highest ideals of the Italian nation created by the Garibaldian wars.

NO "SCOTCH" FOR SCOTS

HIGHBROW IRELAND HAS LONG AGO repudiated the stage Irishman; his like, we are told, is not to be found outside certain popular works of Irish fiction, and the stage creations current in other countries than the Emerald Isle. Now it is the "Scot" who rises in rebellion and denounces all things "Scotch." *The Daily Mail* (London) prints this, signed by Ian Bruce, which purports to be a retort on some article dealing with two popular favorites:

> "In his article entitled 'Harry Lauder—or Will Fyffe?' Mr. William Pollock quite erroneously describes the above-mentioned comedians as 'Scots.' The two artists in question have no hesitation in calling themselves 'Scotch' comedians. There is a world of difference.



"RISE OF THE DIVINE IDEA"

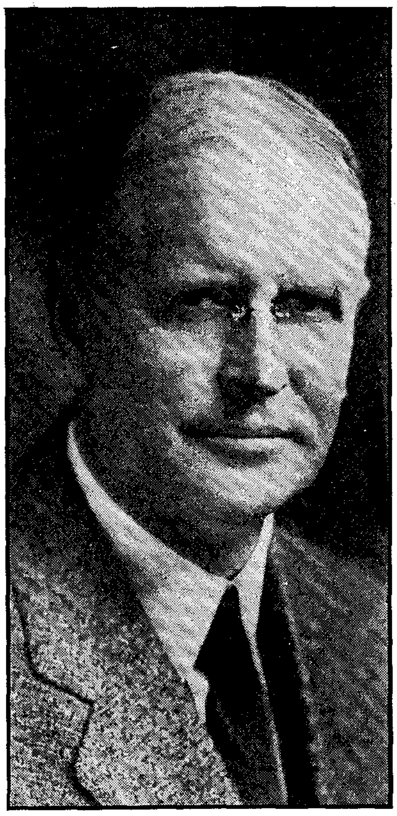
The group on the right end in Leonardo Bistolfi's monument to Carducci, "which trembles with enthusiasm, a violent play of rich masses of lights and shades."

> "Sir Harry Lauder and Mr. Will Fyffe may be perfectly capable artists in their own sphere. I have no doubt that they are, altho personally I am in the position of many Scots theatergoers—I have never seen either Lauder or Fyffe on the stage, and have no wish to see them. Still, I have no reason to disbelieve the glowing reports which appear in English and other newspapers, reports of the genius of 'Scotch' comedians, the pathos of their interpretations, and so on.
>
> "However that may be, English readers of *The Daily Mail* may be interested to know that many Scots, not highbrow Scots, not narrow-minded Scots, not religious Scots, but decent, ordinary Scots, consider 'Scotch' comedians to be in very bad taste.
>
> "It may be that a prophet hath no honor in his own country. But is it not rather the case that in Scotland the worthless show and ridiculous performances of these comedians are clearly recognized for what they are worth, while abroad (and by abroad in this instance I include England) they are taken at a little more than face value?
>
> "Hence the world-wide idea that Scotsmen are red-haired, hairy-kneed, whisky drinkers and bagpipe players, and that they spend most of their doddering old age in chasing women. We need no more than mention the now-exploded myth of a Scotsman's overlove of money.
>
> "Is it not a little hard on Scotland that she should have to suffer for the idiocies, sentimental and worse, of a few?"

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE EVILS OF MODERNISM

LIBERALISM HAS NOT BEEN an unmixed blessing to religion, a Modernist very frankly admits. Indeed, the Rev. William Henry Spence goes so far as to assert that some of the Modernists are directly chargeable with anything but a good influence on unthinking men and unsophisticated youth. They have, he says, lost something of the old reverence which characterizes the orthodox; they have stirred up harmful religious controversy; they have taken so much pride in intellectualism as to lose spirituality; a cold reverence for the facts of science has cooled their religious ardor. They are missing from the altar. Coming from a Modernist, Dr. Spence's two articles in *The Congregationalist* setting forth what he regards as the serious problems of the situation are both timely and significant, fraught as they are with a warning to the Liberals and a solace to the orthodox. Dr. Spence would have his fellow Liberals regain "the lost radiance of Christianity" and the reverential spirit and mystic faith which animated our orthodox fathers by divesting themselves of intellectual pride and learning to worship in communion with all believers. The writer is introduced to us as the minister of the Church of Christ at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H. His articles appear under the heading, "A Modernist's Criticism of Modernism." Of course, he writes, the Church, that is, ecclesiastical officialdom, is partly to blame for the perilous situation as he sees it:



A CRITIC OF MODERNISM

Himself of that school of thought, the Rev. William Henry Spence says that among great numbers their liberalism "has chilled their religious enthusiasm."

> "Stupid obscurantism, concern for vested interests, and jealousy for authority are ancient traits of priestcraft, and are all too often to be seen in religious leaders of the twentieth century. They have closed the door to inquiry and driven out some of the best minds of the age. Rigid refusal to readjust doctrine to new discovery has reacted disastrously on the minds of multitudes of thinking people. Yet, only part of the blame can be assigned to malignant conservatism in the Church. Those churches and denominations which have been most sympathetic toward the liberalizing movement have suffered, with here and there an exception, the severest losses, and are hardly bestead to hold their own."

As to the weakening influence of liberalism on the church, its most obvious evidence, says Dr. Spence, is the absenteeism of many of the educated. "The acquisition of the Liberal viewpoint has meant, for great numbers of them, a lessening of loyalty to the Church and the forsaking of its altars." Their liberalism "has chilled their religious enthusiasm and caused them to abandon the house of prayer." Religious controversy has been stirred up. "The trouble," we are told, "is that the conservative temper tends to become stubborn and combative, and the Liberal, supercilious and proud. There are fanatics on both sides, and we have suffered as much from one as from the other." A change, too, has occurred in the sphere of inner religious experience, and as the pastor watches "the cooling of religious ardor, the loosening of the grasp on spiritual realities, the progressive and easy-going tolerance of unethical practises, the increasing neglect of the 'means of grace' and the blurring of conviction through pride of intellect, in one after another of his parishioners, his intimate friends and his fellow clergymen, he is tempted to say now and then, adapting the words of Festus: 'Much learning hath made thee apostate.'" As it appears to Dr. Spence:

> "There is no doubt that most Liberals have gained much through their frank acceptance of the vastly enlarged universe which modern science has opened to their gaze. They find it impossible to hold the tight little views of God men once cherished. The expanded universe means an expanded view of God. They have felt their reverence and adoration grow as each new scientific discovery has widened their understanding of creation. But others with the advance of scientific knowledge have lost their awareness of God. They have been unable to carry over from the crass idea of direct, forthright creation, their faith in a personal God, and have surrendered to the dreary philosophy of materialistic mechanism. If the loss thus entailed could end with a few unbelieving educated persons, it would not be so bad, but the influence of such persons on the unthinking man of the street and the unsophisticated youth in our schools is terribly damaging. As a philosophy mechanism appears to be passing, but outside the academic world it is still producing its characteristic bitter fruits, chief of which is a paralyzing cynicism.
>
> "In the recent controversy between the Modernist and the Fundamentalist over the question of evolution, there is a soul of truth in the error of the Fundamentalist. He discerns that in many the espousal of the theory of evolution has dried up the springs of spirituality; and, therefore, without making careful discrimination, he comes to the conclusion that evolution is an enemy of the Christian religion. And of course he is right, in so far as one's theory of evolution is atheistic. You can't have religion after you have bowed God out of the universe.
>
> "Furthermore, the Fundamentalist has a profound conviction of the divine worth of human nature. He believes profoundly that there is a truth in Biblical declaration that man was made in the image of God. He may have crude, unscientific ideas of how it came about, but he knows himself as the offspring of a Heavenly Father. Now, to tell him that he is wholly descended from the anthropoid ape, or any other lower order of animal life which the latest theory of evolution may designate, is like telling an Adams of Quincy, or a Cabot of Boston, or an Endicott of Salem that his ancestors were 'Hooligans.' He resents it indignantly and pugnaciously. If the Fundamentalist has been too superficial and unfair in his condemnation of the theory of evolution, the Liberal has often been too indiscriminate and thoughtless in his acceptance of it. Certainly the Fundamentalist with his faith in the divine kinship of man is nearer right than those Liberals who, influenced by certain evolutionary theories, reduce him to a mere automaton, produced by reaction to environment."

The historical study of the Bible, says Dr. Spence, has been a great boon. "We are better able to sift fact from legend; we are no longer disturbed by incongruities and inconsistencies in the records, we recognize the principle of growth; we are delivered from defending the indefensible and from believing the unbelievable." But some treasure has been left behind which we should recover if we can. "The destruction of the Bible's infallibility has ruined its authority for multitudes." In reaction from the doctrine of literal inspiration the Liberals "have thrown over all dependence upon it as a spiritual guide-book." Yet, we are told, "when one thinks of what the old faith in the Bible did for our fathers and mothers and the kind of family life it inspired them to create, one feels less and less inclined to swagger over the fruits of the so-called modern view of the Bible." It is necessary, then, "to find something to give us what the Bible gave them—the feeling of security in a trouble-ridden world, clearness and definiteness of religious convictions, the accent of authority in our testimony of religious experience and a firm, sure hold of faith in Christ—or else liberalism will yet become the great apostasy." Liberalism has also lost something of the real conception of Jesus, says Dr. Spence. It "has made too many concessions to rationalism, until Jesus has become a faint and wavering shadow. So, when liberalism goes so far in blind acceptance of the findings of the critics that it is content to explain that the religious experience depicted in the New Testament and perpetuated in the Christian Church had its origin in a person who, after all, was a rather ordinary but neurotic Galilean peasant—then, I say, in the slang of American youth, liberalism has become a 'total loss.'" Other perils of liberalism are its tendencies to indifference and license. "Freedom of thought tends to become absence of thought." The system of tabu set up by the conservatives "has at least this virtue—it sets up definite standards of character." And what is to be said of liberalism in regard to the evangelical "passion for souls"? queries Dr. Spence:

> "How often do you find a Modernist preacher proclaiming the good news of a salvation that really makes bad men good? Are not Modernist preachers usually laboring to get men to change their ways of thinking rather than their ways of living, and are not liberal laymen more concerned to see the propagation of ideas rather than to win men to the Christian experience of God? Yet sin is just as rife as ever. Multitudes of men are still 'going to the devil' while our religious conventions pass ringing resolutions for the abolition of war and other social ills, or affirm their solemn right to accept the theory of evolution, or proclaim to all the world what it already knows—the singular glory of the Pilgrim Fathers."

It ought to have been possible, declares Dr. Spence, "for all of us to keep alive and fresh within us a consciousness of God and a faith that is Christian in its expression of that consciousness, even if our whole conception of His creative process were changed." But "men listen to what we have to say and read what we have to write; they discuss and debate our ideas, but they do not find God." The remedy for the situation, thinks Dr. Spence, is worship, objective worship, and he writes:

> "Protestant liberalism tends for the most part to make its churches centers where people gather to hear somebody talk about religion. The standard of value is purely intellectual and subjective. The chief aim is to give proper information about God and man, a right understanding of the application of religion to life, and to promote social welfare. All of which is essential. All true worship must eventuate in truer conceptions of God and His ways with men, and, also, in fruitful service for humanity. But instruction and exhortation are not enough. What the souls of men need more is a rebirth of feeling, a complete orientation of the spirit, an immediate experience of awareness of God, an engulfing of the finite consciousness in the Infinite.
>
> "This experience comes best when one joins in communal worship. Let liberalism divest itself of intellectual pride and join humbly with those who, whatever their theological opinions, know how to adore. Tho unable to assent to the opinions, it can reverence the Infinite Mystery. Just as a learned astronomer might stand on a hilltop beside an unlettered shepherd and share with him the awe which the heavens inspire. Tho sundered far in knowledge, they may become one in the attitude of wonder. Such worship is creative, and if liberalism will lead the way to the recovery of this lost art, it will save itself from dry rot and bring about the rehabilitation of Protestantism."

BURNING BUSHES

By Harry Elmore Hurd

I saw the sun slant past a tenement
And splash its gold against a dingy wall
As though God stooped to give love's sacrament
To that one home . . . I watched the last light fall
Upon the lacework of a lofty tree
Consuming it with fiery lavender.
I doffed my hat before the mystery
Revealed to me by God's gay messenger.
One burning bush by Sinai's rugged way
Arrested Moses like a brigand chief,
But this gold glory I have seen today
Transcends my grandest dreams of majesty,
Surmounts the limitations of belief,
And changes this dirt earth to heaven for me.

—*The Christian Century, Chicago.*

WHY SOME HATE THE CHURCH

DISLIKE OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS rather than opposition to theology is what explains the indifference of the so-called intellectuals to the Church, believes Dr. Frederick Lynch, who is himself a writer of some note and eminent among the leaders of religious thought. Dr. Lynch, writing in *The Christian Herald* (New York), says he is acquainted with most of the novels which deal with the struggle between faith and doubt, orthodoxy and modernism, and he regards the treatment of the problem as an indication that the public has not lost its interest in religion. These books, he says, are full of the difficulties which the thoughtful man experiences in accepting the confessions and the creeds, and they all end with the assertion: "Let the Church drop its antiquated theologies, rewrite its creeds, or abolish them entirely; let it preach simply the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; above all, let it make service the only test of membership, and the thoughtful people and the students will flock to it again." All this sounds convincing, but it is not true, says Dr. Lynch. "The country is full of churches which have done just this thing, and those who neglect the Church because of its antiquated doctrines do not go near them." In support of his assertion, Dr. Lynch recites:

> "In the summer of 1925 I happened to be in Rome. It was Holy Year, and thousands of pilgrims from all over the world were flocking into the city. Every day at noon the Pope met hundreds of these pilgrims in a hall in the Vatican and preached a short sermon to them. I happened to be present one day, and I was very curious to know what the Pope would say to that dense throng. What he said in substance was this: 'You will find in every country to-day groups of men who hate the Christian Church, and are attacking it. They will tell you they are opposed to it or indifferent to it because of its doctrine. Do not let them deceive you. It is not the Church's doctrines or theology that disturbs them; it is her morality that they hate. It is her demands of the pure, unselfish, sacrificial, sinless life that keep them out or makes them antagonistic—not her theology.'
>
> "I am inclined to think that the Pope hit the nail on the head. I am more inclined to think so since I have noted the covert or even open attacks on the fundamental Christian morality found in many of the religious books and articles by our clever intellectuals.
>
> "Personally, when I find a man who begins telling me that he does not have anything to do with the churches because they repeat the Apostles' Creed, I am inclined to ask him if it is not rather because they repeat the Ten Commandments."

AMERICAN WOMEN'S RELIGION

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S idea of religion is summed up in the one word "service," and it is she, says Miss Maude Royden, who is largely responsible for Prohibition and for a multitude of practical attempts to make the kingdom of heaven come quickly. Writing in *The Forum* (New York), this famous English woman preacher, who recently toured this country, delivering a series of lectures, gives large credit to her American sister for the vigor and selflessness with which, now that she is emancipated, she is devoting herself to the solution of some of our problems. "To women everywhere the idea of service makes an instant appeal," writes Miss Royden. "To American women it is irresistible. Their religion is to make the kingdom of heaven come on earth. It is a great and glorious ambition, and certainly it is in keeping with the teaching of our Lord, who said: 'When ye pray, say "Our Father, . . . Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven."'" In regard to American women and Prohibition, Miss Royden writes:

"They did not propose to work the miracle by making people interested in something better than the exciting business of getting more or less drunk; they did not first attack the evil surroundings which, with us, so often lead to drinking; they simply and at one stroke sought to remove the drink. That the result has been in many ways good, I can not doubt; that it has also been in some ways bad, I do not doubt either. Whether the good or the bad will in the end prevail, America must judge for herself, while the Englishwoman, conscious of the appalling nature of the drink evil in her own country, watches with an interest painful in its intensity. What concerns me here is the method of the attack on this great evil—direct, uncompromising, external—and the fact that its driving force came, and comes still, from Protestant American women, and has been their most remarkable use of power."

Miss Royden discovers that American women occupy a unique position. They "have more freedom, greater equality in educational advantages, and, in consequence, more economic independence than any other women anywhere. If, thus equipped and launched upon the world, American men really do refuse to take them seriously, American men are guilty of extreme folly. The single instance of Prohibition should be enough to convince them of this. Whether they think it good or bad, there can be no doubt of its importance; and everywhere I find its passage into law stated to be, in great part, the work of women." As Miss Royden sees it, then:

"It is inevitable that American women, entering into political life, should do something! Why else are they educated and equipped either for a career and economic independence of their own, or for a husband whose first business is to maintain them in a good position? In neither case do they expect to lead a life of leisure. The standard of life in America, which is the pride of Americans and the admiration of the world, is maintained at an almost terrifying cost to all but the wealthiest women. Indeed, women have insisted on a marvelous equipment of labor-saving devices. The multiplicity of bathrooms, of ice-boxes and other electrical apparatus, the carpetless floors, the absence of dust-collecting 'ornaments'—all reflect the determination of American women to have beautiful homes without becoming slaves to them. The amount of intelligence which they have put into the maintenance of the American standard of living alone makes it possible; money by itself could not do it. It still takes an alarming toll of the strength of women; but it does make it possible for them to take up public work without neglecting home duties, and the possibility is seized upon with an energy and good-will that is astounding.

"I, at least, am too much a woman not to realize—as men visiting the United States for a few weeks or months rarely do—what a real religious impulse it is that gives such public service. With all the labor-saving apparatus at their command, the standard these women set for themselves is too high not to mean incessant work, forethought, and organizing capacity. An American home is a work of art and a triumph of administration. What cookery! What cleanliness! What comfort is there! With this, however, they are not content. They seek to make the world a home, no less spotless, hospitable, and orderly than their own.

"In one city, a reporter, after ten minutes' conversation with me, reproachfully observed: 'When our women come into public life, they always seem to get off on the subject of peace!' I was rebuked. I had talked to a reporter for ten whole minutes in a town in the very heart of the Middle West, and had not yet broached any international affair.

"He was right. When the American woman comes into public life, she wants to know why the world can't live in peace. She wants to see that it does, in future. She wants to make her religion work—and after all, it is the religion of the Prince of Peace! Once more, I warn the American male: if he does not take his women seriously, he is making a miscalculation. They take themselves seriously and they have votes. They are considering the cause and cure of war. Christianity, they think, ought to work—or what is it for?"

In all this, however, Miss Royden suggests, there is an element of weakness:

"American women believe that the world can be reformed. In theological language we should say it can be 'redeemed.' This is a fundamental principle of Christianity. In the work of reformation, however, we are apt to become so exceedingly busy that we easily fall into the habit of trying short-cuts. At first sight it seems a kind of selfishness to be concerned in the making of saints or the salvation of one's own soul. Certainly, it often becomes so. But tho concentration on spiritual discipline may be the besetting sin of the spiritual East, a complete neglect of it is the curse of the practical West.

"Filled with her desire to serve, the American woman sets about the building of the City of God, and often fails, because, born organizer and administrator that she is, she does not perceive that organization is not enough. Even good conduct is not enough. Nor can good conduct be permanently achieved by any amount of organizing, admonition, or even legislation, unless the spirit of good-will exists behind it.

"Tho this sounds terribly platitudinous—and there is perhaps, not an American in the world who would not applaud the platitude—it is not really admitted. For this is, of course, the real weakness of American religious women: they believe much too strongly in external reformation. They have been too active in the service of the world to give much thought to themselves; consequently they really do not know themselves or human nature.

"If, then, I dare to offer a word of advice to my sisters of the American Protestant churches, it is with a most real admiration for the splendid and selfless vigor with which they set out to build the City of God. I have worked with and for associations of women whose zeal for this work is equaled by their courage, and with courage has gone statesmanship and wisdom. Every time I return to America I am more imprest by these qualities in American women. But I believe American Protestant religion lacks the spiritual depth and the sense of eternal things which comes only from intensive spiritual discipline. In other words, it has, in building the City of God, neglected the making of saints."

METHODIST REUNION IN ENGLAND—The proposed reunion of Northern and Southern Methodist Episcopal Churches is on the shelf, and likely to remain there some time, comments *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), while in England the three principal groups of Methodists—the Wesleyans, the Primitives, and the United—seem within sight of reunion. To be sure, we read, the three churches are going about the process of reunion with extreme caution, so that the proposal can not be consummated before 1931 at the earliest:

"But the chances are now so favorable to the eventual consummation of the union that it would seem that only some accidental emotional upheaval could prevent its taking place. The Wesleyan Methodists have been slower than the other two bodies in agreeing to the reunion. At their conference in 1927 they failed to give the proposal the necessary majority of 75 per cent. of those voting. But the campaign in favor of union conducted during the ensuing year seems to have had great effect, for the vote this year showed more than 88 per cent. in favor. Successive steps in the negotiations call for still another vote to confirm the majority of 1928; then the passage of an enabling act through Parliament, to go into effect in 1931; and, finally, in that year another vote in each of the three conferences, in which again a 75 per cent. majority will be required."

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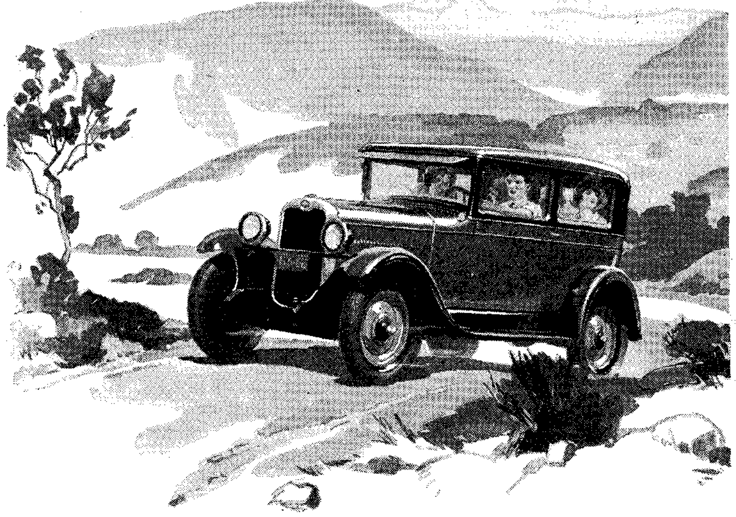

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CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

ESPECIALLY dedicated to Boston readers, we take it; hence its inclusion in *The Transcript*, but all save the last stanza has wider appeal, and the moral might be universal:

THE WITCHERY OF RAIN

By Samuel Minturn Peck

All day the frolic rain had played
Amid the branches green;
Each leaf its silver fingers made
A twinkling tambourine,
And listening to the elfin tune
Rain-tinkled in the boughs,
My raptured senses seemed to swoon,
Straightway I fell a-drowse.

O where was I? I knew not where!
I dreamed a blithe romance
Of Italy, or Spain, or fair
And sunny-storied France;
'Twas distant, all that sought mine ear,
In feudal days afar:
Yet, could it be?—it seemed so near—
Was that a gay guitar?

Whose fingers spanned its strings and frets?
I did not know, or care;
It was a girl with castanets
That won my glances there.
But soon a white plume waved between,
And flashing lances bright:
Then swiftly changed again the scene,
And 'twas a moonlit night,

And I—a troubadour was I
Somewhere in old Provence;
I wished that Time might never fly,
'Twould always be the nonce;
No lady fair could kinder be
Than she who heard my strain—
Then from my dream I wakened me,
For it had ceased, the rain.

And, oh, the East Wind blew so chill
I would I'd stayed awake,
For I began to sneeze, and still
All down my back I ache:
And now 'tis nearly done, my lay,
Its burden, pray you, note—
Don't drowse upon a rainy day,
Or else—keep on your coat.

Altho the title of the following poem from *The Spur* (New York) places us in lower Manhattan overlooking the bay, with its multitude of outbound ships, the mood of the human adding-machine — who watches his figures as well as the boats that fill him with dreams of far-away romantic lands—is common to any worker in any port:

FROM A DOWNTOWN SKYSCRAPER

By Wilfred J. Funk

Over my ledger I can see
The giant ships go down the bay,
And there's no one of them but holds
My heart aboard as stowaway.

And one will steam to China Sea
And one will swing around the Horn
And, Oh! I'd be a happy lad
If I were only sailor-born.

One golden day I'll break my bonds
And close my books and wander free,
And then another pale-faced lad
Will add my figures up for me.

Gipsies are finding their freedom curtailed, even in Hungary, where their stock has been so long at home, and perhaps we shall see this people merged into our own general monotony. The New York *Times* gives us an engaging portrait:

THE GYPSY FROM GALWAY

By Sonia Ruthele Novak

Oh, I have heard it's very rare
To find a gipsy lass that's fair!
They're swarthy and their eyes are dark,
Their hair is brown as chestnut bark,
But early morning yesterday
A gypsy came across my way
With hair like silver touched with fire
Above her green and white attire.
That she was gypsy I was sure
With eyes delphinium-demure.

And when I said, "It isn't right
That any gypsy be so light!"
She answered, "Oh, the little folk
Forevermore must have their joke;
And when in Galway I was born,
My mother broke the bloom of thorn
And spilled its sacred, welling sap
Before she took her noonday nap!
So while in thoughtlessness she slept,
The broken thorn lay there and wept
Until the little folk all flew
To stop its wound, with much ado!
And seeing me, they touched my feet
With drops they caught, to make me fleet;
And as they touched my eyes, there thinned
Before my sight the paths of wind!
And when their humor grew more bold,
They touched my hair, and it was gold.
But then I saw my mother start,
Because they touched my very heart!"

And when her uttered words were still
I was alone upon the hill.
I could not trust my eyes, and vow
I don't believe it happened now!
But just the same, I will not break
The sweet-starred hawthorn sprays to take!

Distant from Browning's optimism is this of to-day, but Browning's dramatic monolog is the form we see in *The English Review*:

THE FARMER'S WIFE

By Margaret Marshall

The sun is gilding all the barley tips,
And I lie dreaming underneath the trees,
While, like a silver stream, the evening slips
And lengthens with the shadows on the leas . . .
In my primrose linen dress
I walk again through sunny lanes,
With eyes alight in happiness
Beside the laden harvest wains.
The horses in our fields are white,
And there are glossy mares at graze,
Whose rollicking, unsteady foals
Play through the drowsy summer days.
I stand with arms frothed elbow-deep
In bowls of yellow cream,
And, singing, make my butter there,
Devonshire way—nor know I dream—. . .
My hair is honey-coloured,
And my feet are young and light;
The days are made for laughing,
And there's love and rest at night.
My man is strong and tawny,
Like a stallion in his pride,
Brown he is, and modelled finely,
Moving with a tall man's stride . . .
Sinks now below the hill the sun's red rim,
And sinks my dream into the present pain:
I am a slattern, with my eyes grown dim
With straining to see Devon fields again:
My man is like a ferret where he stands:
I am afraid—afraid of his thin hands.

Here is a picture in words, free-verse fashion, with a daring amount of repetition, yet effectively done. It is from a group by an author in the August issue of *Poetry* (Chicago):

DAHLIAS

By Helen Hoyt

Our little boy in his white suit walks among the dahlias
In the bright sunshine of the August garden,
In his white suit with red collar,
His yellow hair blown out, aflame in the sun.
He walks among the dahlias; the shadows of the dahlias,
The lacy shadows of dahlia leaves, fall over him,
Traced on his white suit; sharply in the sunshine
The shadows of dahlia stalks are traced on the sharp white.
The soft round shadows of great dahlia heads
Like starry balls lie on his shoulders,
The pointed shadows of dahlia petals
Deepening to dark black on the dark red collar.
He walks between the slanting dahlia stalks,
Through leaves and shadows of leaves,
Moving in his white suit, lingering, from bloom to bloom.
Among the red flowers he is a white flower,
Among the white flowers he is a red flower.
The pink dahlias crowd near his cheeks to look in his face,
He looks in the face of each flower;
The yellow dahlias lean toward his hair,
Matching their gold to his; his yellow locks
Like petals radiate about his head.
He walks among the dahlias, himself a lovely dahlia.
—A branch of flowers walking, a little boy blooming
Our own bright dahlia flower, our little boy in the sun.

The desire to escape from sad thoughts and the difficulty of doing it are voiced in this sonnet from *The Nation* (New York):

AN INFIDELITY

By Garreta Busey

I cannot live with it—not every day!—
The hard unyielding fact that you are dead.
Always to sit and face it, eat its bread,
And drink its tears. . . . Oh, I have run away
And come again to this wood-shadowed strand
(I think we walked on violets before!)
Searching for trace of you along the shore.
But now your feet go printless on the sand.
And now reality within my door
Blots up the morning sun and chills my bed
And mocks at me for every thing I do,
And I may not escape it any more.
How strange a thing to find that I am wed
To iron fact, being in love with you.

That kinship of the human soul with the stars and the sea, which we all have felt at rare moments, is the theme of this sonnet from *The Independent* (Boston):

ADASTRAL

By David McCord

My heart goes seaward with the rising star:
This of myself that flowered from the earth,
Tasted the soil, and shared the foliate birth
Of the red roses spilling in the jar.
My heart goes seaward with the rising star
That takes the brief erosion of the night,
And burns in the high candle all delight,
Making the soul a moth. So we that are
Its pawns and, living, bade the pillars rise,
And girded oceans with a vessel's wake,
Still look upon the sweet illumined skies
And ask for wonder for the wonder's sake,
And carry to the graves that shut us in
The sea and the stars and all that they have been.

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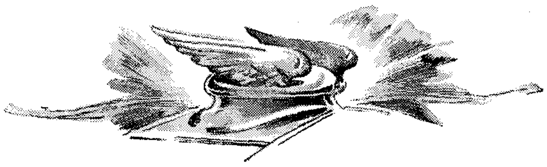
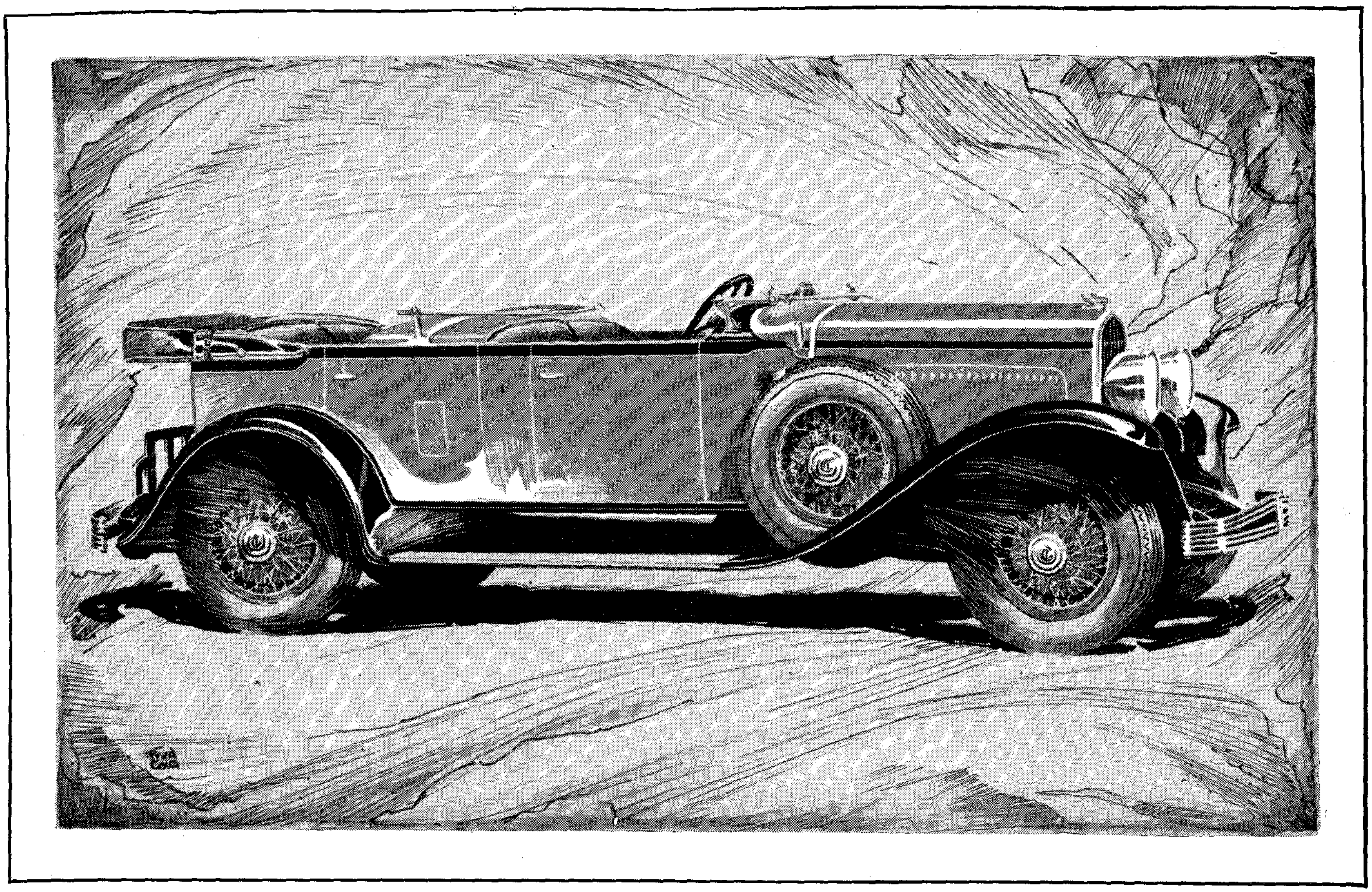




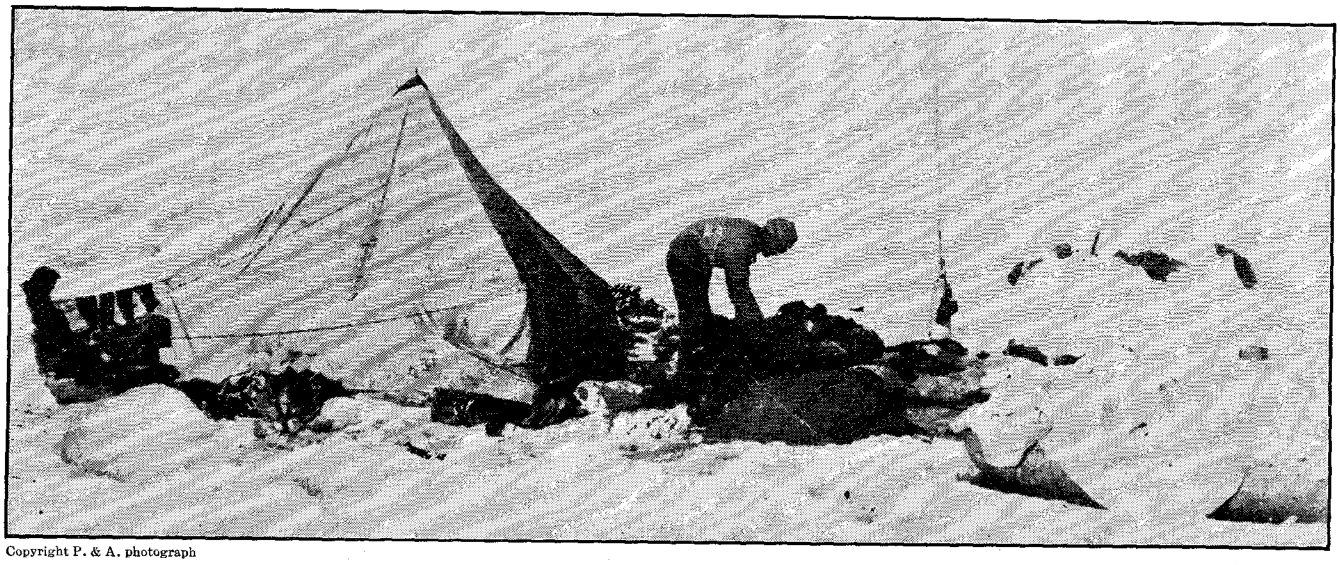
New Chrysler "75" Sport Phaeton

Entirely original in style conception — creations of Chrysler engineering and artistic genius—the new Chrysler "75" and "65" literally stamp as old-fashioned the earlier precedents in motor car beauty. . . . ¶ Through Chrysler originality, a new mode has come into being. . . . ¶ In a new revelation of dynamic symmetry, Chrysler has swept into obsolescence the former American and European standards of artistic merit in automobiles. . . . ¶ Now, the mode is Chrysler—both abroad and at home. . . . ¶ The whole world pays deference to the originality in the new styles created by Chrysler.

New Chrysler "75" Prices—*Royal Sedan,* $1535; *2-passenger Coupe (with rumble seat),* $1535; *Roadster (with rumble seat),* $1555; *Town Sedan,* $1655. *Wire wheels extra.*

New Chrysler "65" Prices—*Business Coupe,* $1040; *Roadster (with rumble seat),* $1065; *2-door Sedan,* $1065; *Touring Car,* $1075; *4-door Sedan;* $1145; *Coupe (with rumble seat),* $1145. *All prices f. o. b. Detroit.*

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES



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"THE LITTLE RED TENT"—A PIN-POINT OF VIVID COLOR ON THE VAST ICY WILDERNESS

This unique photograph of the Nobile party's shelter was made by Lundborg. The figure bending over is that of Viglieri.

AN ARCTIC RESCUE THAT EMBITTERS NATIONS

A SAVIOR FROM THE SKY—Lundborg, the resourceful Swedish ace—had made a landing on the treacherous polar ice, hard by the small tent which had been painted red to catch the eyes of possible rescuers. Hope in that moment banished the despair of the six castaways huddled there, two of them disabled with broken limbs, and all afflicted with cold, hunger, and misery. But the plane was small, and Lundborg was carrying a mechanic. Only one of the marooned sufferers could be removed. Which one should it be? On the answer to that question, we gather from a mass of chronicle and comment, depended the judgment of a critical world. And from the ensuing action was to spring an animated cross-fire of condemnation and justification, stirring up no little international bitterness, with preparations for investigations and counter-investigations, which at this writing are still in the air. For the castaway rescued on that now historic occasion was General Nobile, the commander of the disastrous *Italia* dirigible polar expedition; and altho he was one of the injured pair, his consent to his own removal in advance of his subordinates was to be denounced by a vigorous school of critics in the northern countries of Europe—notably Sweden—as an infringment of the tradition that a commander in such a case should be the last to be saved. Hence the melancholy spectacle of Nobile's ultimate journey homeward, treated with cold disdain in the countries through which he passed until he reached his native Italy, where, we learn, he has been received with passionate adulation and much official honor. But his countrymen are not the only ones to come to his defense. His action is justified by a Swedish witness in the person of his rescuer, Captain Lundborg, who, in one of a series of articles copyrighted by the North American Newspaper Alliance, gives us a vivid narrative of the discussion preceding the rescue. Of his first sight of Nobile, he writes:

> I recognized him from photographs, despite the long beard and mustaches he had grown and the strange apparel he wore.
>
> Nobile wore no hat. The upper part of his body was clothed in a gray knitted jacket. His legs were incased in light gray sports trousers. On one foot he wore a light summer shoe, on the other a stocking and reindeer sock. Around his broken leg was wound a gray puttee.
>
> I hurried up to him. He offered me both hands and drew me down to him in a strong embrace. I told him who I was and that I had come to take them all away from their involuntary stay in the ice.
>
> I asked General Nobile to be the first.
>
> I told him I couldn't take more than one this time, because my mechanic was with me. I assured General Nobile that I would return soon, alone, and then would be able to take two at a time.
>
> General Nobile pointed to Ceccioni, a fine, big powerful fellow of typical Italian appearance. He sat immediately next to the General, making a stretcher from bits of the crusht gondola of the *Italia*. By means of this he was to be helped along, as both his legs were broken.
>
> "I have decided on another procedure," said General Nobile. "First Ceccioni, then Behounek, Trojani, Viglieri, Biagi, and, finally, myself."

(*Continued on page 37*)

Copyright P. & A. photograph

GENERAL NOBILE AND THE FAMOUS TITINA

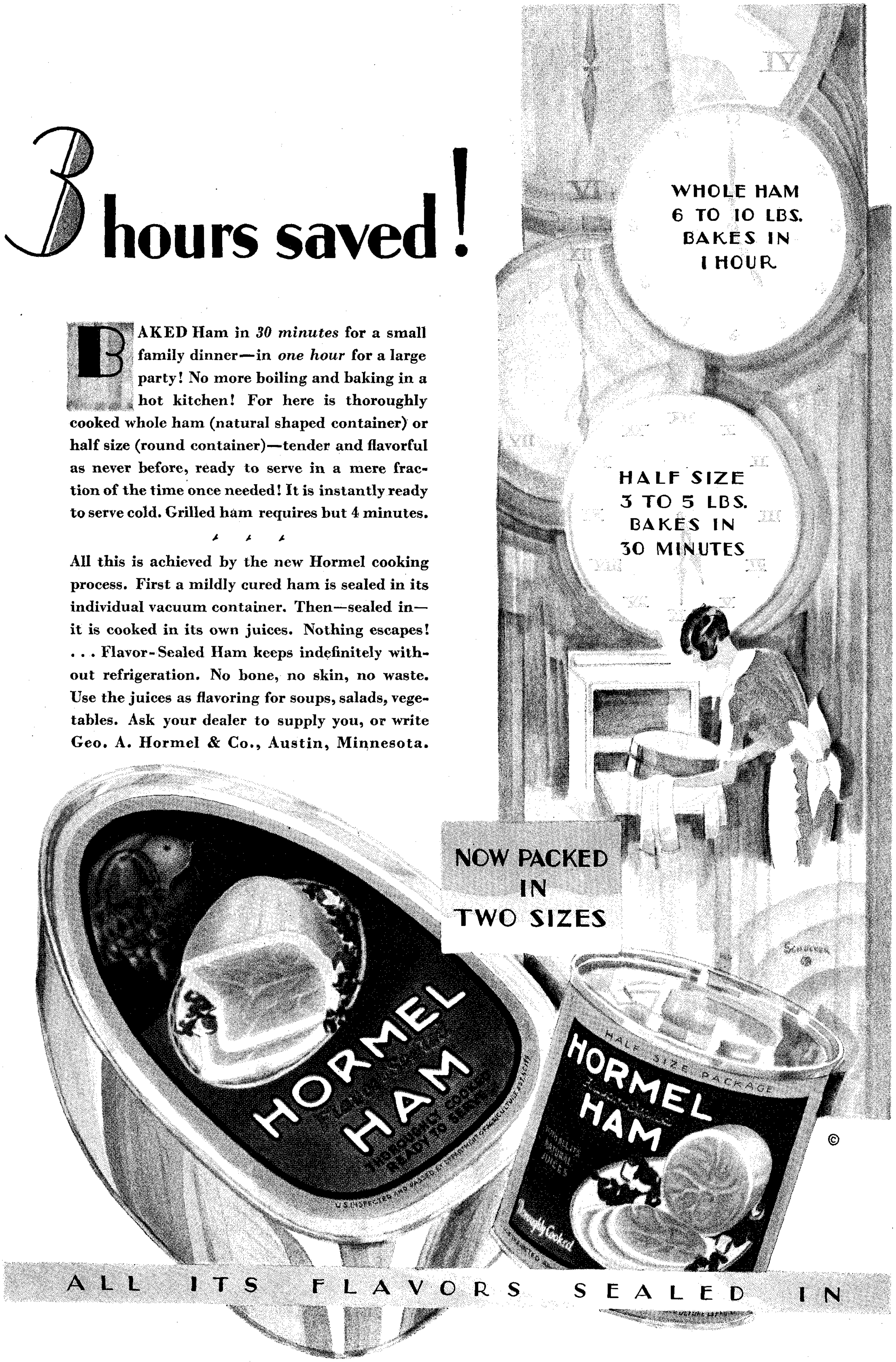
The *Italia's* canine mascot was the first to jump into Lundborg's plane, and this picture was taken after the General's removal to the base ship of the expedition.

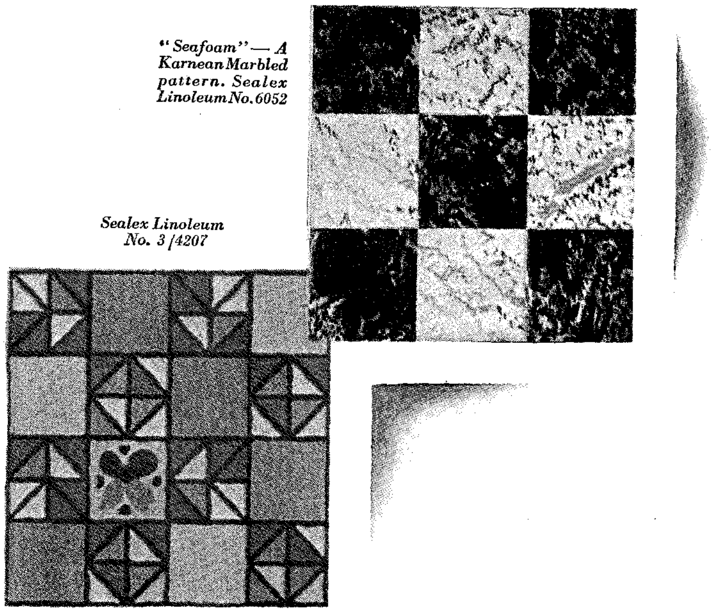
3 hours saved!

BAKED Ham in *30 minutes* for a small family dinner—in *one hour* for a large party! No more boiling and baking in a hot kitchen! For here is thoroughly cooked whole ham (natural shaped container) or half size (round container)—tender and flavorful as never before, ready to serve in a mere fraction of the time once needed! It is instantly ready to serve cold. Grilled ham requires but 4 minutes.

* * *

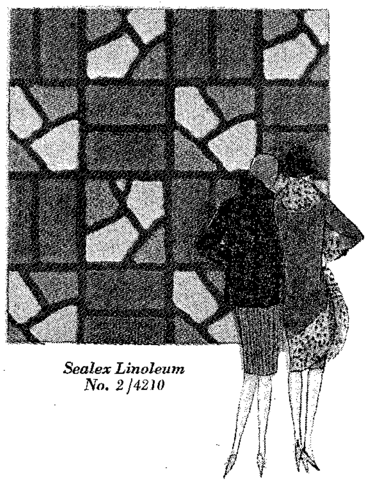
All this is achieved by the new Hormel cooking process. First a mildly cured ham is sealed in its individual vacuum container. Then—sealed in—it is cooked in its own juices. Nothing escapes! . . . Flavor-Sealed Ham keeps indefinitely without refrigeration. No bone, no skin, no waste. Use the juices as flavoring for soups, salads, vegetables. Ask your dealer to supply you, or write Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.


WHOLE HAM
6 TO 10 LBS.
BAKES IN
1 HOUR
HALF SIZE
3 TO 5 LBS.
BAKES IN
30 MINUTES
NOW PACKED IN TWO SIZES
HORMEL HAM
THOROUGHLY COOKED READY TO SERVE
HALF SIZE PACKAGE
HORMEL HAM
Thoroughly Cooked
SCHUCKER
©
ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN

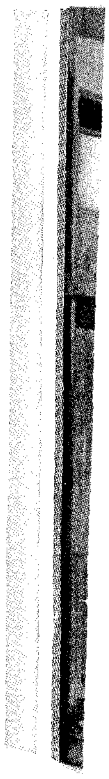


"Seafoam"—A Karnean Marbled pattern. Sealex Linoleum No. 6052

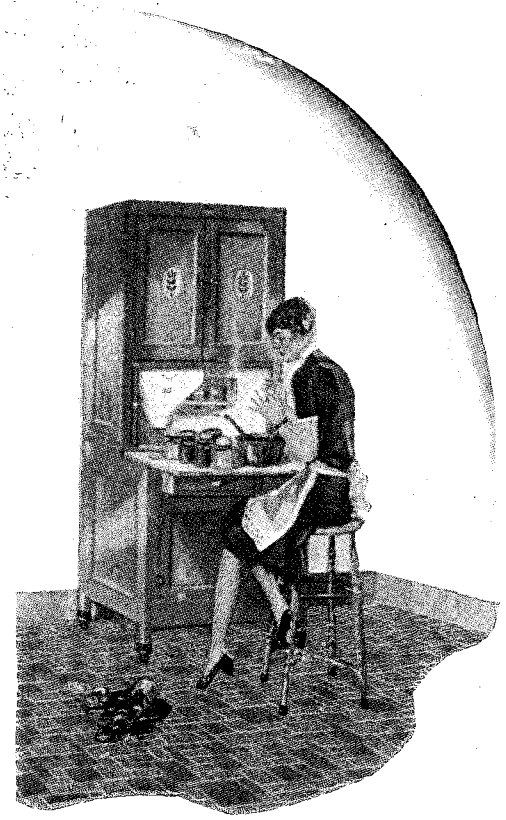
Sealex Linoleum No. 3/4207



Sealex Linoleum No. 2/4210



NEW FLOOR EFFECTS to harmonize with other beautiful things in the hc



Accidents will happen "even in the best regulated families." There's no way to avoid them. But there *is* a way to avoid the aftermath—those unsightly stains on your linoleum floor. That is to remember the name "Sealex" when next you buy linoleum for any room.

Sealex Linoleums are proof against all ordinary household accidents. The most acidy fruit juices, the hottest sizzling fats, the smeariest greases—all wipe right off without leaving a trace.

This pattern is Sealex Linoleum No. 1173/2.

The brightness, the life, of these colorful times are strikingly reflected in the furnishings of the modern home. Walls, draperies and furniture—all have been touched with the universal vogue for color.

Even old-style, bare, cheerless floors are giving way to smart, comfortable floors of resilient linoleums in fascinating, cheery colors—colors which harmonize perfectly with the many other beautiful things in modern homes.

Discriminating people will prefer the new stain-proof Sealex Linoleums when they buy floors for their homes. They will find in the unusually wide variety of colors and designs available, a choice of patterns exactly suited to their needs—and to their pocket-books.

There is also a feel
the knowledge that all
are genuine linoleums.
ent from ordinary linol
are made by the exclus
which penetrates and s
tight against dust and
liquids and tracked-in
the velvety richness
these modern linoleum
to clean as glazed tile.

Sealex Linoleums ar
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a pattern for every p
type of interior.

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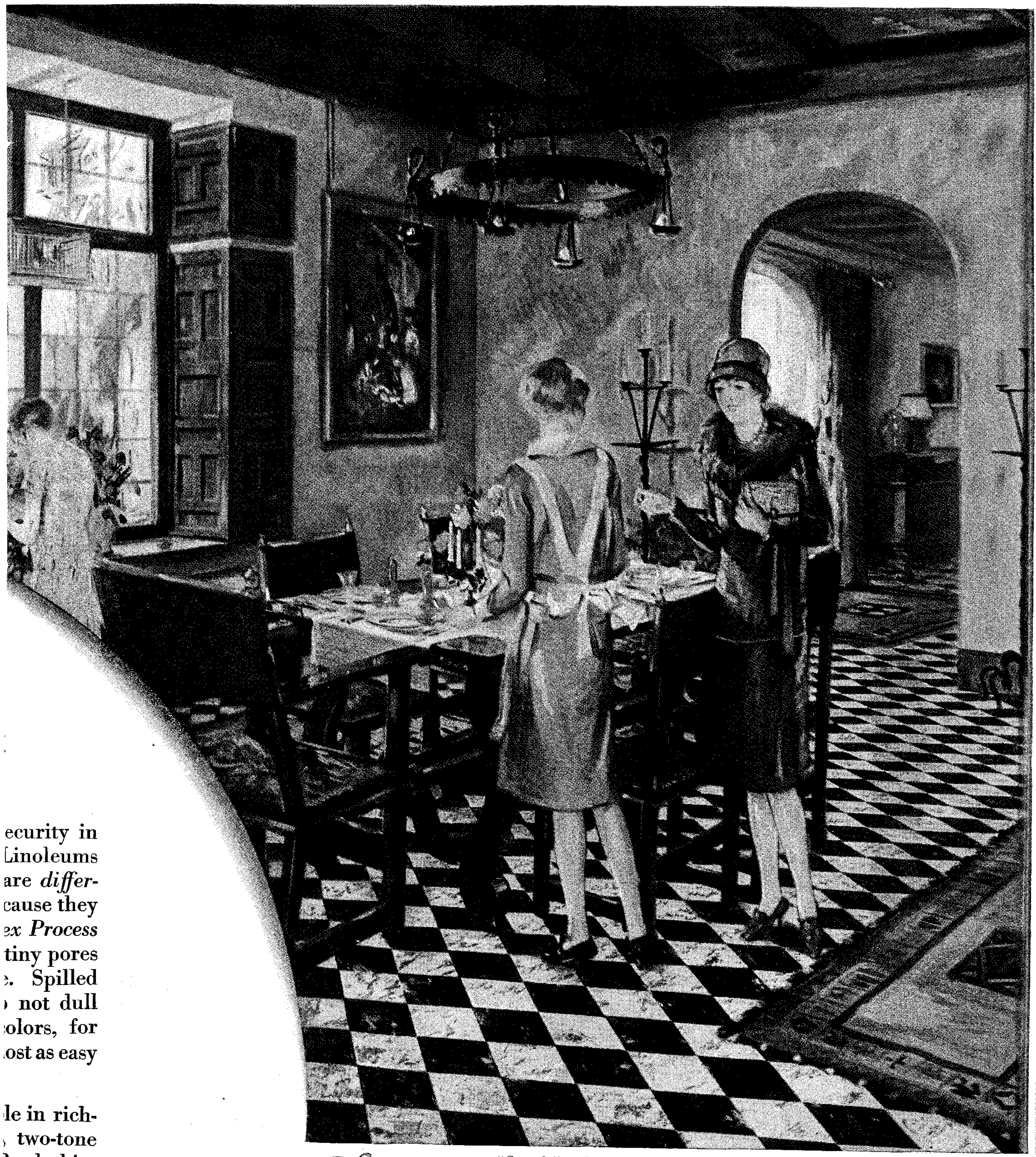

"Granada"—a Karnean Marbled pattern. Sealex Linoleum No. 3031.

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olors, for
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le in rich-
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Soil-proof · Easily Cleaned
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"*Your Floors as a Decorator Views Them*"—a new and valuable book by the well-known authority, Winnifred Fales. It contains many helpful suggestions on how to adapt inexpensively, the new trend in decoration to your own home. A practical color scheme selector—as shown—comes with the book. Fill in the coupon below and address to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.

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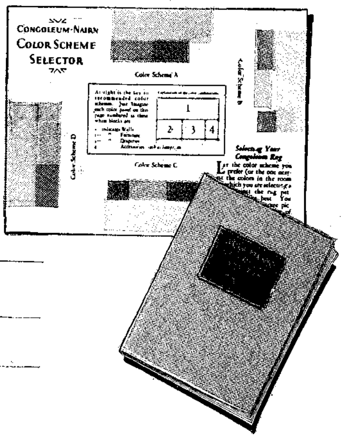
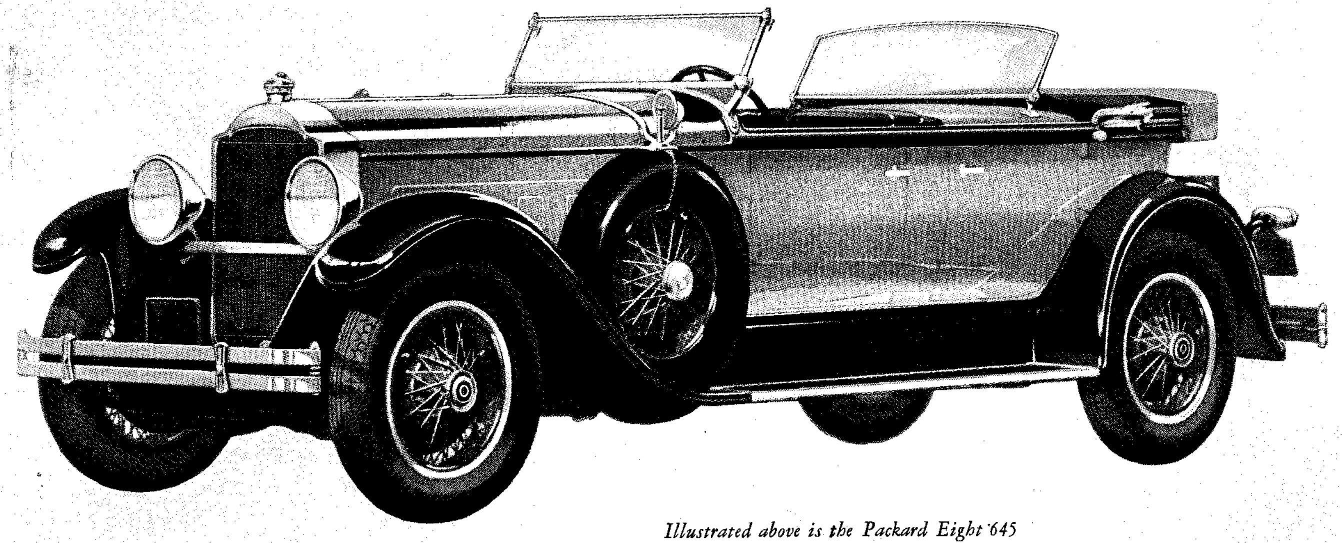

Congoleum-Nairn Color Scheme Selector
Color Scheme A
Color Scheme B
Color Scheme C
Color Scheme D
Selecting Your Congoleum Rug

PACKARD

ASK
THE MAN
WHO OWNS
ONE

I suppose I have owned every really fine car built in this country. And I even imported a couple. You know I drive myself and always get a lot of real pleasure out of my cars—not just transportation. A fine car appeals to me as much as a good horse. I quit experimenting three years ago and went back to my first love. That car has everything I want or expect in the way of looks and performance. You'll be glad you got a Packard. I wouldn't drive anything else.



Illustrated above is the Packard Eight 645
Five-Passenger Phaeton

(*Continued from page 32*)

I asked the General to alter this order so he could go with me immediately.

I considered his presence on land extremely desirable for the management of relief work, particularly in case I couldn't carry all to safety that night.

After a short discussion with the others, General Nobile accepted my proposal and asked me to wait until he had time to get ready.

Nobile's dog, Titina, which since my arrival in camp had successfully attempted to make friends with me, didn't appear to question whether it was to go along or not. It was first to be taken up into the machine.

The leave which General Nobile now took of his comrades was more than pathetic. He embraced and kissed each one, and appeared to give encouraging words to them all.

In a flow of tears he was helped on his way by Viglieri and Biagi.

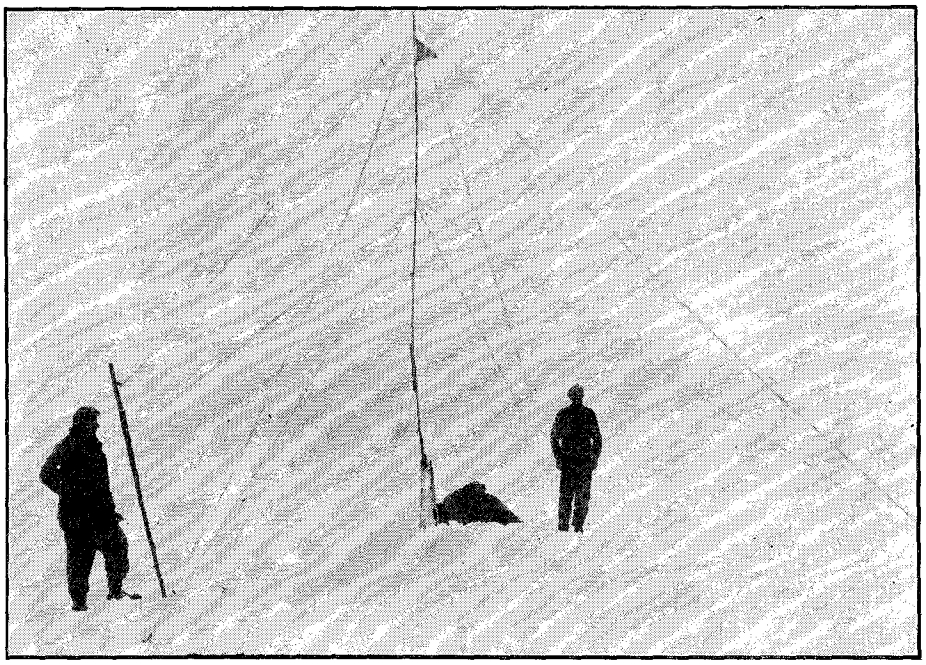
Lundborg's version is a confirmation, in the main, of General Nobile's own account, as given out in a message dated from the base ship *Citta di Milano*, Virgo Bay, Spitsbergen, on the day following his rescue. The message, given to the world by the Stefani Agency, Rome, and the Associated Press, is presented as "by Gen. Umberto Nobile," and reads:

When yesterday morning Lieutenant Lundborg landed near our tent, I told him he ought to take off Ceccioni on his first flight, then Behounek, then Trojani, then me, then Viglieri, and Biagi.

Lundborg refused. He told me he had received orders to take me off immediately, for I could give directions for searching for the others. He insisted firmly, and my comrades also insisted firmly, that I should leave first and that I would make them more tranquil for every eventuality. So I was forced to yield against the dictates of my heart and also to avoid delay.

At the time the plane departed, Ceccioni was well. I turned over direction of the group to Viglieri.

I hope to embrace them soon, and I hope Divine Providence will allow me to see again the others.



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THE RADIO ON THE WORLD'S ROOF

Perhaps the most famous outfit in the history of radio, it told the world of the *Italia* disaster, one of the greatest in Arctic records, and guided rescuers to the "little red tent."

Copyright P. & A. photograph

MAKING THE BEST OF THEIR EXILE

The figure on the reader's right is that of Lundborg, who, after rescuing Nobile, became marooned himself. The other is Viglieri.

It will be recalled that Lundborg, on making a return trip to the "little red tent" was frustrated by an unfavorable turn in the ice conditions. His machine turned turtle in a crash, and he found himself marooned with the five survivors. Meanwhile the storm of criticism and controversy broke loose, as the whole complicated story of the disaster, including the pathetic death of Dr. Malmgren, the Swedish scientist with the expedition, who perished on the ice while trying to reach land with Zappi and Mariano, and the disappearance of Amundsen with a French party of five on a would-be rescue flight over the frozen wastes, filtered through to an anxious world. Sweden, we learn, projected an inquiry into the expedition, and Premier Mussolini, resenting what seemed to him an "anti-human, anti-Italian wave," announced that there would be an investigation, but one conducted in Italy and by Italians. Discussion raised three principal questions: Should General Nobile, despite his injuries, have remained on the ice-floe, instead of being taken to safety before his comrades? Had Dr. Malmgren been deserted by his two companions? Had the whole expedition been competently planned and carried out?

As to the ethics of Nobile's momentous decision, differences in racial psychology are cited by some of the American commentators on the dispute. Southern practicality is contrasted with Northern idealism. We glean the suggestion that the heroic gesture of a captain deliberately going down with his ship might strike some observers of a more hot-blooded and realistic race as an illogical and wasteful sacrifice. The New York *Evening Post* inquires:

What would Premier Mussolini have done had he been in the place of General Nobile, Captain Zappi, or Captain Mariano?

Would he, as commander of an expedition, have permitted himself to be rescued before his subordinates had been taken to safety? Would he have gone on ahead without Dr. Malmgren, doomed beyond hope to a horrible death, but still alive?

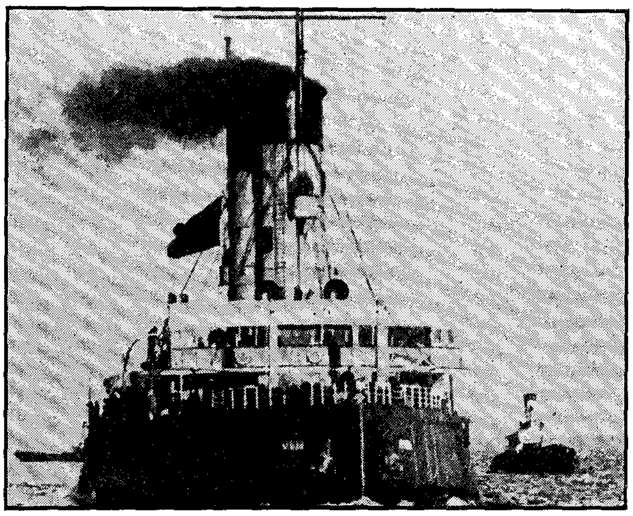
These are questions which can not be answered; it would be indelicate, to say the least, to presume to state any opinion.

But they serve to bring clearly into perspective an element which has not been considered in Western and Northern Europe and America, where the conduct of the three Italians has been so roundly condemned.

Mussolini's personal courage has never been questioned. Nobile, Zappi, Mariano, all the members of the expedition, are courageous men; no man goes into the Arctic without leaving his pettiness and cowardliness behind on the borders of livable civilization.

Nobile's conduct is a tragic comment on the Mussolinian concept of leadership. The "Duce complex" explains it more fully than any element in his character and personality. The Italians, a Mediterranean people, still closer to Oriental ideas of social conduct than to Western European ones, have always been more ready to follow individual leaders than to be guided by impersonal norms of conduct; Mussolini has, during the last few years, superimposed upon this tendency a moral justification of the rights of the leader as above those of the led.

Nobile, in leaving his men, did no more than any Fascist leader would have done under similar circumstances; his men, in urging him to go ahead without them, acted as Fascists of the rank and file would if they really had absorbed the ideas Mussolini has been fostering. The leader can not easily be replaced, the men can; the interests of the group, served both by leaders and led, are at stake.



International Newsreel photograph

THE RUSSIANS TO THE RESCUE

This is how they charge an ice-floe with their now famous ice-breaker, the *Krassin*, which did yeoman rescue service after the *Italia* disaster.

It is a concept which will not please Anglo-Saxons or Northerners in general. It evokes again the fundamental clash between the Southern emphasis upon intelligence and the Northern emphasis upon character. The issue has nothing to do with cowardice or bravery.

Similarly the conduct of Zappi and Mariano may offend Northerners, whereas any other conduct on their part would probably have seemed ridiculously unintelligent to Southerners. Malmgren was doomed. To remain with him would have meant destroying the hope for safety of the other two. Why place a living sacrifice of three men instead of one at the altar of the terrible forces of nature for the sake of an abstract code which, after all, is essentially an instrument—one of many—in the endless war of man against nature?

The Nobile tragedy will undoubtedly have a political significance. Already it has helped Soviet Russia. Certainly it will hurt Fascist Italy. If it serves to show Mussolini that Italy can not hope to be a Western European Power without adopting the social and political morality of Western Europe, it will not have been utterly without its purpose.

Wild rumors of strife and insanity among the castaways in the little red tent are stoutly denied by one of their number, Professor Behounek, a Czech meteorologist, who accompanied the *Italia* expedition. In a series of copyrighted articles for the United Features Syndicate, he reminds us:

The whole world felt an intense interest in these few men lost in the polar sea. Six nations sent help. One great explorer, who, every one believed, had given up his famous polar career of his own free will, risked his life again to save these. Since the time of the unfortunate Franklin expedition, the polar region had not seen so many relief expeditions.

Newspapers published the daily doings of the shipwrecked, which, through the combined work of the radio, telegraph, telephone, reporters' pencils, printers' ink, and imagination, went through such a metamorphosis that none of the shipwrecked in the red tent would have recognized them.

There were reports we had gone mad and discord ruled among us; that we had fallen victims of polar psychosis and were dying; that we had grown apathetic, that we believed nobody and felt deserted by everybody. This is why I am writing this article.

It can well be realized what was the psychologic condition of the men who survived the crash of the airship after the terrible impact on the ice had smashed to bits the duraluminum body of the cabin.

The first moment was full of joy that our lives had been saved, and full of optimism.

"We are near the mainland; people know which route we were flying back from the Pole; perhaps Wilkins is still at Green Harbor with his airplane; our rescue is only a matter of a few hours," were the thoughts we all express.

Then came consideration: What shall we eat? The cabin contained only instruments, and no food. The ice offered no possibility of nourishment. The sea, of which we could catch a glimpse through the rifts of ice, had no fish. Land was near, but we were unable to reach it. Then came the psychologic reaction.

Then we found our provisions, which had been in part thrown overboard before the crash and in part had fallen out of the airship. Finn Malmgren saw them first and hope returned at once.

Our wireless apparatus, a small 25-watt camp set, had been saved uninjured, so we had accumulators of great capacity, receiving set and dry battery. Biagi put it all into operation the very day of the catastrophe, and already on the afternoon of May 25 we heard the high ringing tone of the S.O.S. signal and other messages regarding our position.

By evening we were gathered in our tent sleeping soundly after the weariness of the flight, which had lasted fifty-five hours. Captain Mariano had us early at work the next morning, which he directed with complete calmness and composure as if he were aboard his little naval craft somewhere in Chinese waters.

Copyright, P. & A. photograph

PROFESSOR BEHOUNEK WAS PHILOSOPHICAL

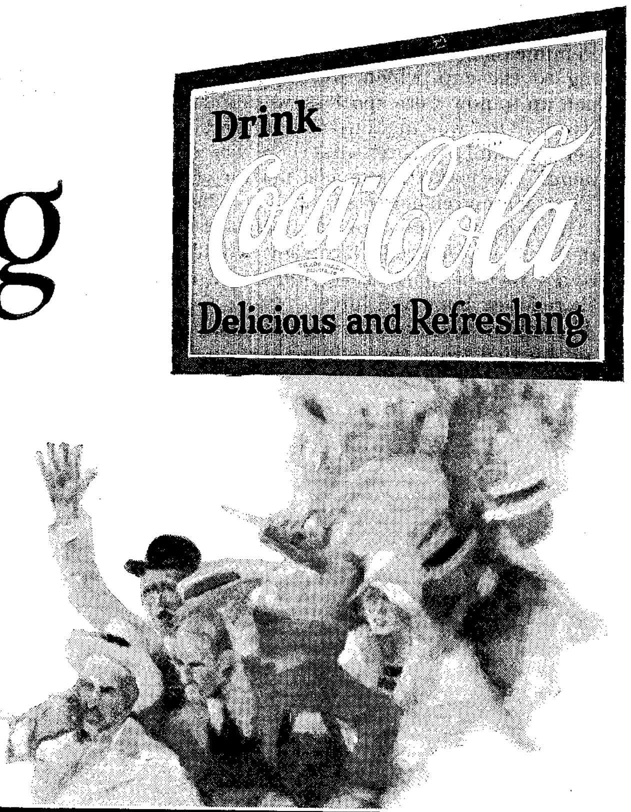
The large and hearty personality is that of the Czech meteorologist. The other is griefstricken Nobile.

We gathered all the material we could possibly use. We collected every piece of pemmican we found in the snow, convinced each piece meant perhaps another day of life. We worked badly because we were unused to this environment where floe upon floe rose around us, surrounded by deep snow or a thin layer of ice or cracks we had to jump across.

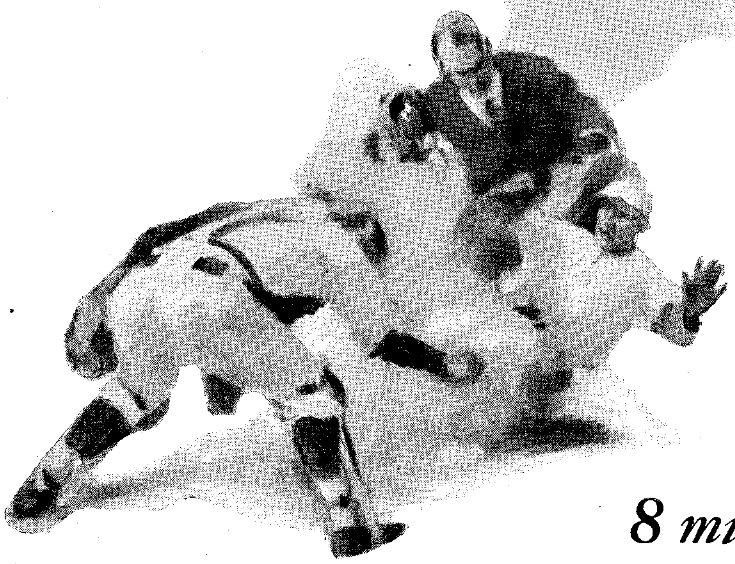
We had to pass by the body of the unfortunate Pomella, our poor comrade who died nobly at his post pursuing his duty, now lying there, face buried in snow, surrounded by the wreckage of the motor-cabin. We made an effort to set up a roof over him which would protect him in this region where there was no kindly earth, and we wondered again and again to which of us fate had been friendlier.

But our work dispelled such thoughts, and life gained the upper hand over pessimism and thoughts about death when we met in the little tent. There we were sitting closely together around the tin can which once had held gasoline and in

Refreshing
8 million
a day



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.



Let the good things of life make friends with you—such as a restful pause now and then. With an ice-cold Coca-Cola, a little minute is long enough for a big rest. The little red signs flash their refreshing invitation all along the hot, thirsty way.

The Best Served Drink in the World

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the Coca-Cola bottle you can identify even in the dark. Every bottle sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity.

8 million
a day

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

which Malmgren was now cooking pemmican. Each received his ration.

Pemmican has a strange, unpleasant taste, and sticky drops clung to the cup which we dipt into the tin. Polar suits, which up to now were spotless, were soiled. But what does that matter? One was anxious to live, and we began to drink the beverage calmly. Next time there was no irritation felt and the "menu" was looked upon as a matter of course.

Then Malmgren departed with two officers, Mariano and Zappi. At the time we were deprest, as always when a crew is split up. But then we figured that they would succeed, and perhaps through them a relief expedition would reach us sooner, and we gathered new hope and life.

The radio emitted its signals daily. Several times daily Biagi hurried from the sending station outside to the receiving set in the tent, put the receivers to his ears, manipulated the contacts, then dropt the receivers with the remark that is so familiar by now, "I hear nothing." And downheartedness crept again into our souls.

THE *ITALIA'S* TOLL OF LIFE AND DEATH

Six lost with the balloon part of the *Italia*, six more with the Amundsen search party—those, with the two known dead of the *Italia* personnel, bring the probable fatalities at this writing of the latest Arctic disaster to fourteen. The New York *Herald Tribune* gives this roster of the living and dead:

ITALIA CREW

Known Dead

MALMGREN, DR. FINN, meteorologist, died attempting to reach land.
POMELIA, VINCENZO, motor attendant, killed in crash May 25.

Rescued

NOBILE, GEN. UMBERTO, commander, rescued by Swedish flyer, June 24.
MARIANO, CAPT. ALBERTO, pilot, rescued by Russian ice-breaker *Krassin*, July 12.
ZAPPI, CAPT. FILIPPO, navigator, rescued by *Krassin*, July 12.
VIGLIERI, LIEUT. ALFREDO, navigator, rescued by the *Krassin* near Foyne Island, July 12, with the following members of the *Italia* crew:
BEHOUNEK, PROF. F., meteorologist.
BIAGI, GIUSEPPI, radio operator.
TROJANI, FILIPPO, engineer.
CECCIONI, NATALE, motor chief.

Missing, Believed Dead

Lost in balloon part of *Italia:*
ARDUNO, LIEUT. ETTORE, navigator.
PONTREMOLI, PROF. ALDO, scientist.
LAGO, DR. UGO, journalist.
CARATTI, ATTILEO, motor attendant.
CIOCCA, CALISTO, motor attendant.
ALESSANDRI, RENATO, envelop attendant.

Missing Rescuers

Party in French seaplane which disappeared on June 18 after leaving Tromsoe, Norway.
AMUNDSEN, ROALD, Norwegian polar explorer.
DIETRICHSEN, LIEUT. LIEF, Norwegian Arctic explorer.
GILBAUD, COM. RENE, French pilot.
CUVERVILLE, LIEUT. ALBERT DE, French pilot.
VALETTE, EMIL, French radio operator.
BRAZY, GILBERT, French mechanic.

Rescued Rescuers

LUNDBORG, CAPTAIN, Swedish aviator, rescued General Nobile; later marooned and rescued by his comrade flyer, Lieutenant Schyberg.

Party afoot which tried to make way over ice to *Italia* survivors:
SORA, CAPTAIN, Italian Alpine Chasseur, reached July 13 from Foyne Island by Swedish and Finnish airplanes.
VANDENGEN, Norwegian guide, rescued with him at the same time.
VARMING, rescued near Cape Brun by Norwegian icebreaker *Braganza*, July 14.

Crew of Russian plane from *Krassin*, marooned near Cape Platen, all rescued July 15 by *Krassin:*
CHUKHNOVSKY, pilot.
BLUSHSETIN, film operator.
STRAUDE.
SHELAGIN.
ALEKSEEY.

Immediately after the crash there were nine on the floe, but soon Zappi, Mariano, and Malmgren left to try to reach land. Of Malmgren, "the tragic figure, a gentleman in the full sense of the word," Professor Behounek continues:

I had no idea I would have to write these words when I met him the first time, more than two years ago, in Kings Bay, at the time of Commander Richard E. Byrd's start. A horrible irony of fate willed that the bravest of us all during our life in the polar region, the only one who could look back to several years' existence under the difficult conditions of this raw district, should be the only one of nine persons who survived the *Italia* catastrophe to die.

I see him before me as he left us in the dim light of the white polar night of March 30, miserable, crippled, loaded down with a knapsack of provisions, already beginning to sink, but with unconquerable will, and I will always hear his last words when he answered in German my question as to whether he believed he could go that way—"Yes, I believe I can manage."

Two of us were wounded—General Nobile with one leg and one arm broken, and Ceccioni, the first mechanic, with a broken leg. It would have been reasonable to expect them to despair, since, with their severe injuries, without medical aid, they were unable to march. But a man of Nobile's qualities does not become desperate, nor does a man used to dangers, like Ceccioni, simple man of the people that he is, whose career was due to his work alone.

At the time when some newspapers announced that discord reigned among us, and that some of us were running about the ice insane, we were playing checkers and chess in the tent. I do not want to give an exaggerated description of our morale, however. We knew well what the situation was and what might be in store for us. I frankly admit we all were rather pessimistic than optimistic, but we did not talk about it.

Even simple men like Ceccioni and Biagi knew that gloomy talk was out of place, and the only thing that Trojani and I would say to each other was that the greatest consolation we had was that life on the ice-floe must soon end either by death or rescue.

Of the day-by-day life of the castaways we are given some lively glimpses by Captain Lundborg, in the North American Newspaper Alliance series, from which we have already quoted. Thus, for instance:

It felt cold and stinging. We all fell heavily asleep, and even Biagi, who was standing watch, took a nap in his sleeping-bag. Suddenly we were awakened by yells from him.

"Polar bear, polar bear!" he shouted.

In a great hurry I got hold of my boots, and, without stopping to lace them, crawled out of the tent and snatched my rifle, with which Biagi had already armed himself. In a situation like this I preferred to have it in my own hands.

I saw a polar bear slowly trudging away toward the pack ice and his own salvation. I ran some dozen meters after him until he was just at the edge of the pack ice, then came a roar from my rifle, and from weapons fired by Biagi and Viglieri. My second shot hit the bear. It gave a wild roar. I rushed forward over the remaining fifty meters of ice-floe and from a high bump in the ice sent a few more shots after the bear. But he sneaked slowly away and in a big circle went around both the ice-floe and his enemies. I examined the bear tracks and discovered that he had been only two or three meters from our camp.

Viglieri was sorry we had missed a chance of getting some fresh meat, while Behounek thanked me because I had not hit the bear. Polar bear meat was anything but a favorite dish with the good professor. He still possest his luxurious embonpoint, and with it his civilized taste. After this visit by the polar bear we organized our guard service a little better. All of us except Ceccioni took our regular turns, varying between two and four hours because of the weather. Trojani was at first exempt, but he gradually recovered and replaced Biagi, who was the next to become ill.

With all due credit to airplanes and radio, the lion's share of the rescue work was accomplished by the Russian ice-breaker *Krassin*. As a New York *World* writer puts it:

Where airplanes equipped with pontoons and radio, airplanes of all sizes and designs, handled by the best pilots of Europe, had managed, after weeks of labor, to bring one of the *Italia's* crew to safety, the *Krassin*, a mere ship, rescued seven, and then turned around and rescued some would-be rescuers.

Airplanes and wireless played a part, but the actual hero of the rescue was the strong vessel built to dispute the right of way with icebergs. And, while six other nations contributed their share, the glory of the exploit belongs to Russia.

For a month the *Krassin* pushed doggedly on through the northern seas. It was a month during which airplanes buzzed helplessly over sick and starving men, or sought for them in vain, or got lost themselves. Other ships than the *Krassin* were unable to penetrate the ice. The most powerful ice-breaker in the world, the *Krassin* is of 10,000 tons and 10,000 horse-power.

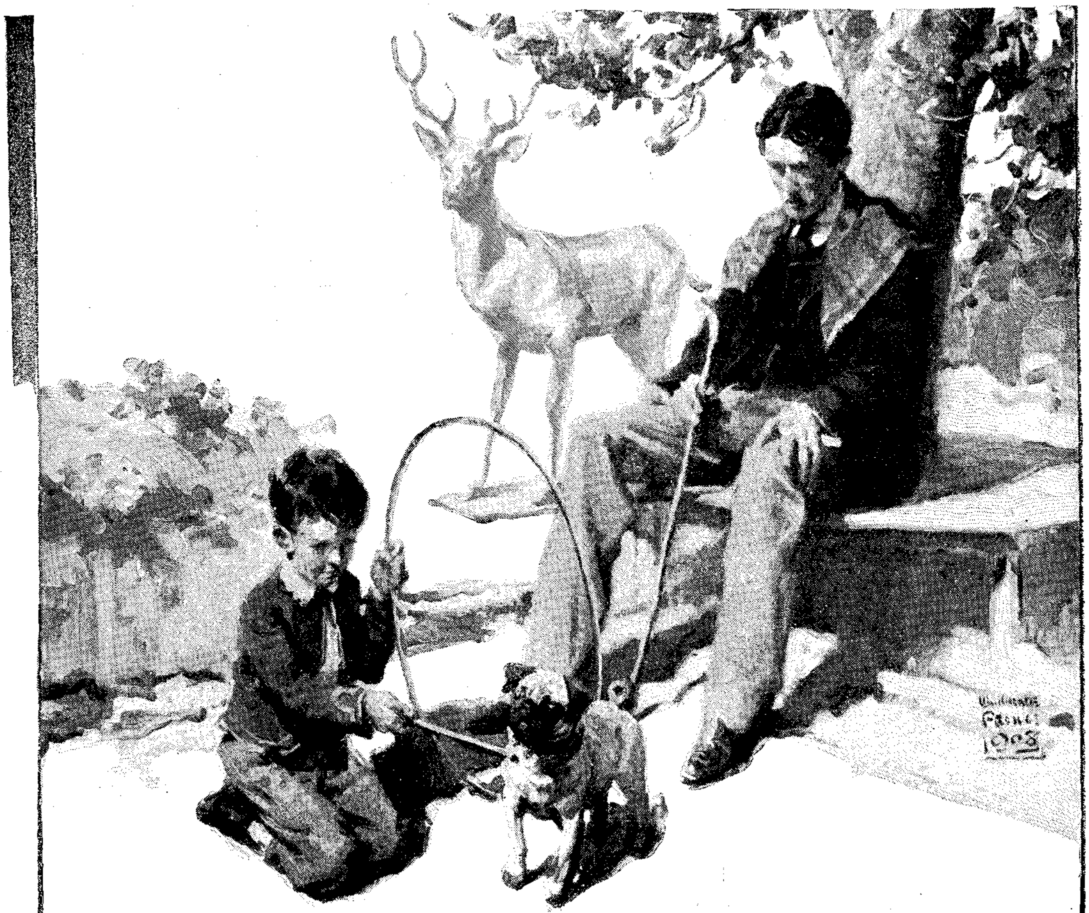
Leaving Leningrad on June 15, the *Krassin* steamed on while the world's attention was given to the planes vainly trying their rescue work. Pilot Chukhnovsky, one of the most skilful of Soviet flyers, flew on ahead, directing the ship toward the most navigable channels in the ice-fields.

On one of these scouting trips, on July 15, he saw two tiny figures on the ice waving frantically. As he returned to give the news he was forced to land himself on Cape Platen, but by wireless he directed the *Krassin* to the spot, and insisted that they leave him until the Italians had been rescued.

The two men were Mariano and Zappi, nearly dead from starvation and exposure. Carried aboard the *Krassin*, they revived quickly. At first it was reported that Dr. Malmgren had died a month before, and the two Italians, refusing to abandon his body, had remained with it until rescued. But later

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



Sick for 2 months—

YET HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN WELL IN A WEEK

"I remember one summer in the early seventies when my father got sick," said a doctor friend of ours. "In the two months he was laid up, his one-man business almost went to the dogs.

"If doctors could have depended upon the strength of their medicines then as they can now, he would have been well in a week."

Maybe it is hard for you to imagine a time when illness was often prolonged and life endangered because the doctor could not depend upon the strength of the medicines he used.

Fortunately that time is past. Today your doctor knows that he can prescribe medicines of constant, unvarying strength. Your druggist can fill his prescription with *absolute accuracy*.

Why doctors are sure, today

This great change is one of the most startling achievements in the history of medical science. It is a veritable fortress of health all by itself.

The cornerstone of the fortress was laid in 1879, after years of struggle and research, by the then young firm of Parke, Davis & Company. In that year we gave to medical science the first known preparations of fixed, unvarying strength.

Since then we have perfected new methods for testing the strength of hundreds of complex medicinal substances, so that today a doctor's prescription which calls for Parke-Davis standardized products is as definite as the figures on a bank-check.

Some of the more important ways in which your physician, with the aid of modern standardized preparations, is able to *prevent* disease are told in an interesting, non-technical booklet, *Fortresses of Health*. If you wish a copy, send your request to Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit, Michigan; Walkerville, Ontario; or London, England.

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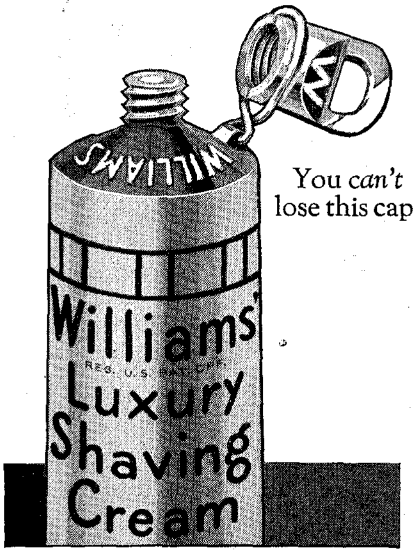
A PERSONAL NOTE

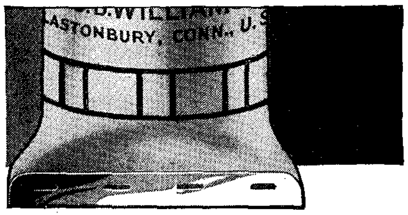
Parke, Davis & Company make a number of special products for your daily home use — with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will ask your druggist about them, he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: It is a Parke-Davis product.

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use Williams"



You *can't* lose this cap!

The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!



Do you know what a perfect shave is?

Even with a good razor you *don't,*—unless you've tried Williams.

You don't know how mild and rich a perfect lather can be; how thoroughly beards can be softened; how completely facial pores can be cleansed; how easily a razor can do its work. And at the end you don't know how smooth and satiny and supple your face can feel,

—*unless you've tried Williams!*

And here's a good straight tip from the drug clerk: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . *but they all come back to Williams!"*

Next time say

"Williams Shaving Cream *please!"*

Then, a splash of Aqua Velva on that newly shaven skin. Made just for that. Try it!

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
GLASTONBURY, CONN. — MONTREAL, CANADA

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

they said the Swede, too weakened from his injuries to continue, had told them to leave him while they pushed on for help for the others.

The last they saw of him, they said, he was waving to them feebly from the shallow grave they had dug for him in the ice. He had no food, for the Italians took all the provisions with them.

The day after this rescue the *Krassin* fought her way to the little red tent and took aboard the five men, who had so often seen rescuers in planes passing almost close enough to touch that they could not believe in the reality of the Russian vessel. On the way the *Krassin* had passed the lost Captain Sora and Vandengen. A Swedish plane rescued them, and later picked up their companion Varming, who had been left behind because of snow-blindness.

Returning toward Advent Bay for coal, the *Krassin* picked up Chukhnovsky. Aside from the feat of rescuing men given up for lost, the sturdy ship had given the world renewed hopes for the flyers still lost and a new conception of Russian efficiency.

By way of clarifying a singularly complex story, *The World* gives us a summary of the *Italia* affair from the time when, freighted with the hopes of Premier Mussolini and the Italian people, it hovered briefly over the North Pole in boisterous weather, which made descent impossible; after which, we learn:

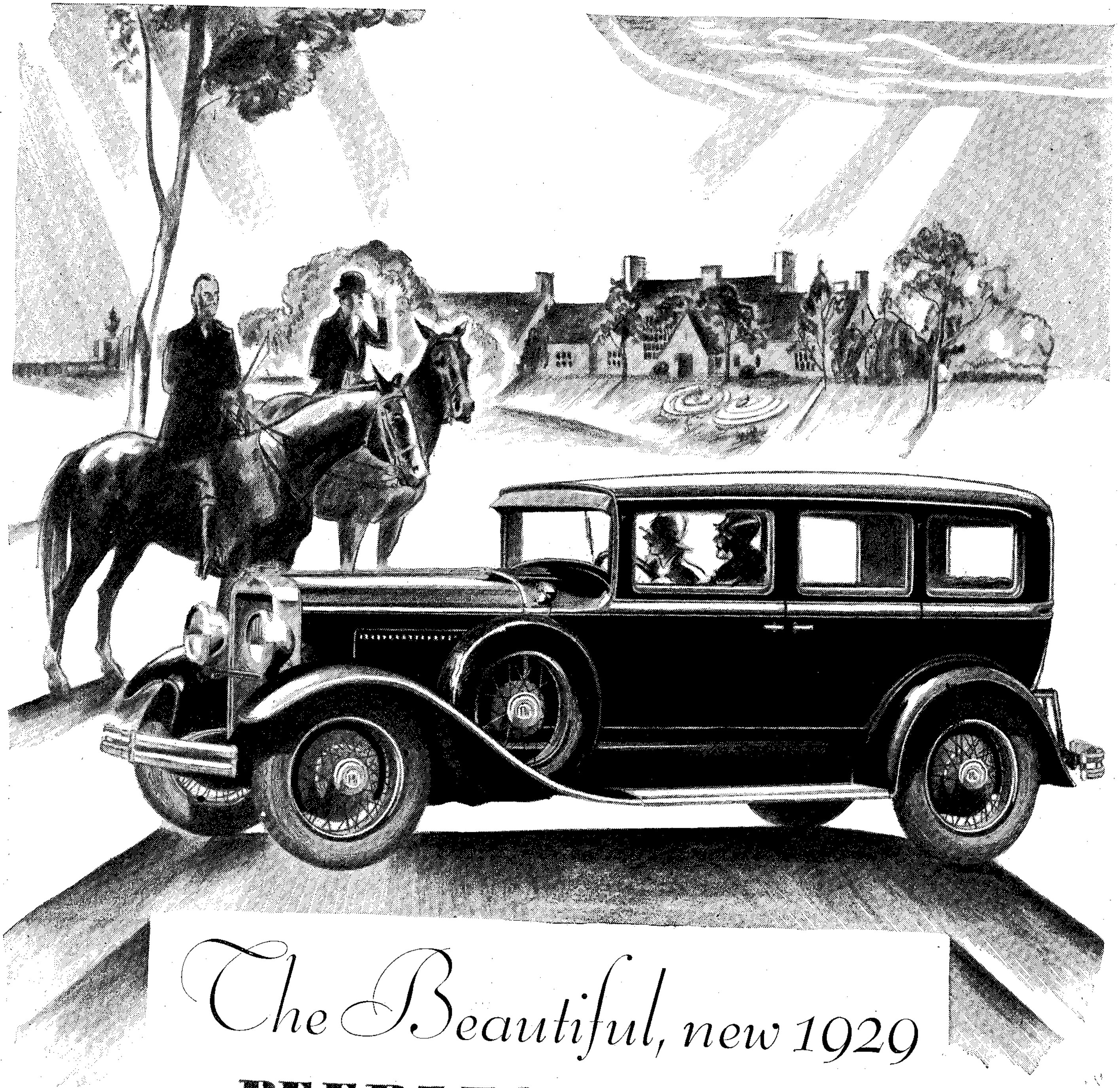
> Warning of the disaster flickered over the *Italia's* radio as, racing back from the Pole through a storm on May 25, she told of the gathering sleet and ice and buffeting winds. Then listeners heard only the final S. O. S., and knew that the dirigible was down.
>
> Only a rough guess at the *Italia's* position when she crashed could be made as the relief expeditions got under way in half a dozen countries. It was confidently asserted that in airplanes lay the only hope of rescue, for the ice was too rough and broken for overland travel and too solid for ships.
>
> Norway and Sweden had the first airplanes on the scene, operating over Spitsbergen from the Norwegian ice-breaker *Braganza* and the sealer *Hobby.* In seaplanes, Capt. Hjalmar Riiser-Larsen and Lieut. Luetzow Holm began the search, but found no traces. For a few days Lieutenant Holm was lost when fog forced him down to camp on the ice with polar bears, which fortunately displayed only curiosity and no hostility. They sniffed about his camp at night, but he was able to take off in clearer weather and get back to his base.
>
> Meanwhile in Italy, France, Sweden, and Finland bigger planes were being equipped for the search. As they hurried north, rumors of faint signals from the *Italia* were being circulated. The rumors were not widely believed until, two weeks after the crash, Radio Operator Biagi of the *Italia* succeeded in getting into communication with the expedition's base ship, the *Citta di Milano.*
>
> He gave the position of his party as off Foyne Island, and in later messages the story of the wreck filtered through to the outside world.
>
> Overweighted with ice, her gas-bag perhaps leaking, the *Italia* crashed toward the rough ice, knocking off the gondola in which General Nobile and nine others were quartered. Lightened, the bag rose again, and the only indication of the fate of six men in its upper compartment was given twenty minutes later, when a column of smoke was seen some miles to the northeast, in which direction the envelop had disappeared.
>
> Most of the party left on the ice were stunned by the crash. When they were able to take stock, they found that Vincenzo Pomeila had been killed outright, General Nobile had fractured his leg, as had Natale Ceccioni, and Dr. Malmgren, the Swedish meteorologist, had a broken hand.
>
> General Nobile has told how he dissuaded Dr. Malmgren from suicide; how the Swede's optimism returned, and how he set out, altho injured, with Mariano and Zappi, to bring aid. The meteorologist insisted on setting out on the hazardous trip afoot because of his superior experience of Arctic conditions.
>
> The little group of three toiled over the rough ice hummocks and disappeared. Meanwhile the radio was repaired, and soon planes were flying north to drop supplies for the marooned men. The little tent which was their only shelter had been painted red to make it more readily visible, but three times rescue planes passed overhead without seeing the object of their search.
>
> Three times the sick, starving, helpless six waved madly and hopefully. They could see the planes so clearly that help seemed almost within reach of their outstretched hands. Three times hope died again as they saw the rescuers vanish.
>
> At last a series of radio signals was arranged, and four weeks after the wreck Major Maddalena, in an Italian seaplane equipped to receive these signals, circled over the little encampment. He could not land, but he dropt food, clothing, medicines, arms, radio batteries, and other supplies attached to parachutes. Some of the supplies landed safely, others were lost as they floated too far away.

Here we read of the rescue of Nobile and the marooning of Lundborg, following which:

> His friend, Lieutenant Schyberg, rescued him in a similar plane after two weeks' delay due to bad weather, but the ice was then so broken and soft that another attempt was impossible. It was then that experts said the last chance, barring a miracle, was gone. Hope for the Amundsen party, never heard from after they left Tromsoe, Norway, on June 18, was also abandoned.

Nobile in a recent statement extols the vanished *Italia,* but an editorial in *The World's Work,* recalling some of the dirigible's previous eccentricities, concludes:

> There is no occasion to belittle Nobile's ambition to make this as nearly as possible an Italian expedition in an Italian ship manned by an Italian crew. If Fascism wishes to advertise its cause by hurling heroic ventures into the unknown, and if Communism wishes to reply by sending out ice-breakers and aviators to the rescue, the world must rejoice that the argument is on a heroic level. But it is to be hoped that future Arctic explorers will profit by the mistakes of Nobile's party. The cause of aviation is not advanced by recklessness.



The Beautiful, new 1929

PEERLESS SIX . . 81

IT TOOK TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS to make this 1929 Peerless what it is · · · twenty-seven years of steadfast devotion to an ideal—of unflagging zeal to produce the best. And, in one short month, this beautiful new car has won unstinted praise and appreciation everywhere.

For the beauty of the Six-81 is the sort that stamps itself on your senses · · · It is beauty not only of things that meet the eye, but of everything that satisfies your wishes in a car.

You feel in it a definite superiority · · · You know you are master of every condition that can be encountered on the road.

And, to us who build this Six-81, such a success is an inspiring tribute to our eagerness to make this Peerless the best in value and true worth.

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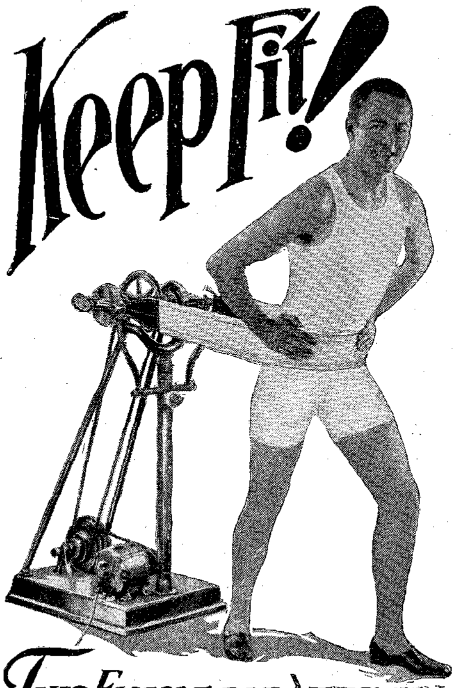

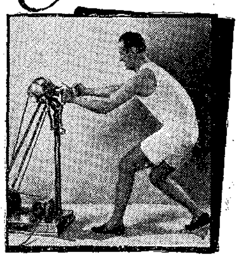

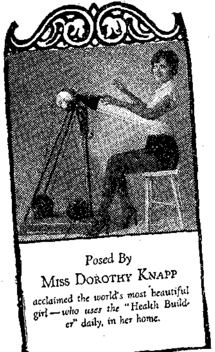

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KEEP physically fit—radiantly healthy! You can now exercise and massage your whole body in this surprisingly simple new way right in your home—*without any effort.* Thousands are doing it.

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The rapidly oscillating girdles of the "Health Builder" give a combined massage-vibratory treatment better than a skilled masseur. No electric current touches you. The Health Builder, manufactured under the patents of Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, peps up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and elimination, strengthens muscle "tone" and improves the functions of the internal organs.

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Send for "Keeping Fit In Fifteen Minutes a Day"—a valuable Free Book showing the "Battle Creek Health Builder" in operation—with complete series of home exercises.

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Please send me the Free Book, "Keeping Fit"—Today

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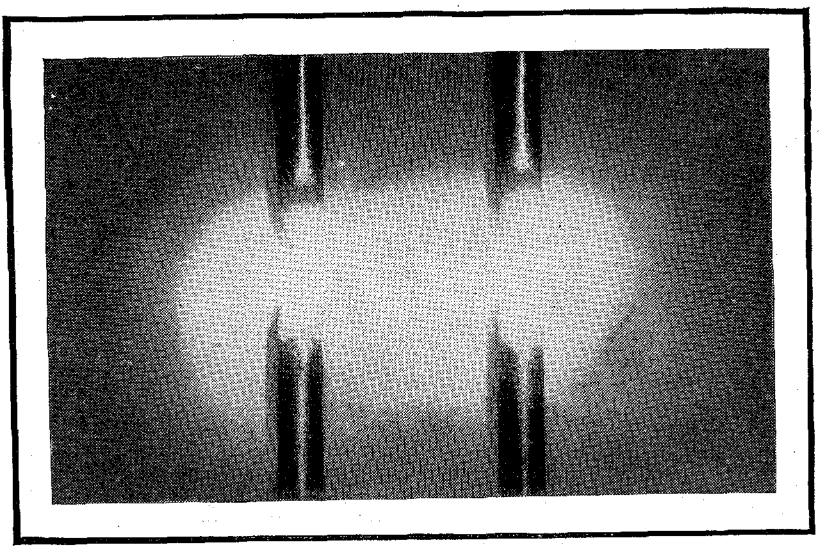
THE QUEST OF THE CAMPAIGN SONG

A TELEPHONE rang in Herbert Hoover's Washington headquarters. It was night, but there were workers on hand, and the call was answered. And the answerer discovered, according to a copyrighted article by Robert Barry in the New York *Evening World*, that some one in a New England town wanted to know if campaign songs were in order. "He was advised," we read, "to send his composition in by mail. Instead he insisted on singing his song over the long-distance phone. He sang all four verses and chorus, and paid for the call himself." Both Democrats and Republicans would like some snappy songs, Mr. Barry reveals. But this season's crop is "just a little worse than usual." Quoting further:

> The burden of providing a dumping ground for embryo campaign songs has fallen heaviest on the Hoover managers by reason of Governor Smith having the "Sidewalks of New York" made to order. The best of the Republican prospects to date have been pretty poor. The "Who but Hoover?" number, sung during the Kansas City Convention, stands out among the hundreds scanned thus far. Somehow or other no one ever explained it satisfactorily. A parody on "Onward, Christian Soldiers" did not take hold as a G. O. P. anthem.
>
> Some of the verse on Smith and Hoover felt pennants, dangling from automobiles along the highways, is too awful for repetition, yet the men around both national headquarters contend it seems inspired when placed alongside much which, perforce, remains a deep secret between the author and the persecuted clerks who have to glance at the drivel as it passes to a waste-basket. That is not confined to either national headquarters. Both suffer. In both camps are saddened young men and young women who must wade through veritable mountains of such junk. They mean no good to the man who says, "Let me write the songs of the campaign and I care not who gets out the votes."
>
> A rather lively Smith song called "We're for Al" was played around the corridors of the Rice Hotel in Houston, at most unseasonable and unreasonable hours (for us of the working press), but the rimester's sense of the fitness of things was a bit strained. He was a "Dinty" Moore, of Oklahoma City, and he had his own jazz band to make a "wow" of his opus. It ran—or started, at least:
>
> "We're for Al
> We're sick and tired of Cal
> You'll never get rich if you stay in the
> Republican party."
>
> Cries of "stop it," arose right there.
>
> Hoover's headquarters suffers no less. Almost every "stunt" known to the "carnival novelty racket" has been proposed.
>
> If all were adopted, the committee would employ airplanes, dirigibles, automobiles, trains, street-cars, traveling carnivals, thimbles, vaudeville teams, songs, poems, slogans, button-hooks, booklets, cartoons, emblems, needles, fans, medallions, ornaments, pennants, badges, photographs, posters, signs, and shields, stickers, tags, motor-trucks, and ice-picks.
>
> One office in the committee's campaign suggestion bureau resembles a New York music publisher's headquarters. Upward of 400 campaign songs have been tendered the committee since Mr. Hoover was selected as the party standard-bearer at the Kansas City Convention.
>
> These songs are of every variety. They include ballads, hymns, ragtime, jazz tunes, and brass-band marches. Their authors fall into two classes. One group offers them gratis. The others want cash and royalties.
>
> The songs range from one to twenty verses. Many of their sponsors also submit music for the words, while others explain that their verses can be sung to such tunes as "Over There," "Yankee Doodle," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Marching Through Georgia," "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding," and "My Little Girl." Words for a score of other popular airs have been suggested.

Every morning the mail-bag brings from twenty to thirty new songs, and some few persons deliver their compositions in person. Mr. Barry continues:

> One individual called with a song last week, and after presenting it to the "song specialist" sang it in its entirety—all six verses, with the chorus after each verse. Another inspiring composer submitted a song of twenty separate scores ready for a complete orchestra.
>
> A few of the deluge of slogans received, included "Hoover et Al," "Hoover the Proven Improver," "Hoover—For a Clean Sweep," "Don't Let the Tammany Tiger Scratch You, Scratch Smith," "Tammany or the U. S. A.," "Keep Happy with Hoover," "Who, Who, Who, Will be our next President? Hoo-ver, Hoo-ver, Hoo-ver." "The G. O. P. Platform? The Home. Whose Home? Your Home." "Hoover fed you bread. You can give him your vote."
>
> Every imaginable design and shape for automobile tags and plates has been proposed. There are special plates for the radiator, the bumpers and windshield. Enough stickers to stretch from the Treasury Building to the Capitol, if laid end to end, have come in. Their sponsors propose that they be placed on every conveyance, telephone and telegraph poles, windows in homes, and lamp-posts.
>
> There is no end to the number of novelties submitted. They include fancy buttons for the coat lapel, colorful emblems for automobiles, wagons, and bicycles, stationery, fans for theater and grocery-stores distribution, medallions, fancy ornaments for automobile radiator caps and homes, and pennants and badges of every description.
>
> A vaudeville team, consisting of a singer and an artist who draws pictures while his partner entertains vocally, offered their services. They wanted a song about Mr. Hoover for the singing part of the team to sing while the artist sketched the candidate on a huge blackboard.
>
> There have been a score of proposals for the use of motion-pictures in the campaign. One woman wanted to have the job of writing a scenario for a talking picture of Mr. Hoover. A publicity firm wants to make a special picture of Mr. Hoover to be carried and shown all over the country from a fleet of motor-trucks, equipped with portable moving-picture projection machines.
>
> There are many and varied ways of getting your candidate before the public to enhance his chances of election, and the committee believes it has been advised of virtually all of them.



The Complete Sun

There is only one way to reproduce the essential rays of sunlight and that is by means of an arc lamp burning special carbons

THE light from Eveready Sunshine Carbons duplicates sunlight in all its essential qualities. It contains ultra-violet rays, visible light, and the heating infra-red, all in their natural proportions. This carbon arc is a triumph of scientific research and brings to us the precious gift of health-building sunlight.

The U. S. Bureau of Standards, reporting on its tests of this reproduction of natural sunlight, stated: "Of all the artificial illuminants tested, it is the nearest approach to sunlight."

The effects of this light are like those of natural sunlight. It is gratefully warming; short exposures produce a sense of physical ease and well-being, add to your energy and vitality. If exposed too long, you will sunburn, just as in summer sunshine, and you may suffer serious systemic disturbances. But moderate exposure is desirable and builds health to higher levels.

This and other types of light are beneficial in certain diseases, but light is not a cure-all. If you are sick, do not court the dangers of self-diagnosis but see your doctor. At his command are many types of Eveready National Therapeutic Carbons, which are sold on physicians' prescriptions only.

The benefits offered by Eveready Sunshine Carbons can be enjoyed by all whose homes are supplied with electricity. All that is needed is an arc lamp suitable for the use of these carbons. Such lamps are sold by medical supply houses and by some electric light companies. If you have any difficulty in finding an arc lamp in your city, write to us and we will send you a list of manufacturers of adequate and dependable arc lamps. Write to the National Carbon Co., Inc., Cleveland, Ohio. Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.

UCC

EVEREADY
Sunshine Carbons
TRADE MARK

TURNING HISTORY'S PAGES FOR A GOOD SLOGAN

FROM "TIPPECANOE AND TYLER, TOO!" to "Keep Cool with Coolidge," the slogan has played no unimportant part in political campaigns, the Kansas City *Star*, scene of the recent Republican convention, admits as it ponders what this year's war cries may be. "The platforms—who reads a platform?" inquires *The Star's* writer, perhaps a little scornfully. "They are just good old substantial weather-seasoned planks that will stand the weight of the numerous orators who will have to stand on them and point with pride or view with alarm. But for the people out front there must be slogans. So far the crop is scarce. But the sloganeers are biding their time, awaiting the hour and the man. They will not fail us. They never have since the days of William Henry Harrison, the man who first slid into the Presidency on a platform of slogans. What is needed—what the campaign managers are looking for—are slogans that will go like the chorus of a popular song, slogans with punch and pep, something that will roll trippingly on the tongue and be passed along glibly by old *vox populi*." And we read on:

"And alliteration's artful aid will not be scorned." In fact, it has always been a big help to the success of slogans—but that isn't all there is to the game. The slogan has got to mean something—not too much, you understand—it mustn't be so deep that people will get suspicious of it and begin to analyze what it really means, nor so shallow that they will not get the idea that it means a great deal. But don't run away with the notion that slogan-making is an easy job, if you are thinking of turning your hand to a few. A slogan, taken by and large, is really a political epigram and thereby hangs a little anecdote about the master of epigrams—La Rochefoucauld, who had quite a knack at the business. A certain conceited young ass once said to Rochefoucauld, "Why, anybody can make an epigram." "Well, make me one," was the way Rochefoucauld met the sneer. And to this good day it is not recorded that the C. Y. A. came across. And so it is with the political slogan. The ones that have really done business in the political campaigns are comparatively few and they usually have voiced some popular desire or emotion which the slogan manufacturers had wit enough to coin into a catchy phrase.

The golden era of the slogan was the campaign of 1840, in which Harrison and Tyler, probably the two weakest candidates from the standpoint of executive ability that ever headed a Presidential ticket, were elected when slogans and hard cider took the place of platforms and issues—for they had none of the latter. A Democratic organ had sneered at General Harrison's intellectual caliber, saying, "Give him a barrel of cider and settle a pension on him of two thousand a year and he will sit contented in a log cabin the remainder of his life." That bray of the Democratic donkey away back in the roaring '40s became the key-note of the campaign. Log cabins and hard cider barrels became the most forceful party symbols and Harrison's record as an Indian fighter furnished the slogan—"Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too," which brought forth an avalanche of songs that swept Harrison and Tyler into office in a frenzy of enthusiasm. It was the first political campaign that demonstrated how much virtue there is in a ringing slogan. Van Buren was Harrison's opponent, and while the slogan-makers were at it, they threw a few adverse ones his way that counted. "Van, Van, Is a Used Up Man," was one of them and another was "With Tip and Tyler We'll Bust Van's Biler." It was in this campaign, too, that the ancestor of the "Full Dinner Pail" appeared. It went in this guise: "Van's Policy, Fifty Cents a Day and French Soup; Our Policy, Two Dollars a Day and Roast Beef."

The next campaign, in which James K. Polk emerged as a "dark horse"—the first of the herd—had some real live issues to deal with and it brought forth one of the most famous of the party slogans, "Fifty-four Forty or Fight." It was supposed to represent the attitude of the Democratic party on the long-pending Oregon boundary dispute, which, by the way, was subsequently settled with the Prussian king as arbitrator, and we had to take "forty-nine" as the boundary instead of "fifty-four forty," and we didn't fight at that. The slogan didn't mean nearly as much after the election as it did before, but it practically won the election. Of course, there were other issues and other slogans. The air was full of imperialism in those days and we wanted Texas, so they had to have a slogan to fit that more or less popular desire. It was "Polk and Texas, Clay and No Texas."

Four years later there was born a slogan that crystallized in popular phraseology the most fateful movement in American history, we read:

It was "Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor, and Free Men," taken from a plank in the platform of the Free Soil party of 1848, the forerunner of the Republican party that nominated and elected Abraham Lincoln in 1860. The stirring campaign of 1860 was fruitful in slogans, as it was one of the bitterest in our history. Among them were, "Millions for Freedom, Not One Cent for Slavery," "Intervention is Disunion," "Popular Sovereignty and National Union," "Free Homes for Free Men," "The Constitution and the Union, Now and Forever," "Let Liberty Be National and Slavery Sectional," and scores of others, on both sides of the slavery controversy, in similar appealing strains. Numerous catch phrases were woven about the title "Old Abe" and "The Rail-splitter," and Lincoln himself set current a number of dignified political maxims that were adopted as slogans by the orators, such as "A House Divided Against Itself Cannot Stand" and "Slavery Is a Moral, Social, and Political Wrong."

Grant, who in political campaigns became the "Man From Appomattox," himself contributed one famous slogan of the intellectual type—"Let Us Have Peace." Tilden went down before the returning boards and the electoral commission with "Tilden and Reform" slogans still echoing through the nation. It had served throughout the campaign as a forceful rallying cry for the Democrats. All of Blaine's campaigns were grounded upon a sentimental basis and an exuberance of personal enthusiasm that found vent in vociferous iterations of his name, "Blaine, Blaine, Blaine of Maine," and became the slogans of the many Blaine marching clubs that kept the welkin red and noisy in the '80s. Ingersoll's metaphor, "The Plumed Knight," clung to Blaine to the last, tho it did not pilot him to victory as it did Henry of Navarre. There was another sinister slogan, Burchard's "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," adopted by the opposition, that proved a boomerang. It is a poor slogan that won't work both ways.

Cleveland's first campaign contributed "The Man of Destiny" and "Tell the Truth" to the slogan stock, both of which made medicine with the voters. But the most popular slogan associated with his name, and the one which did much to restore him to popular favor after he had fastened the "cross of gold" on his constituents, was the candid and unsentimental doggerel of the '92 campaign to the lilt of which hundreds of thousands of voters marched him again into the White House:

"Grover, Grover, four years more of Grover,
In he comes, out they go, then we'll be in clover."

The tariff campaigns were prolific with slogans—among the most telling ones were "Protection and Prosperity," "Free Trade and Pauperized Labor," and "Free Trade and the Destruction of American Industries," which the practical Mark Hanna boiled down into the vote-getting slogan of "The Full Dinner Pail." And McKinley came into power as the heralded "Advance Agent of Prosperity." Roosevelt, tho his speeches and papers fairly bristled with catch phrases, manufactured offhand, that caught the fancy of the public, such as "malefactors of great wealth," "the predatory rich," and "hyphenated Americans," did not put his trust in slogans. "Our Teddy," "The Big Stick," and "The Square Deal," however, did full duty in his campaigns and helped materially in delivering the goods.

Bryan's early campaigns were associated, of course, with the "Free and Unlimited Coinage of Gold and Silver at the Ratio of Sixteen to One," shortened down to the slogan, "Sixteen to One," to which the political wags added the words "Heaven-Born Ratio," giving it a double kick. "Let the People Rule" was the slogan of Bryan's last campaign. The returns showed that they did, but not in the way that the "peerless leader" anticipated. Slogans are not always prophecies.

Perhaps the most prolific of the phrase-makers and the greatest beneficiary of a campaign slogan was Woodrow Wilson. "He Kept Us Out of War" undoubtedly was the slogan that was responsible for his election to a second term. It was reechoed in a different tone when the American hosts were mustering and riding the seas to foreign battle-fields. "Too Proud to Fight" was another phrase that haunted him. Like those of Roosevelt, Wilson's State papers and public speeches gave currency to many pithy phrases that became identified with his policies in one field or another of his activities. "Making the World Safe for Democracy" was his war slogan. "Disentangling Alliances" became synonymous with the League of Nations. "Watchful Waiting," with a kick both ways, passed into a proverb typifying his Mexico military excursion, and "Open Covenants, Openly Arrived At," was the Wilsonian slogan for the peace conference.

"I *just couldn't* afford to be laid up"

Miss Anna G. Cronin (*Letter at right*)

Brockton, Mass.

"Not only did my position demand my being on the job every day, but for financial reasons too (I am the sole support of my widowed mother) I just couldn't afford to be laid up.

"Imagine my concern, then, when I began to get nervous, lost my appetite and finally suffered from complete nervous exhaustion. It was all I could do to carry on, let alone have any pep left over after the day's work.

"Taking a friend's suggestion, I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast—three or four cakes a day. After three months I want to say I am sure the Yeast prevented a total breakdown in my health. I shall continue to eat it, as prevention against getting run down again."

Anna G. Cronin

POOR DIGESTION, bad skin, headaches, "nerves"—these are the commonest signs your intestinal tract is not clean. Signs that stagnating food wastes are flooding your body with poisons . . .

A pure health food, fresh as any garden vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast does not "scour out" your intestines, the way cathartics do. Gently, naturally, it stimulates the muscles, softens the wastes, makes elimination regular, *complete.*

Your whole being promptly reflects your new intestinal health—your digestion, your complexion—your very disposition!

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. C-120, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

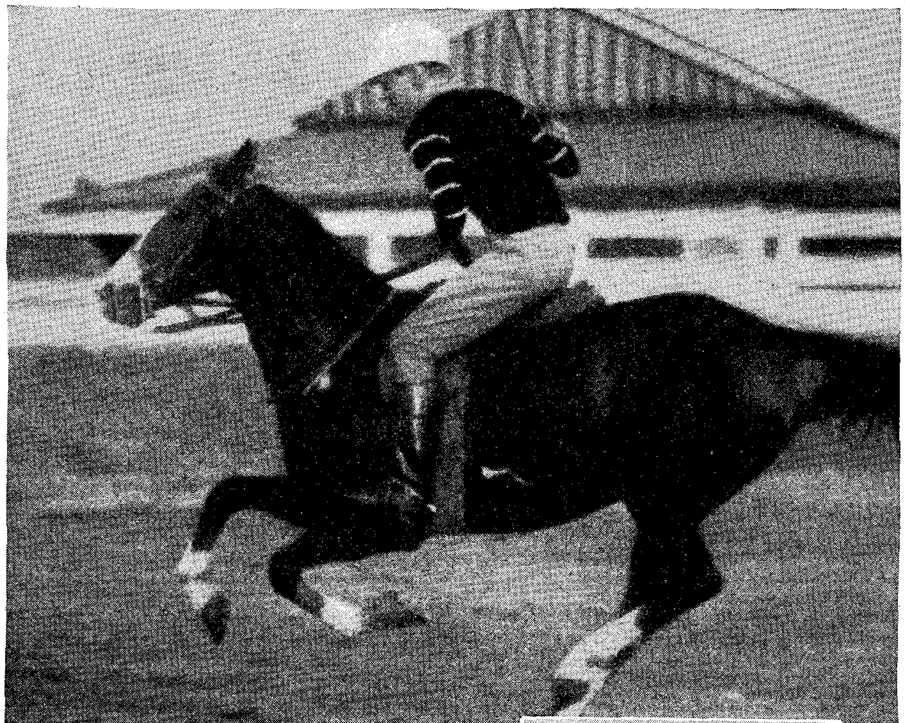
William McCartney's father writes:

Denver, Colorado

"WE HAD almost given up hope of Billy's ever being well again. Day after day we would dose him with cathartics, but his health kept right on failing. We actually had to force him to eat.

"Finally we started giving him Fleischmann's Yeast every day, and he is now as 'regular' as a clock. Constipation all gone. Instead of suffering all the time and fearing to eat, he is now as active and well as any child in the neighborhood."

Patrick McCartney



(Above and at right)

Memphis, Tenn.

"ONE THING my polo ponies and saddle horses never need is exercise—as I do a great deal of riding. My health has always been good. At an early age, however, it seems I was troubled with boils. I don't remember it well myself but my doctor tells this story:

"For many years he had watched with interest reports in medical journals of the beneficial results from eating Yeast (this was before Fleischmann's Yeast was generally used as a health food). So when I broke out with boils he gave it to me instead of medicines. The boils disappeared.

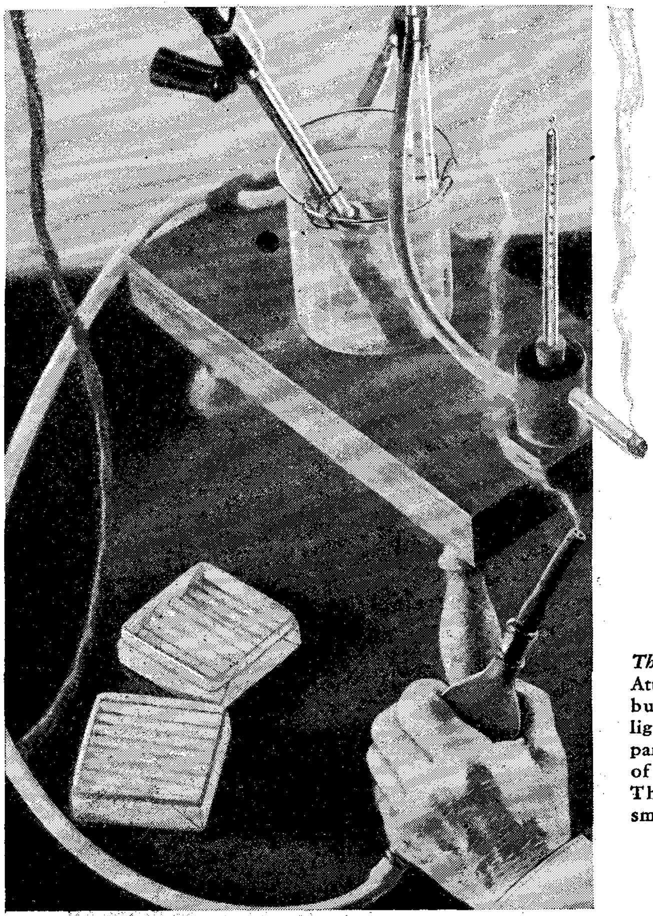
"My doctor is still recommending Fleischmann's Yeast and I have also eaten it since then myself."

St. Elmo Newton, Jr.

EAT THREE CAKES EVERY DAY
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
FOR HEALTH
BEFORE OR BETWEEN MEALS

The simple way to health:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. Harsh cathartics can gradually be discontinued.



The Tobaccometer at work . . Attending chemist squeezes bulb. Draws smoke from lighted cigarette through apparatus . . . past business end of sensitive thermometer. Thermometer registers smoke's temperature.

Even *enjoyment* demands reason!

CERTAINLY tobacco enjoyment is heightened by reason. Why, for example, are new thousands daily turning to Spud!

The tobaccometer knows why. It says Spud is 16.3% (Cent.) cooler than other cigarettes!

Modern little thingumajig, this tobaccometer . . . invention of a scientist who first doubted.

It has tested all cigarettedom . . . high-brow and low-brow, Egyptian and Virginia, thirty-five and fifteen cent classes. It has given each an unbiased, scientific rating for coolness. Spud is always many degrees lowest in temperature . . . *actually and noticeably* . . . a cooler smoke.

So here you are, cigarettists, be you connoisseurs or novices, here's reason for you! Take it as reason for your first Spud. Take it as reason for your thousandth . . . your ten thousandth.

Spud's first puff prophesies it all . . . a refreshing little whiff of coolness . . . tapering off through the rest of Spud's fragrant length to real fulfillment in unhampered tobacco enjoyment. The last Spud of the day tastes as good as the first. At better stands, 20 for 20c. $1.00 tin of 100.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., Louisville Ky.

SPUD

MENTHOL COOLED

Cigarettes....20 for 20¢

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

DEVIL-FISH A LA HUGO AND OTHER PERILS OF A DIVER'S LIFE

AN eight-armed monster of hideous aspect came silently, gropingly out of its hiding-place, and moved through the dark waters at the bottom of the ocean in the Panama Canal Zone. When the man in diver's uniform saw the apparition with the promise of death in its wavering tentacles, he raised the harpoon with which he was armed, and when the giant octopus came close enough he struck a blow which cut off three of the searching arms. Then he jerked a signal to those above him. But as he rose through the water the beast came with him and a choking sensation overcame him. The devil-fish was squeezing him with the force of a bear. In desperation, the diver struck at the chin valve of his bell and the force of the air released drove back the octopus for a moment and allowed the diver to poise his harpoon once more. The monster returned to the attack, and the man struck out, sending the hook of his weapon through his enemy's eye. He almost expected a bellow of pain, and a feeling of uncanniness came over him when he saw the fish squirm noiselessly, uncurl its tentacles, and slowly sink. "Lurid tales of undersea strife between divers and monsters have a basis in fact," we learn from an interview with William S. Wickwire, star deep-sea diver, by John B. Kennedy in *Collier's*. Wickwire, we are reminded, was one of the men called in to aid in raising the submarines *S-51* and *S-4*. On the former occasion he was the hero of a dramatic episode of which Mr. Mr. Kennedy tells us:

> Each of the six compartments of the submarine was pierced by drills and tapped by hose. Divers, risking their lives at every move, dropt between the sharp jaws of the rip and tore their way with torches into the bowels of the boat. Water was driven out through sliced openings by ceaseless volleys of compress air, and the openings were sealed. Finally, after days and nights of unremitting labor, the men at guide-ropes and ear-boxes, who lowered and raised the gnome-like toilers of the sea dripping and slipping on the decks, heard the signal that pontoon chains had been locked about the hull. Up came the *S-51* with the ponderous heave, drop and heave again of a sea beast being dragged to captivity, only to drop again.
>
> But finally her jagged maw bit through the surface of the water and bustling tugs prodded and straightened her. Pontoon chains were tightened, and she was hitched for a painfully slow haul to dry dock. On the *Falcon's* decks divers gathered to gaze at the steel charnel house they had brought to the light of day. It was not a pleasing sight. Ripped and jagged like a huge can, shaggy with barnacles and seaweed, the gray monster of war was a floating chamber of horrors.
>
> Stubbornly she wallowed after the puffing tugboat. A harsh snap of metal and cry of alarm from the *Falcon's* crew! The chain of the left rear pontoon had broken.

The links grated at each jog of the hulk. The eighty-ton iron air-tank was loosening. In two minutes it would have slipt from its chain and bedeviled a job that seemed ended.

Curses came from the *Falcon*. Then the flight of a figure through air. Wickwire, the star deep-sea diver, had demonstrated that he needed neither guide-ropes nor air-lines to tackle the deep. He vanished. Then his doused head emerged beside the floundering pontoon. He grappled with its ribs, clambered up its water-washed side, hauled in the slack of the broken chain and fastened it. Later the *S-51* went grudgingly on her way to the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Even in that grim moment cheers arose. This exploit earned for him the Navy Cross for exceptional heroism.

Is it any wonder that when the Submarine *S-4* was sent to the bottom of Provincetown Harbor by the destroyer *Paulding*, the Navy Department sent an S. O. S. over every available air-wave for William S. Wickwire? It became known that six living men, trapt in the submarine's torpedo chamber, might be saved if rescue were prompt.

The *S-4* wreck is something Wickwire is reluctant to talk about.

"I thought the *S-51* was the worst wreck I'd ever seen," he states. "My first dive down I had to thread myself through the gunnery hatch, which was jagged and blade sharp from the rip made by the *City of Rome*.

"Stalking through water in the submarine's mid-compartment, my air-line caught on an iron angle. This tautened it, and through the lap of the water I heard the sharp edges of the rip nipping the hose. If ever a man scurried to get out of a hole, I did. One false step and that hose would have been snipped like a rubber-band between sharp shears. Luck was with me. I actually hit the center of the torn hatch and got out to safety."

Jovial as this romper of the ocean's floor may be by nature, his fresh, muscular face clouds when he speaks of the last terrible tragedy which he and his brave comrades attended as revealers of the grim aftermath.

The *S-4* was an unavoidable tragedy, Wickwire told his interviewer, who pictures the feverish and anxious work at the scene:

> Nearly a month Wickwire and a valorous company of divers spent in the icy water off the neck of Cape Cod, standing hopelessly by for much of the time, unable to descend into the swelling seas which dragged the 1,200-ton rescue ship from her moorings.
>
> "It was the bitterest job any of us ever tackled. At one time down there 102 feet below water and six feet in freezing ooze, our hose shot out icicles. Eadie, the hero of the job, who rescued diver Michaels when Michaels's air-line got twisted about the hull rip, was blue with cold when he brought his comrade to the surface. It was simply impossible for the divers to make headway in the storms that broke on the Monday following the Saturday when the *S-4* sank. Before that Monday I don't know what could have been done. I wasn't there.
>
> "Life during those days at Provincetown was a frozen purgatory.
>
> "One good diving day would have saved the living men on the *S-4* easily, and the ironic fact is that almost at the hour when it was mathematically impossible for the

SHE LEARNED this Secret in Childhood Days

While she was a tiny tot, Miss Marjorie Willis began to use the dentifrice that cleanses her teeth into sparkling radiance

Her radiant, lovely smile! It's a charm that men admire . . . that flash of beautiful, gleaming teeth

NO wonder her admirers watch for it—the sudden smile that lights her face like magic. In it there's warmth and understanding, and much more besides. There's evidence that her teeth have had closest attention . . . that their gleam and sparkle are the result of daily *cleanliness.*

Uncompromising care of her teeth is a lifelong habit with Miss Marjorie Willis. Since she was first able to hold a brush she has cleansed them twice a day with Colgate's. Never in all these years has she let herself grow careless in this important duty.

Others, too, know the way

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands of men and women like Miss Marjorie Willis. Because they began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, their teeth are exceptionally sound and beautiful today.

With Colgate's, cleaning is not a side issue, or an added feature . . . it is the main thing. Naturally, no dentifrice that you have ever used will clean your teeth more thoroughly. And, mark you, this supremely efficient cleansing is the basis of beautiful and long-lived teeth.

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So, for lovely teeth...for teeth that make your smile the asset that it should be... ask your druggist today for Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Or, if you prefer, let us send you a sample to try.

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Please send me a Free Sample of Ribbon Dental Cream.
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This unusual arrangement of wire ropes, sheaves and blocks was used in lowering two 55-ton rotors into the power plant of the Exchequer Dam, in California.

Big Dams!

Mammoth masses of concrete are being built throughout this country to impound millions of gallons of water for the development of power.

Such "jobs" employ great quantities of highest grade wire rope, both for handling the structural material and the huge hydraulic machines.

Yellow Strand Wire Rope is always in evidence where loads are heavy—where super-strength is imperative and economy is desirable.

Imported steel wire, specially drawn, and the skill that can result only from vast experience, are responsible for the qualities which make Yellow Strand so popular among contractors of all kinds. The "strand of yellow" identifies the brand and protects the purchaser.

Broderick & Bascom, manufacturers of Yellow Strand, as well as all standard grades, have made wire rope exclusively for over fifty years.

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You need a Basline Autowline in your car for emergencies. Made of ¼-inch Yellow Strand wire rope with patented snap hooks for quick attaching. Very strong but small enough to coil flat under a cushion. Ask your accessory dealer.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

men to be alive, all of a sudden the sea stopt rolling.

"It was a black hell of slime down there in Provincetown.

"But if you want to know how to prevent submarine disasters in future, there's only one answer: abolish the submarines." And, he added with a cocky little shoulder shrug: "I'm safer below sea than my wife is crossing a traffic-stuffed street."

Wickwire, who at thirty-four, remarks Mr. Kennedy, is a recognized master of that trade by which men earn their livelihood where no other men can live, has been fighting the sea for more than ten years. We are given this picture of him:

Stockily built, with the rolling gait of the sailor born and bred, his eyes—fittingly ultramarine—are undimmed by stark adventure at the bottom of the world.

"I began diving as a prank," he told me in a dry, quick voice that takes in its stride all manner of technical terms. "I was a gunner's mate at the naval base in New London. I'd been in the Navy for about seven years then.

"For a gunner's mate the second five years are the hardest. Then the monotony of the job gets a fellow to thinking that a gunner's mate's life is only interesting when there's something to do besides acting as day nurse to a gun.

"I was fascinated by the work of divers sent to rescue a man caught in an air-chamber of a caisson of a bridge. Three divers went down, one after the other, and reported no sign of a man imprisoned anywhere. They were exhausted. The officer in charge was impatient. I was helping at the air-lines while the divers worked below, and when the last man returned to the deck, there was no other diver to send down.

"Rashly I told the officer that I was a diver. He was new to the station and there wasn't time to check up.

"Nervously, I stept into lead shoes and a rubber suit with an iron helmet strapped to my neck—like being fettered in the electric chair or decorated with a hangman's noose.

"A diver doesn't just change from sea togs into glorified overalls, as many people think. He wears a cumbersome and complicated mechanism. Always quick to grasp practical mechanics, I had become acquainted with the operations of a diver's rig. I knew the speaking tube and air-hose and life line, the strings on which the diver's very life dangles when he's submerged. I knew the location and purpose of the main valves in the helmet: the air-control, which regulates pressure of feed for breathing; the exhalation control which releases the dioxid gas expelled from the diver's lungs, and the motion-control valves operated by pressure of the chin on either side of the face plate, much like a steering-wheel.

"Yet this knowledge did not prevent the sensation of being imprisoned when the helmet was screwed into place.

"I dropt and kept dropping, it seemed, for hours. Really it took three or four minutes to lower me an inch at a time.

"I sank waist-deep in mud. Signaling to lift, I was hoisted above the mud. In mid-water I circled with the torch and found the caisson, which I thought was buried face down in the mud. I was right, but I spent a long time confirming this hunch—so long that the signal to rise came as a shock. I signaled back that I hadn't really started. The retort was brusk—'Up you come'—and up I went.

"'Where'd you get the idea you're a diver, Wickwire?' demanded the young officer in charge. 'This boat's been circling like a Ferris wheel to keep up with you.'

"I had hoped to be heroic. Instead they rushed me off deck with the surprizing statement that I had been below only eleven minutes and the more disconcerting information that the missing man we had been diving for had been located, dried out and debonair, eating baked beans in a riverside restaurant.

"I hadn't gone down far enough to need decompression, altho I thought I had. A diver spends, roughly, time and a half in the decompression-chamber for the time spent on the ocean floor.

"The first few breaths on removing the helmet are harmless, but if he was not slowly decompress he would suffer the agony of a fish out of water. Especially, if too sudden exposure to fresh natural air resulted in a bubble, he would be afflicted by the bends, the crippling of knee- and elbow-joints that might disable him for days or weeks, or even for life. Michaels, one of the best divers in the country, got the bends following an accident to his air-line on the *S-51* off Block Island.

"I came out of my first dive chastened by the rebuke of a superior officer.

"'You should be court-martialed for kidding me that you were a diver,' he said.

"But he was good-natured enough to overlook this offense."

DOLLING UP TRADER HORN FOR HIS AMERICAN VISIT

A HAT made for a Dutch predikant, or minister, crowned the noble brow of the old buccaneer, pioneer big-game hunter, and what not, when he crossed the Atlantic to the land of noisy fame. It was the best Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis could do in the stores of Johannesburg, South Africa. Old gentlemen are very difficult things to dress, she confides to us in her introduction to "Harold the Webbed, or The Young Vykings" (Simon & Schuster), Trader Horn's second book. When the Trader set out to visit England and America, Mrs. Lewis, his literary sponsor, knowing well his casualness with clothes, undertook to supervise his wardrobe. Then she found out all about the difficulty, altho, as she continues, she allows exceptions:

> Not perhaps with the English military type or the strong, silent, aging, hundred-percenter of New York. There is a formula for such types easy to follow. But an old gentleman with a beard! . . . A literary old gentleman! . . . well, of course! He must have an old-fashioned inverness cape, such as all the literary Victorians wore so effectively. A cape made, if possible, of rough gray Irish tweed with a doggish suggestion of a big check woven in it.
>
> A Victorian old gentleman with a beard! . . . Well, of course—a soft black hat of poetic build, such as Tennyson. . . . Yes, and a wide shepherd's shawl or plaidie for the shoulders to enclose the beard in winter weather.
>
> I saw it all—and then I looked at the

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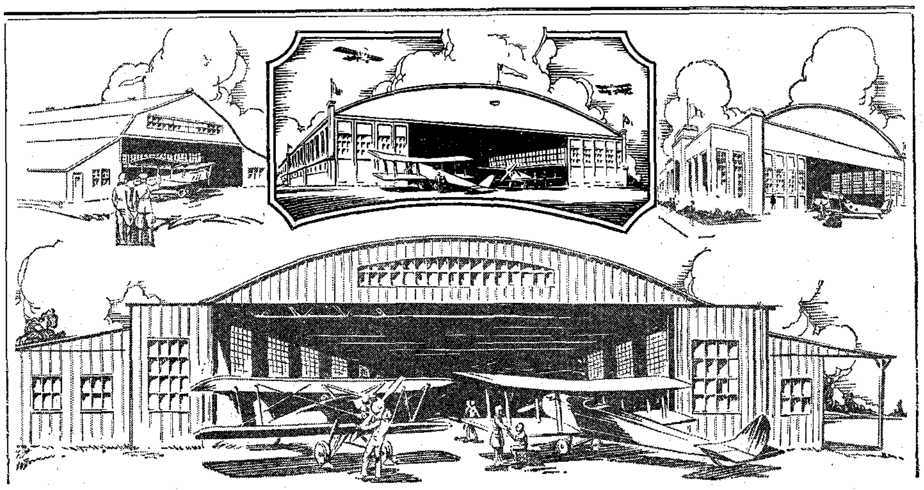

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Golden City and felt that the vision splendid could never be brought to reality in such an environment.

After a week's search, I began to despair. I then entered a store which eventually did try to solidify my ideas with some degree of intelligence. I found the wide, soft plaidie. I found a black hat: not the Tennysonian hat of my dreams, but still—it was a soft black hat. I looked at it thoughtfully as the young man held it out. What did it remind me of? Not Tennyson; it missed the poetic rake of the brim. Not an English parson—that jolly, adaptive headgear. Not . . . it looked more smug than any of these. Closer, less frank of outline. . . .

"If I were you, madam," said the thoughtful voice of the young man, "I would perhaps not mention to Mr. Horn for whom we stock this shape. To tell you the truth, we sell them to the Dutch predikants (ministers)." Our eyes met guiltily. "Thank you," I said fervently. "Thank you."

Yes, the only sin I feel conscious of at present in my entire dealings with Aloysius Horn is that I let Trader Horn, buccaneer and big-game hunter and the author of a successful book, go home to England in a Dutch predikant's hat.

It was this same young salesman, a tall, good-looking boy of twenty or so, who vastly enjoyed the fun of clothing Aloysius Horn, who, when I first tried to explain my sartorial vision to him, said ruminatingly: "An inverness, madam . . . a black hat—a soft one. . . . Why, madam, you mean like Thomas Carlyle, do you not?"

My quest was over; here was one of the cognoscenti smiling understandingly at me. Who says we are Philistines in the Golden City!

WHY THE HAUSSA NEGRO LANGUAGE IS DEEMED THE LOVELIEST OF ALL

IN Africa the sun is setting. In the waning light, two lovers stand before a native hut in a clearing. "*Sai anima!*" the youth exclaims as he turns to go, and the maiden calls after him, "*Sanu da dare.*" "To our next meeting," is what he has said, while she has replied, "Good-night."

Then she turns and enters the hut, where her little brothers and sisters run to her, crying, "*Madara nono! Madara nono!*" ("Fresh milk! Fresh milk!") By the hearth sits the mother making cakes. She calls to her daughter, "*A dama gari da nono schi damu.*" ("Stir the flour well into the milk.") She leaves the girl to finish the work and begins to iron clothes, calling to her husband, "*Kawo woni magogi*" ("Bring the other flat iron"), adding, "*Gobe Lahadi.*" ("To-morrow is Sunday.") As soon as the children hear this they cry, "*Madala! Madala! Gobe Lahadi, ba makaranta.*" ("Fine! Fine! To-morrow is Sunday, there will be no school!")

These, Waldemar Sacks explains in *Illustrirte Zeitung*, Leipzig, are the Haussa negroes of the Soudan, a highly developed people, who speak, we are assured, "the most beautiful language in the world." Of them we read further:

> They are not a pure negro race, being crossed with the Semites through intermarriage with Arabians, and it is doubtless this which accounts for their superior intellect, as well as certain physical characteristics. It is said that in the bad old days of slavery, a Haussa negro was regarded as a special prize, because of his superiority.
>
> One of the most interesting things about them is their language, both because of its euphony and the mixture of many tongues which it presents. This is due to the circumstance that the territory occupied by these tribes has been for untold centuries a meeting ground for races in various parts of Europe and Asia. Thus, as a river deposits sediment, the great currents of humanity flowing from Europe and Asia across the Mediterranean into Africa, and across Africa by caravan, for thousands of generations, have left fragments of their speech, until the whole is a conglomerate as beautiful as might be a mosaic made of brilliant and wave-worn pebbles.

The beautiful and singular sounds of the Haussa negro tongue, are used by 20,000,000 African blacks, comments Herr Sacks, continuing:

> There is probably no European tongue in which ordinary things such as potatoes and onions (*dankali da abasa*), sleeplessness (*marasquana*), lamp (*fitila*), mattress (*tabarma*), key and lock (*Kaska da tschokali*), are designated by such complex words, which are not only euphonious but possess a character such as is found only in highly cultivated languages. But back of the beauty of this mysterious negro tongue lies still another secret. In other words, whereas part of the speech consists of beautiful, foreign-sounding words, such as those quoted above, the other half of the Haussa speech gives the impression, upon a superficial glance, that it is composed of a mixture of Old High German, Slavic, Latin, and Greek words.
>
> The theory that these are words which have been drawn into the language through cross currents of traffic or colonization remains to be proved, since many of these "foreign" words have meanings entirely different from those in the original language, while others have the same, or similar meanings. But above all, it must be remembered in this connection that the Haussa negroes with their caravans traveling throughout Africa, and even as far as India, belong to the foremost commercial people of this part of the earth. The *Lingua Franca*, as the Haussa speech is termed by the natives, is used as a general language of commerce as far as the Mediterranean Sea.
>
> The Haussa negroes are immediately recognizable by the strikingly stately appearance they present, wrapt in their voluminous white garments; and they differ, furthermore, from the pagan natives by reason of the fact that they belong to Christendom, or more often to Islam, on which account those phrases which refer to religion are of Arabic origin. This, however, applies to a dozen words at most.
>
> Still fewer are the words introduced from English, French, and German colonization, such as *kuler* (cool), *telefon* (telegram), *sekunde* (second), *banhof* (courtyard), *karte* (card), *Krismas* (Christmas). The beautiful Haussa word *wotika* is also used for card, and *keke*, or *wurin keke*, for courtyard.

But far larger is the number of words wherein we may trace a mysterious and prehistoric relationship with European languages, the writer tells us as we read on:

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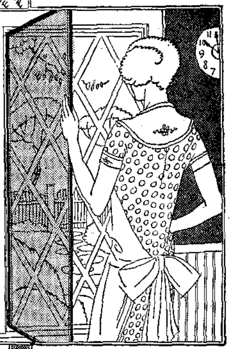

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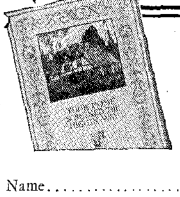

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

How shall we explain, for example, the fact that the eternally beautiful Greek word, *thalatta* (sea), means in the Haussa tongue simply Tuesday, or else signifies the number 3,000? Still more striking is the singularly beautiful *likafani* (shroud). This is unaltered and has the same meaning as the old high German *lika* (corpse) and *fano*, or *fani*, banner, originally only textile or cloth.

In this we must be reminded of the old high German word, *likahamen* (corpse wrap). Still more remarkable is the fact that in the Haussa tongue the word *gawa* is used for corpse and never *lika*, whereas, the corpse shirt, or death garment, is called *likafani*. Nor can it be a matter of chance that the old high German or middle high German word, *sil* (rope, string, strap), and the Haussa words *sil*, *silia* (string), are identical. Again we find the north German words, *Bude* and *Budike*, in the Haussa tongue, the first meaning open and the second wide open.

Still more puzzling is the presence of many Latin words having entirely different meanings. Thus we have *domi* (why), meaning home in Latin; *dare* (night), in Latin, to give; *fata* (skin), in Latin, fate; *uva* (mother), in Latin, grape; *dubi* (quest), in Latin, *dubium* (doubt); *turba* (street), in Latin, uproar; *maturi* (painter), in Latin, *maturus*, *maturi* (ripe).

Direct relationship or descent are found apparently in *amare* (died), in Latin, to love; *tubala* (goat), in Latin, *tegula* (to be at hand).

Russian are the words *kolwa* (brain), in Russian, *golowa* (head); *baranja* (female servant), in Russian, *barinja* (lady); and *rubuta* (to write), in Russian, *rabota*, or colloquially *robuta* work), in which we may see a kinship with the middle high German *arabeit* (work), and with the Slavonic *rabota*.

We may mention further the purely Indo-Germanic *daki* (house), *barga* (stall), and *mata* (wife). The Roman sound of such words as *sinaria* (gold), *alfakani* (guide), *gondo* (eel), *amosani* (rheumatism), which are full of euphony and rare beauty, sufficiently indicate that we have here neither foreign words nor any artificial tongue such as Esperanto.

The question must arise whether the Haussa negroes are a remnant of primeval savages or of a highly cultivated people whose speech was already in existence when the first white men trod the "dark continent."

Bouquet with a String.—Music was prohibited during certain hours in the precincts of the college, but one undergraduate found the saxophone more engrossing than his studies. Next day he received a note from the higher authority: "Much against my better judgment, and for purposes of discipline only, I am compelled to regard your saxophone playing as music."—*Christian Register.*

Pass the Straitjacket.—"And this," said the lady proprietor of the night club, "is the fitting room."

"And why a fitting room in a night club?" inquired the visitor.

"This is where he goes when he receives his supper check and has a fit."—*Kansas City Star.*

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

STORIES OF INVISIBLE MEN

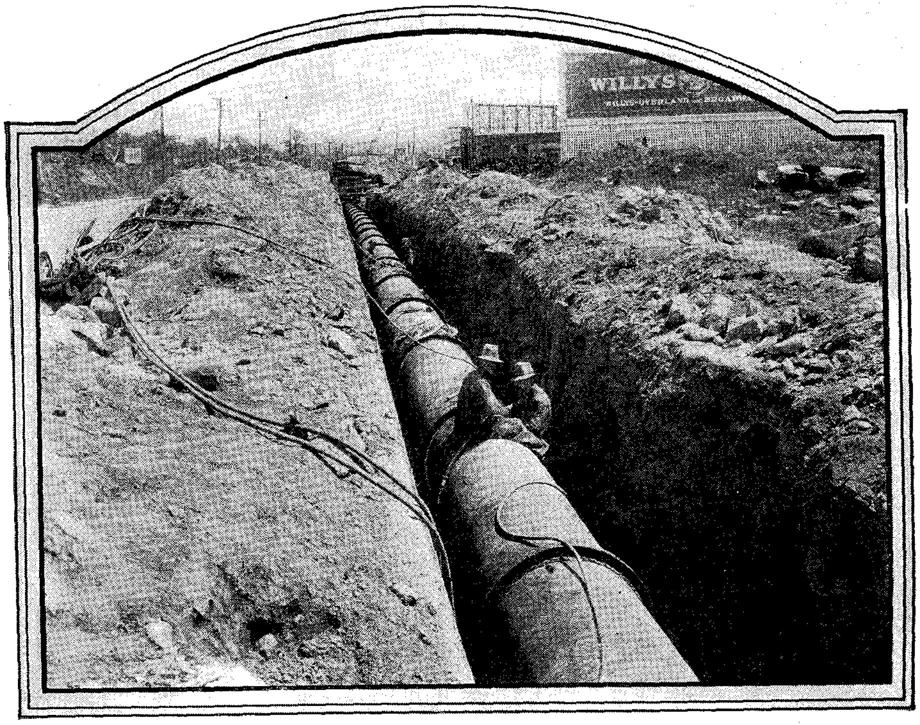
THESE are not without their uses. Even students of science may learn something from them, says Prof. Regis Massac, of McGill University, Montreal, writing in *La Science Moderne* (Paris). Professor Massac analyzes particularly the tales of H. G. Wells and his imitators. He does not mention the recent claim of a German investigator, who, as reported in the daily press, asserts that he has actually succeeded in rendering bodies invisible; but his discussion of the use or uselessness of such a process is both informing and illuminating. Writes Professor Massac, in substance:

The miracle of invisibility is one of the oldest of dreams. The legend of the ring of Gyges is related both by Plato and by Herodotus. From this point we should have to leap suddenly to the well-known tale of H. G. Wells, if we did not find on our road the fantastic account of Cyrano de Bergerac, who describes, among other wonders, that of invisibility realized. It was during his journey to the sun that this adventure occurred. He says: "I realized that, by a secret necessity of light at its source, my vehicle and I had both become transparent. I suppose that the sun, in regions so near to it, purges bodies more completely of their opacity by arranging more nearly in straight lines, the ultimate particles of matter." In other words, light had become capable of passing between the atoms. The sun's rays, in fact, had become X-rays!

The very insufficiency of this narrative, amusing as it is, rather than convincing, causes us to realize better the difficulties of the problem, and helps us to understand why the stories of invisible men are much more definite than those of artificial men, or flying men, or men who can not be killed. To make invisibility probable was too great a task for the science of Cyrano's time. The theories of the propagation of light are still a subject of infinite controversy (is not Einstein's theory partly a desperate effort to put an end to it?) and optics is a science of slow development, difficult to popularize.

It is not surprizing, then, that we have had to wait until modern times—even contemporary ones—to see the invisible-man stories cropping up. All the tales of this sort that I know gravitate around that of Wells. This is based on the fact that what prevents a transparent body from being completely invisible is the fact that it has not the same index of refraction as the air; altho light-rays pass through, they are deviated and the contours of the object are seen. It suffices then to find a means not only of making objects transparent, but of giving them the same refractive power as the air. This means, Wells's hero discovers. He makes himself invisible, but he can not invisibilize his clothes or anything else about him. His life becomes an inextricable tissue of difficulties. The tale is quite as much philosophic as scientific.

The imitators have added almost nothing to the scientific part of the invention. The fertile romancer, Louis Boussenard, in *Monsieur Rien* [Mr. Nothing], has tackled the question of clothing. Monsieur Rien,



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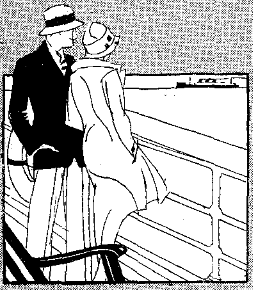

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

before rendering himself invisible, developed considerably, by means of an appropriate preparation (not any more difficult than finding the formula for invisibility), the vitality of the hairy coating of his skin, turning it into a veritable fleece. He became a furry animal, but an invisible one, since each hair naturally participated in the qualities of the whole organism and thus was perfectly transparent. But the trouble was that when it rained, our man carried about a "wet-dog" odor that betrayed his presence. Also, when he walked in the rain, his outline was vaguely marked by the rebounding droplets.

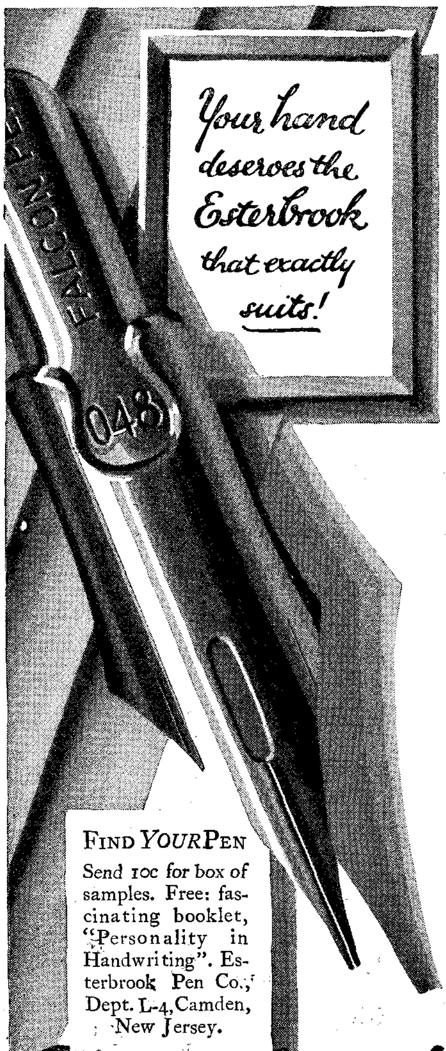
Edmond Cazal, in "Joe Rollon" (French edition, 1919), imitates Wells still more directly, since his hero begins by stealing from a descendant of Wells's "Invisible Man" the papers containing his famous formula. But he undertakes to improve it, for Joe Rollon regards him as a person without foresight. He obtains a second formula enabling him to make himself visible again, and he is thus only temporarily invisible, whenever he so chooses. He also solves the problem of clothing, for he succeeds in rendering invisible his shoes, pajamas, trousers, and dressing-gown. Joe becomes a millionaire: one of his adventures is when he hides behind a statue in a village church and showers bank-notes on a poor peasant. The author ends, like Wells, by demonstrating the vanity of the whole thing; his hero finally gives up invisibility and destroys the famous formula.

The fatality with which this conclusion imposes itself may lead us to a few philosophic reflections. After reading two or three invisible-man stories we soon perceive how childish is the whole idea. The conception is impregnated with the mentality of the puerile age that invented the Gyges fable. To-day, if this miracle could ever be realized, it would be only a scientific toy, suited only to amuse the crowd for a few months, and a hundred thousand times less important than the theory of luminous phenomena implied in its realization, about which a word may now be said.

Such realization is decidedly doubtful, and the tales of Wells and his imitators raise at several points objections of a scientific nature. Refractive index equal to that of the air? Very pretty; but is the index of refraction of the air always the same? This index should vary with the humidity, and that of the invisible bodies would not follow it. Invisibility would never, or rarely, be perfect.

Maurice Renard, in "The Man Who Would be Invisible," states another objection that is still more serious. If all parts of the body are permeable by light-rays, the tissues of the eye would be so themselves. They would be absolutely incapable of reflecting and absorbing light, to transform it into luminous sensations. It follows that the invisible man would also be a blind man. This is what happened to Renard's hero, who having blinded himself by his manipulations, believes that he has actually become invisible. Pitying and complaisant relatives foster this illusion, which consoles him in his blindness.

Thus this idea of invisibility, so seductive at first sight, so rich in possibilities from a literary as well as a scientific point of view, ends only in a fiasco. To my thinking, this is because it is really much too anthro-



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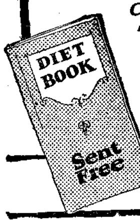

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pocentric. Invisibility and visibility depend only on our eyes, which are imperfect instruments, quite unable to attain the essence of reality. We shall realize this by noting, as we follow these ingenious fictions, that at bottom the visibility or invisibility of a thing makes very little difference. Thus the romances may have their uses, by arousing in us a little more modesty and teaching us that one of the essential qualities of the scientist is to know how to detach himself from himself.

TESTING THE VIOLIN

HITHERTO the only known method of determining the quality of the violin was to have an expert violinist produce the best possible tones of which the instrument is capable and then judge the quality by means of the trained ear of an accomplished musician. A German physicist, Dr. H. Backhaus, has recently elaborated a new method of testing through purely scientific means, which permits not only the determination of the quality, but the making of a record which can be kept on file, and consulted whenever the violin is resold. Dr. Backhaus first changes the musical sounds into electrical waves and then records these by an oscillograph. The painstaking nature of his experiments and the success which he has achieved are described by Dr. H. Kroencke, in *Kosmos* (Stuttgart). We read:

> Some violins may be bought for a few marks, whereas a good orchestral violin costs several hundreds. For the best violins, mostly of Italian origin, fantastic prices are paid, up to 25,000 marks at the present time. The reason for this difference in price has little to do with the look of the violin, but depends essentially upon its tone. But this is a swiftly vanishing phenomenon which has hitherto been grasped very inexactly, and so the appraisal of the tone is by no means easy, all the more since it is strongly influenced by the personal virtuosity of the player.
>
> This appraisal is made still more difficult through certain peculiar properties of the human sensory organs, some of which have not been recognized till quite recently. If, for example, the complex of sounds of a full orchestra is suddenly pierced by the notes of a violin or of a flute, the ear is commonly incapable of determining whether the sound proceeds from a violin or from a wind instrument, as long as the sound continues uniformly. The character of the instrument becomes recognizable only upon alterations in the height of the tone or upon the detection of the vibrato of the violin. This is obviously the reason in part that when a violin is to be tested for quality it is not long uniform notes which are played, but the most different sorts of notes in every part of the scale.
>
> This test with violin and flute does not indicate, however, that the tone color of the two instruments is alike; it merely shows the imperfection of the human ear. That physical differences exist between separate notes has been known for seventy years through the work of Helmholtz, who proved that the pitch and strength of the overtones contained in every sound exert an influence upon the tone color. Helmholtz investigated numerous sounds with great difficulty. To-day this is done better by the use of modern electro-acoustic processes

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

which bear a certain similarity to the action of radio.

The new method of investigating the sound is to change the sonorous vibrations by means of a microphone into electrical vibrations, to reinforce these, and then to inscribe them by means of an oscillograph on a moving strip of film. Dr. Backhaus set himself the task, no easy one, of studying the values of tones produced by different violins and found that the tone produced by bowing at a given point depends upon the mechanism of the bowing, that is, upon the pressure and speed and upon the nature of the resin.

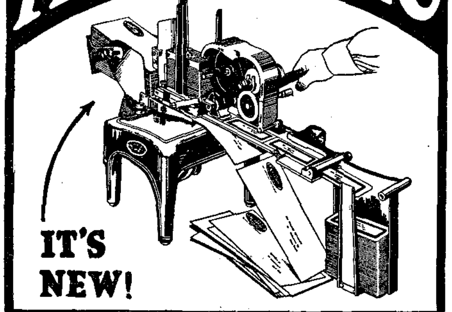
It is through the art of the violinist, through a skill acquired by long years of practise, that the string can be made to vibrate in such a manner as to acquire a vibratory curve such as is demanded for the production of a good sound.

In this manner Backhaus investigated an entire series of violins, among which were several very valuable old Italian instruments, as well as a number of good modern ones, and also some of medium value. He made use for this purpose of musicians of recognized standing, so that the most perfect possible sounds could be recorded photographically. From the vibration curves thus obtained, the position and strength of the various overtones or "partial tones" were determined.

Obviously the quality of a violin can not be ascertained from the records made from it alone, and especially from a single tone. Numerous tones of the same violin must be recorded and averaged so as to discover the area of resonance of the tones as a whole. In spite of the fact that various kinds of overtones are contained in each separate tone, the character of the violin is determined by the overtones of a certain height, which are themselves conditioned by the resonance of the body of the violin itself. In order to study this problem, Backhaus made a great number of experiments with different violins. These were divided into four classes: classes 1 and 2 consisting of old Italian violins, class 3 of modern violins of good quality, and class 4 of comparatively new instruments. He then made charts showing the area of resonance of the different violins with respect to their position and their strength. These charts showed at a glance the great difference in the four classes. An interesting discovery was that the areas of resonance show a certain similarity with what musicians call "formants," that is, the characteristic resonance of the vowels. To quote again:

In vowels, whether spoken or sung, there are certain characteristic frequencies. For example, in the German *i* (pronounced *e* in English), these frequencies lie between 3,000 and 4,000 vibrations per second, whereas in the formants of the German vowel *e* (long *a* in English) only 2,500 vibrations per second are found. The tone of the separate vowels is determined by this, independently of the pitch of the voice.

It was observed that the violins of good



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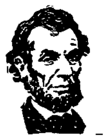

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quality found in classes 1 and 2, had a tone character similar to that of the vowel *i* (English *e*), that is, a clear brilliant sound, while in class 3 the total character resembled that of *e* (English *a*), and in class 4 that of the German diphthong *æ* (approximately like short *a* in English *cat*).

THE COLOR OF THE SUN

MOST of us would say that it is yellowish. Years ago, physicists announced that it is really blue, and would look so to us if we could view it from beyond our atmosphere. The air absorbs an excess of the blue rays, and so wipes out the color to earth-dwellers. But now we learn that the sun is really green, and this conclusion is based not on atmospheric absorption but on the qualities of the human eye. The arguments are set forth by Charles Nordmann, in an article on "The True Color of the Sun," contributed to *Le Matin* (Paris). Writes Mr. Nordmann:

> Sunlight is prodigal of illusions. For example, the moon—which we see by sunlight—appears blue to us. Rostand says: "The moonlight shimmers on the slopes of the blue roofs." Painters have used up tons of ultramarine blue to paint moonlight effects. On the contrary, they have recourse to chrome yellow and ocher to represent landscapes flooded with sunshine. Well, they are wrong! When we analyze these lights with the spectroscope, we find that that of the sun is proportionately bluer and less yellow than that of the moon.
>
> What, then, is the real color of sunlight and daylight? The Dutch ophthalmologist, Tscherning, has been making some curious and suggestive investigations on the subject. It is now recognized that our color sensations come from three kinds of elements in the retina, sensitive respectively to red, green, and violet.
>
> On the other hand, it has been remarked that the sensitiveness of the retinal elements is greater as the light received by them is feebler.
>
> This being so, it is clear that if we observe a very brilliant object containing different proportions of the red, green, and violet rays, it will always appear to us very nearly white, because if the red rays, for example, are much less intense than the violet, the sensitiveness of the retinal elements for red will become automatically greater than that of the elements sensitive to violet.
>
> This being so, to know the true color of an object we must weaken its light, for this compensatory adaptation of the retinal elements to colors takes place more slowly when the light is feeble.
>
> Tscherning has performed some very curious experiments. For instance, he looks at a white cloud, or a street in sunlight, through a tube six or eight inches long, with the end nearest the eye covered by a piece of black paper in which is a pinhole; while the other is closed by paper containing an opening perhaps an eighth of an inch across. Holding the tube before one eye, and looking with both eyes, the object appears of a beautiful green.
>
> This unexpected result will possibly help us to understand various phenomena hitherto unexplained, or badly explained—notably the famous "green ray." This ray, which had often been observed at the moment when the sun disappears below the horizon, may arise from the fact that, suddenly plunged into relative obscurity, the three elements of light suddenly resume their true sensibility. And then,

Batik worker in Javanese village
Philip Little

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The Literary Digest School and College Directory

LITERARY DIGEST readers seeking private institutions of learning will find in our pages between April 14th and September 8th the following Classified Directory containing the names and addresses of some distinctive residential schools; vocational, professional, special schools and colleges. In the earlier issues will appear supervised summer camps. Advertisements describing these institutions will be found in the first issue of each month from April to September. You are invited to write for information to any of the institutions in which you are interested. We list only such schools as we believe are under highly trained and public-spirited executives. Our School Advisory Department continues to serve, as it has for many years, our readers, the schools, and camps without fees or obligation. It is necessary for inquirers to give specific information that may aid us in giving prompt service.

Schools for Girls and Colleges for Women

Miss Beard's School	Orange, N. J.
Rogers Hall	Mrs. Edith Chapin Craven, Box 30, Lowell, Mass.
Starrett School for Girls	Box 42, 4515 Drexel Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Boys' Preparatory

Silver Bay School for Boys	Box 80, Silver Bay-on-Lake George, N. Y.

Military Schools and Colleges

Kemper Military School	706 Third St., Boonville, Mo.
San Diego Army and Navy Academy	Box L, Pacific Beach Sta., San Diego, Cal
Wentworth Military Academy	Box 598, Lexington, Mo.

Vocational and Professional

The Bentley School of Accounting and Finance	923 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
Chicago Teachers College	Dept. 11, 701 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Musical College—Carl D. Kinsey, Manager	80 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, Il.

Technical

Bliss Electrical School	169 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.
Chicago Technical College	Dept. M-91, 118 East 26th St., Chicago, Ill.

Special

Devereux Schools	Box L, Berwyn, Pa.
The Woods' School	Box 160, Langhorne, Pa.

since it is the green that really dominates in the sun's light, it shows itself.

As for the fact that the sensitiveness of the retinal elements diminishes as the light increases, it is similar to the following case: If we build a column of stones, placed one upon another, in a marshy place, it will sink slowly, and as we build it up it gains less and less height measured from the surface of the marsh. If we build at the same time two columns—one of stones two feet high and one of stones one foot high (both having the same cross-section), there will come a time when the column of one-foot stones will be as high as that of the two-foot stones, because the latter sinks quicker. We may thus explain the automatic equalization of the sensations that the three kinds of retinal elements receive from unequally intense colors.

There thus remains this unforeseen fact—that the sun's rays are green. Are they too green or just green enough? That depends on the man who looks at them.

HOW TO KEEP FROM GETTING HURT

ABOLISH the source of danger; surround it with guards; recognize and avoid it. These are the only possible ways, asserts O. O. Paugh, writing in *Safety Engineering* (New York). The last mentioned—safety education—is the basis, he thinks, on which they all rest. Without it no real progress can be expected, no matter what signs, slogans, and safety devices have been erected. He goes on:

> Safety education rests primarily upon the inculcation of a new point of view on accidents and the value of human life. It seeks to teach the individual that accidents do not "happen," but are caused, and that the causes are preventable. It tells us that prevention can not be accomplished solely by those in executive authority, that tacit approval of the safety movement gets no results, but that we must take an active part, individually and cooperatively. Safety education must break down the old concepts, mental attitudes, and habits of thought and action that are of racial origin and persistence. If accident prevention were a mere matter of physical changes in the working environment, we would have been justified in expecting marked statistical indications of national progress years ago. But accident prevention is not that. It is essentially an educational movement requiring the establishment of a new point of view to be applied not only to our industrial activities but to every aspect of our lives.
>
> Industry is rapidly becoming mechanical, and with mechanical production and mass production the hazards become more severe. We note the most striking no-accident records of a few of our big industrial plants. The Clark Thread Company with 4,800 to 5,000 employees operated 268 consecutive days without an accidental injury. This record is the equivalent of somewhat more than 1,300,000 man days. If thread-making seems to you rather safe work, let us mention the Edgar Thompson Works of the Carnegie Steel Company with 414,000 man days, or the Consolidated Works of the Illinois

Steel Company with 444,000 man days, without accident. In the explosives industry we have the Fuze works of the du Pont Company, with 381,300 man days, and also the record of seven years with only one lost-time accident, costing $18.

These no-accident records are not "luck," but were achieved only after months, and sometimes years, of patient plodding effort. Accidents can be eliminated, not only those we always knew how to avoid, but even those we have been pleased to term "unavoidable."

In the process of evolution, the survival of the fittest has been the survival of the safe. The safety movement has been a religion to those who are giving their lives to it. Safety consists quite as much in knowing how to face danger as in avoiding it. Safety in industry has turned out to be immediately correlated with efficiency.

Safety has turned out to be immediately correlated with alertness and intelligence. Accidents are stupid. It is the untrained, unalert child that gets hurt.

Safety must get into the subconsciousness of all of us. So says Frank E. Morris, safety engineer. Mr. Morris tells us that out of an average group of 25,000 people we can predict that twenty-one will be accidently killed during the next twelve months.

We can go even further, he says, and foretell the ways in which they will probably meet death.

Four will be killed by automobiles, three by falls, two by burns, one by firearms, one by machinery, and the rest by other causes. One of the four killed by automobiles will probably be a child under nine years old, and one of the three killed by falls is likely to be a person over seventy-five years old. The number of innocent children sacrificed on the altar of fire every year is so great that we can predict with almost absolute certainty that one of the two to die of burns will be a child under five years old.

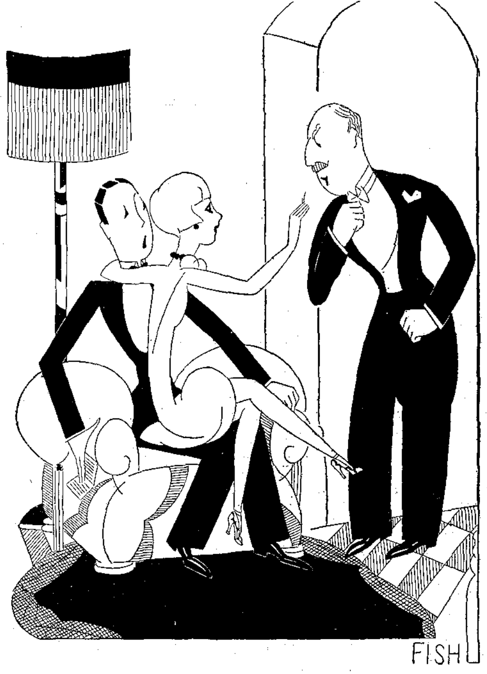
Men do not get hurt voluntarily, yet each one of the 118,000 men who incurred injuries did something to make the accident possible. There are certain risks that can hardly be entirely eliminated. A mysterious explosion, a hidden flaw in steel casing, or the breaking of a chain, may cause accidents that perhaps could not have been foreseen.

We can be very liberal with excuses for these hundred men who have been injured, but there will still be eighty-five of them who are at least partly to blame for their injuries.

If you were to visit the hospital where these men are confined, each man would probably confess to you that he was thinking of something else besides his safety and his job at the moment when the accident occurred. Carelessness is one of the most contagious diseases in America today, and at the present rate of increase it will soon be one of the most fatal diseases.

Guards can not be put on the minds of these men, and how can they be trained to think of their safety first? We must be trained in careful habits, and that is no task for a kindergarten teacher. To guide men whose habits are more or less firmly fixt requires patience, tact, and resourcefulness. We must eliminate chance-taking in our organization by getting together and seeing to it that we all do our part in eliminating this waste.

The scrap-pile in a mill yard is an indicator of the efficiency of the plant. But picture, if you can, the human scrap-pile of an industry that is not interested in safety.



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SAVING MILLIONS BY STANDARDIZING

"POSSIBLY THE OUTSTANDING FEATURE of the American industrial system is standardization," we read in *The Index*, published by the New York Trust Company. According to figures recently made public by officials in Washington, about $300,000,000 is being saved annually through the application of the practises of simplification and standardization that have been worked out in recent years. And it is more than a mere matter of dollars and cents, argues the writer for the New York bank: "Operating originally for the purpose of eliminating waste, standardization has had important social reactions upon the worker, the consumer, and those who are managing industry affairs; where common standards are assumed, cooperation becomes a natural corollary." We are reminded that the need for eliminating waste due to excessive variety of types of products was emphasized by the depression of 1921, and Secretary of Commerce Hoover, before taking office, had appointed (for an engineering organization) the committee which made a survey of waste in six leading industries, discovering an average waste of 49 per cent. After this, the Department of Commerce established its Division of Simplified Practise and the acceptance of its program by a number of industries "effected very important reductions in the types of commodities in various classifications." Here are some of the reductions in variety of types accomplished by the Department in certain industries:

Industry	*Average Per Cent. Reduction in Types of Commodities Used*
Mill Supplies, Shop Equipment, etc.	59
Construction Materials	71
Building Materials, Equipment, Fittings, etc.	72.5
General Supplies and Furnishings for Homes, Hotels, Hospitals, Clubs, etc.	76.5
Plumbing	89
Business Documents	99.44

The remarkably large percentage of simplification under the heading "Business Documents" is "explained by the fact that whereas such things as warehouse receipts, invoices, purchase orders, bank checks, and deposit slips have all been made in a thousand different forms, now there is one Standard Form for each of the documents."

Trade associations and corporations have been rapidly falling in line with indorsement and use of the simplification plans recommended by the Government. We are told that three organizations are chiefly responsible for the advance of standardization here. The Department of Commerce and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States have taken the lead in the simplification of products, and then there is the American Engineering Standards Committee, representing technical societies, trade associations, and the Government, which "is a clearing-house of standardization, both national and international, with regard chiefly to materials and equipment." This committee develops accurate specifications, for instance:

> Specifications for Portland cement; a safety code for elevators and escalators, setting certain standards of construction, equipment, and operation; a method of sampling coal; permissible explosives for use in mines; a code for electricity meters; a safety code for aeronautics; standard screw threads; method of testing the toughness of rock; mathematical symbols; a safety code for automobile brakes.

Europe has found that to keep up in the industrial race it must come to simplification and standardization, and now sixteen European countries have organizations doing this work, with Great Britain and Germany far in the lead. So the writer in *The Index* comes to the conclusion that "standardization is apparently a world economic policy to-day," and he concludes:

> It is hardly necessary to discuss the benefits which both the worker and the consumer derive from cheaper products, or to point out that the lower prices are made possible only by efficiency in production. But more than this, standardization has a place in modern life chiefly because it contributes to greater freedom. The choice of stock products and their operation becomes far less of a problem if a multitude of unknown varieties is reduced to a few that are of assured reliability. To choose a very simple illustration, it is much easier to drive an automobile to-day simply because almost all automobiles are driven alike, with standard gear shifts and standard operating arrangements. One of the important undertakings which belongs under the heading of standardization is the effort to establish the metric system in this country, with its far simpler and more logical methods of calculation.
>
> Industry would recognize two forces operating in production: one, a force which is experimenting with new varieties so as to secure eventually a better product, the other a force that is trying to eliminate unsuccessful variations and leave in existence only those varieties that are of proved merit. Both of these forces are essential, and in many products, particularly the more personal effects of civilization, standardization would only lead to mediocrity. The best restraint upon such an overextension of this program is exercised by the people themselves who will always select certain commodities, upon a basis of individual taste and preference.

The estimate of $300,000,000 saved annually by using simplified practises comes from Director Burgess of the United States Bureau of Standards. A partial list taken from miscellaneous reports shows economies in specific lines as follows:

Metal lath	$ 2,000,000
Steel reenforcing bars	4,500,000
Sheet steel	8,000,000
Range boilers	5,500,000
Invoices	15,500,000
Bank checks	20,000,000

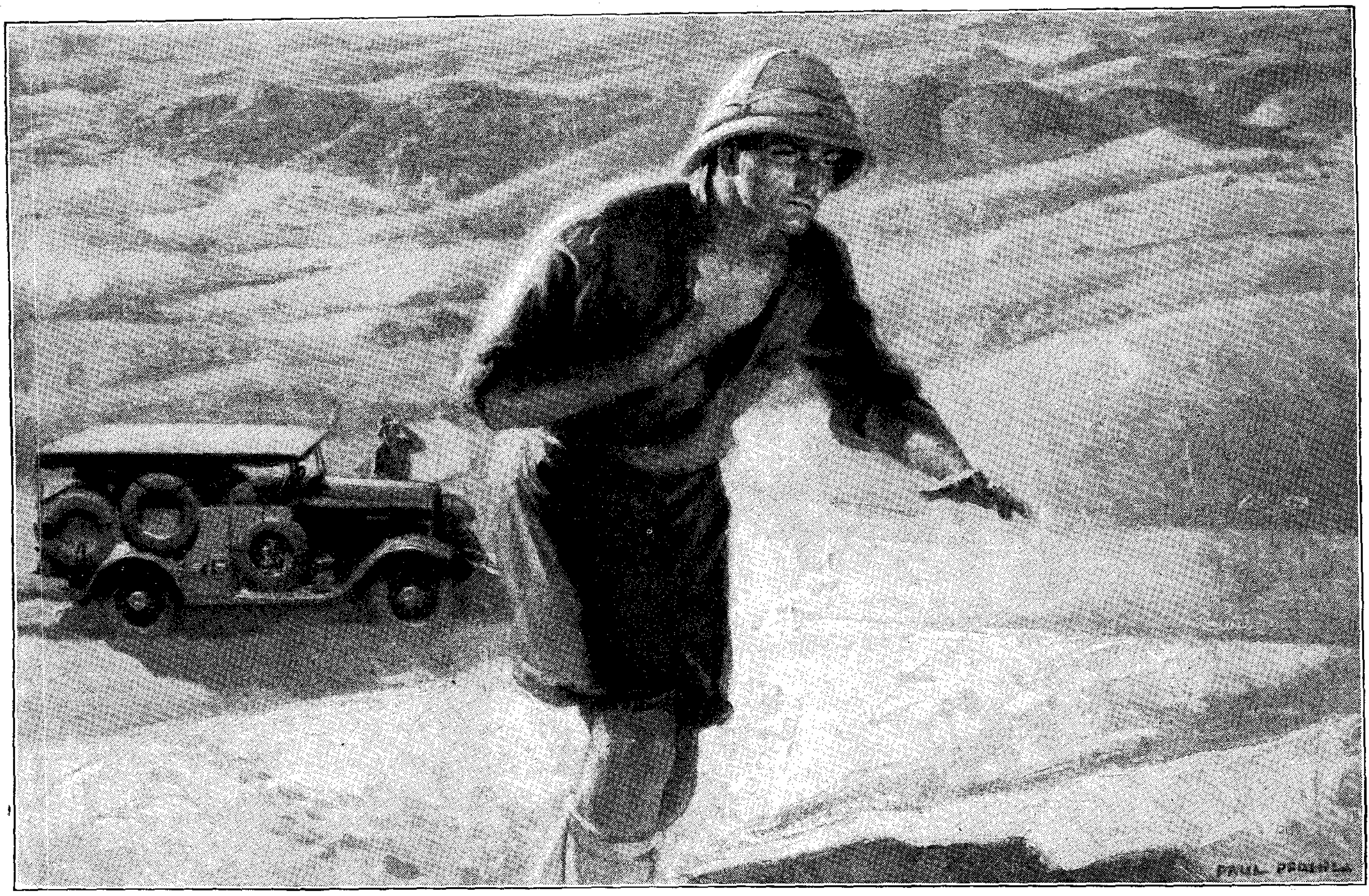
Turning from the money side of it, we read further in a New York *Times* dispatch from Washington that of ninety sets of simplifications in as many industries some examples are:

Commodity	*From*	*To*	*Per Cent. Elimination*
Paving bricks	66	5	92
Face bricks	75	2	97
Common bricks	44	1	98
Milk bottles	49	4	92
Beds, mattresses, springs	78	4	95
Bed blankets	78	12	85
Range boilers	130	13	90
Steel barrels and drums	66	24	64
Steel reenforcing bars	32	11	66
Paper grocers' bags	6,280	4,700	25
Shovels, spades, and scoops	5,136	2,178	57
Solid section steel windows	42,877	2,244	95
Grinding wheels	715,200	254,400	64

Director Burgess is quoted in this dispatch as saying:

> Every business man understands the few basic economic principles which underlie the whole philosophy of simplified practise. To simplify is to reduce inventories. If you reduce inventory, you save money. If you simplify production, you save money, increase the productivity of plant and personnel, and usually improve the quality of your product. This increased productivity of the wage-earner adds to his earning power, thereby enlarging his purchasing power and raising his standard of living.
>
> The elimination of needless variety in sizes, dimensions, and types of every-day commodities, means a more intelligent utilization of our national resources, more efficient production with smaller costs, greater productivity, and higher returns to the workmen, and correspondingly greater purchasing power to buy commodities of other lines; the whole effect of which tends to keep business on a higher level and maintain a higher standard of living.

International Truck Triumphs Over Sahara's Wastes



"Baron Blixen drags his weary steps toward the drums. What an eternity it takes—"

Thrilling story of first four-wheel truck to conquer 3,000 miles of world's greatest desert, by

SIR CHARLES MARKHAM

British soldier, explorer and big-game hunter

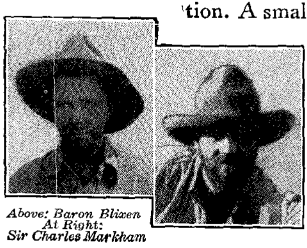
If I were asked to state why Baron Frederik von Blixen-Finecke and I crossed the Sahara by truck, I could only answer that in doing so we attempted and accomplished something which everyone claimed was impossible. We both felt that, having gone so far as buying an International Special Delivery for the trip, we would ignore advice and go on.

On March 26th we started our adventure from Kano, in Nigeria. Out of Zinder, appalling heat enveloped us, our thermometer registering 125° in the shade. Progress from Niamey on was slow, barely averaging ten miles per hour.

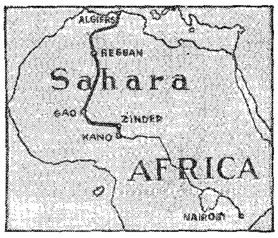
* * *

The desolation at Tabankort, an abandoned military post, would drive most white men crazy in a month. The heat is beyond description. The water is almost as salt as the sea, so we decided not to fill our two 10-gallon drums as we should pass another well called Asselagh, fartheron. The going became steadily worse. At dusk we came to the conclusion we had missed the well. We were faced with the alternative of going on or of turning back.

Either way courted death and a terrible one, but we decided to go on. At 2:30 A. M., we were compelled to stop, overcome by exhaustion. A small glass of water and dry biscuits for us, but not a sound of complaint from our wonderful truck. The going became worse, involving corrugated iron sheets under the wheels, which otherwise would have sunk to the hubs in sand. Four feet forward—stop. Scratch sand, replace sheets, again forward four feet. There was less than a gallon and a half of water left. Our International was boiling constantly but kept faithfully on and every drop of water poured into the radiator was like parting with our life's blood. Finally, a speck on the horizon! Our hopes rise, "What is it," we cry, "can it be water?" Hardly can we curb our impatience. We reach the steel drum. Empty! Our hopes are dashed and both secretly think we have come to the end of our last journey.



Above: Baron Blixen
At Right:
Sir Charles Markham



The next day, we ran into a deep valley of sand. The truck sank in to the axle. Only a quart of water left—for the engine, or ourselves? We compromised with a mouthful apiece and the car drank the rest. Progress was terribly slow, the truck shuddering under the terrific strain from the resistance of the sand, but coming through with flying colors. We climb a small escarpment, and see, barely a mile away, five drums standing in solitary state. Are they empty, or filled with water or petrol? Baron Blixen drags his weary steps toward the drums. What an eternity it takes to cover that mile; but eventually he reaches them.

It is water! With feverish haste we drink the precious liquid which means life.

* * *

Next morning we were off into the Tanezruft Desert, where it has never been known to rain, and reached Reggan two days later. On April 12th we reached Algiers, having covered 4,535 kilometers (2,818 miles) in sixteen days. From Kano to Algiers, we consumed 156 gallons of petrol (187 U. S. gals.).

We were not only glad to have accomplished the journey, but to have done it in a regular stock model International Truck, without special equipment or preparation, other than extra fuel, tires, and water; no spare parts of any description were carried—or needed.

Note: These are short excerpts from this adventurous journey across Sahara. International Harvester will be pleased to send you with its compliments, the complete story of Sir Charles, in booklet form, profusely illustrated. Use coupon below.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

CANADA'S MINING BOOM

"CANADA is excited over its mines, and rightly so," declares a Toronto correspondent of *The Wall Street Journal,* and at the same time we hear from a New York *Times* writer in the same Canadian city, that the mining industry in the Dominion is still a long way from realizing its potentialities. It was a little more than twenty years ago, we are reminded in the *Times* dispatch, that silver was discovered at Cobalt. "Since that time there have been many discoveries not only of silver, but of gold, copper, lead, zinc and nickel. New mining districts, such as Porcupine, Kirkland Lake, Sudbury, and Rouyn, have been opened." This writer goes on to note how activity has recently shifted to the Western mining areas, such as the Flin-Flon, in Northern Manitoba. But *The Wall Street Journal's* correspondent is more interested in the Canadian excitement over mine stocks, saying:

> Practically every one dabbles in mining shares around Toronto, Winnipeg, and Ottawa, and to some extent Montreal is beginning to get excited. So heavily have Canadians become interested in mining shares that this year the president and manager of practically every important bank of Canada referred to mining and mining shares in their statements to stockholders for the year. Each year the people are trading in a higher class of stock until it is not unusual for as much as 18,000 shares of Noranda, selling above $50, to change hands on the Standard Stock and Mining Exchange of Toronto, largest exchange in the world that handles only mining shares.
>
> Every one seems to be taking a flyer in mining. A certain stenographer last year made enough out of mining shares to buy herself an automobile. This year it was a trip to Alaska that she made on her profits from mining shares; and so it goes, with every one talking of his gains and seldom of his losses.
>
> The average person buys stocks. Others help get the money together for trying to develop a mine. These "syndicates" are of all sizes from a few thousand dollars to as much as $350,000, and are largely the ones that develop the prospects, some of which later become mines. The people putting up the money have mining experience and know the risks that they are taking. Most of these are complete wash-outs for the men putting up the money, as is naturally to be expected, but one real success out of ten to twenty will make the venturing as a whole highly profitable.

"The money going into these syndicates is mainly money made out of Canadian mines, and to a remarkable extent it has been 'local' money that has made Canadian mines." But, we read on, American money has been behind some of the most successful ventures, while English capital has played a comparatively small rôle. "Figures are not available, but probably between 80 per cent. and 85 per cent. has been Canadian funds or money made by Americans out of Canadian mines." To continue:

> The present boom began about five years ago. When the people saw that the mines at Porcupine and Kirkland Lake went to depth, they began to take increasing interest in mining shares, until the later developments at International Nickel, Noranda, and other properties have fanned this to fever heat.
>
> In the first six months of 1928, 185,031,735 shares were dealt in on the Standard Exchange, all mining stocks. This compares with 101,889,597 shares in first six months of 1927.

While Toronto is the center from which this mining activity radiates, Toronto, continues this correspondent, "has a population of about 650,000, and this mining does not have the visible hurry and scurry that characterized American cities which served the Nevada mining camps in the heyday of Tonopah, Goldfield, and Bullfrog." Moreover, "instead of dashing around in automobiles like our mining men did in Nevada, the mining men of Canada shoot through the air in planes; probably twenty planes are in use in Canadian mining, with ten or more under repair or in reserve." We read further:

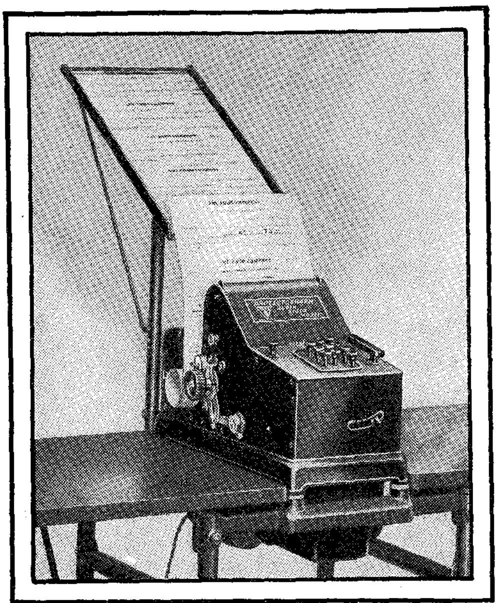
> Like all mining booms, Canada has its mining crooks, but on the whole there is less faking in Canadian mining than has been characteristic of our mining booms. Underlying this whole Canadian mining activity is a surprizingly large proportion of intelligent prospecting and hunting for new mines. This is due in a large measure to the way in which the Ontario Geological Survey has helped the mining development of the province by its excellent work in ferreting out the geology of the various mineral areas in the early stages of their development.
>
> The Canadian authorities are doing much better work in protecting the gullible from being preyed on by the mining crooks than have the United States authorities.
>
> A lot of worthless mining stocks are being sold; but such promoters are gradually being rooted out, for you can not get away with murder in Canada as easily as you can in the United States.
>
> Canadian mining to develop as fast as it should must reach out into the American field and to London for funds. London has met with very little success in its ventures into Canadian mining development, and it will be slow work gaining back a London following; but United States capital has met with such success in its Canadian mining venturing that undoubtedly Americans will gladly venture more strongly into Canadian mining, provided that Canadian men realize the importance of seeing that those who venture their capital in listed Canadian mining shares get a square run for their money.
>
> The activity in the mining shares is well justified. The great shield of Precambrian rocks and the surrounding younger rocks form the most promising mineral area in the world to-day. As yet the area has just been scratched. However, with aid of the airplane and the cooperation of the various provincial governments in opening up this vast area with railroads, the development of this area should be increasingly rapid.

WEATHERING A FARM CRISIS

THE latest information concerning farm conditions comes from the life-insurance companies, which are said to have billions of dollars invested in farm mortgages. In 1920, says *The Eastern Underwriter* (New York), along with other forms of deflation following the post-war boom, the prices of farm lands dropt until they were below the most conservative values—even below the amount of the mortgages against the land. Then began the era of foreclosures, and, with few buyers, the life-insurance companies found themselves owning hundreds of fine farms. As the New York *Journal of Commerce* summarizes the insurance journal's article:

> The companies holding the farm mortgages were faced by a situation where the underlying values of the lands on which they had loaned funds were, in thousands of instances, less than the face values of the mortgages themselves. The situation was a serious one for them, because a large proportion of their investments have always been in farm mortgages.
>
> Individual farmers found almost irresistible the temptation to get out from under what seemed at the time a hopeless mountain of debt by the simple process of turning their holdings over to the lenders. It was not long before the larger companies found themselves with hundreds of farms on their hands.
>
> Insurance companies quite naturally began to curtail their new investments in farm mortgages, but this policy did not solve the problem of holding the loss on mortgages already placed to a minimum. The foreclosed lands could be sold then, if at all, only at a severe loss. A special technique had to be worked out by slow and painful degrees whereby the capable farmers could be induced to stay on in the face of a seemingly hopeless situation. Where it seemed advisable, farmers were carried along for two or three years. Others were employed as tenants on farms they had formerly owned, with the inducement that they would later be permitted to buy back their lands gradually.
>
> *The Eastern Underwriter*, which has been looking into the current situation, reports that all these measures have been carried through with a remarkable degree of success. In the last year or two many of the farmers who have been carried along have been able to work off their debts. It is particularly significant that of the recent pay-offs at maturity or on option, one large company has calculated that 30 per cent. were paid from funds on hand, and that 42 per cent. were paid off from funds borrowed locally in places where the country banks have been hard hit themselves during recent years. A good market for land seems to be developing once more, and many of the farmers have found it possible to begin the repurchase of their former holdings.
>
> A feeling of distinct optimism is spreading among mortgage officials of the life-insurance companies who begin to see their way out as the farmers begin to get back onto their feet. So optimistic are they that they believe in the end they will suffer no loss. Thus far, they say, they have not lost a dollar of their principal, and the situation is now so shaping itself that in many instances they believe they will be able to get rid of their land-holdings, not at a loss but at a profit.

"No trouble in protecting from 1200 TO 1500 checks an hour"



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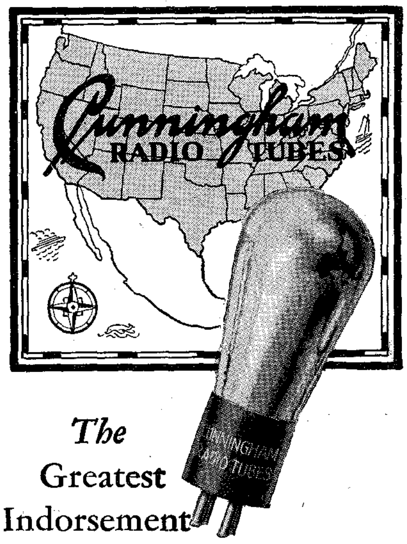

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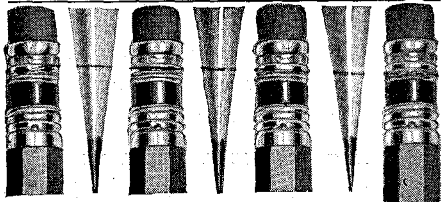

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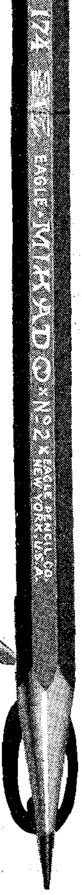


EAGLE MIKADO
THE *YELLOW* PENCIL WITH THE *RED* BAND

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

August 23.—Unverified reports reach Copenhagen that Bert Hassell and Parker Cramer, missing on their attempted flight from Rockford, Illinois, to Stockholm, had been seen flying low over South Greenland.

August 25.—Achmed Beg Zogu takes the oath as King of Albania under the title of Scanderbeg III, amid extraordinary scenes of enthusiasm.

C. T. Wang, Foreign Minister, is reported to have instructed the Chinese Minister at Paris to sign the Kellogg anti-war treaty when it is presented to the secondary group of Powers.

August 27.—Representatives of fifteen nations sign in Paris the Kellogg treaty renouncing war as a national policy.

The population of 1,500,000 in a district on the border of south Chihli and northeast Shantung are facing death from starvation, announces Earl Baker, Secretary of the New York China Famine Fund Committee, on his return to Shanghai from the stricken area.

Marshal Marie Emile Fayolle, one of the most successful French war-leaders, dies at his home in Paris. He was seventy-six.

DOMESTIC

August 22.—Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, formally accepts the Democratic nomination for President in a speech at the State capitol in Albany in which he advocates some change in the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law.

August 24.—Thirteen people are killed outright, three mortally injured, twenty-five seriously injured, and more than a hundred hurt in the derailment of an express subway train of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company at Times Square, New York City, the worst subway accident experienced in Manhattan Borough.

August 25.—The *City of New York*, carrying thirty-one members and a large part of the equipment of the Byrd Antarctic expedition, sails from New York.

August 26.—In a preliminary statement on the returns from the last fiscal year the Bureau of Internal Revenue shows that income-tax returns failed by approximately $45,000,000 to come up to those of 1927, while miscellaneous taxes fell off about $30,000,000.

Representative Tom Connally wins the Democratic nomination for the Senate from Texas, defeating his opponent, Senator Earle B. Mayfield, by a majority of more than 50,000, and R. Q. Lee wins the Democratic Congressional nomination for the seat now occupied by Representative Tom Blanton.

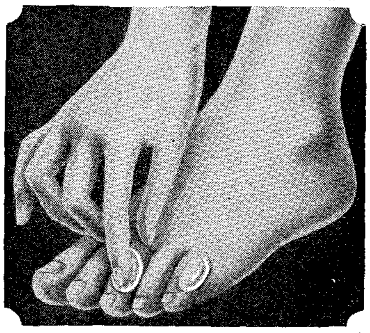
August 27.—Floods desolate the valley of Rondout Creek, New York, drowning three persons, and four counties of northwestern Iowa, where five are reported dead.

Stepping on It.—HUBBY—"I'm afraid we're on the road to the poorhouse."

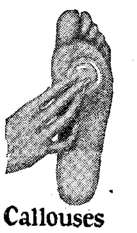
WIFEY—"Well, if we are, then a lot of other people around here are, too."

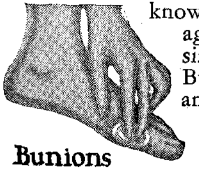
"Maybe; but we're passing them on the road."—*Judge.*

Corns



Relief in one minute!





In one swift minute you will forget you ever had a corn—so quick is your relief when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These small, thin, soft, protective pads *remove the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes—by cushioning the corn and healing it by the *natural* process of *absorption.* Zino-pads are the safest, surest way to treat corns known to science. Buy a package today. Also special sizes for Callouses and Bunions. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

plural nouns.—"A. B. P.," Atlanta, Ga.—Plural nouns require a verb in the plural to agree with them. Therefore, when there are two items, the verb *are* and not *is* must be used, as is seen if the sentence be reconstructed to read: "I am in the receipt of the report for the month of July on which *two items*, amounting to $4.00, as assessed against the cars numbered below, *are* listed."

The name of a Company may be considered as a singular or plural depending on the point of view of the writer. In cases where the plural form is used, as in the case of "Smith, Higginson, Contractors'," the plural should be used. In cases where the plural term that indicates the occupation of the persons forming the firm is omitted *it is understood*, and therefore, the verb should be in the plural.

When the firm name is one like "The Southern Cotton Oil Company," which indicates a concern engaged in the sale of cotton oil, some persons would write "The Southern Cotton Oil Company *is* anxious to obtain the contract." These persons consider the name in its relation to the product, and therefore, the verb in the singular is used. In the case of a firm with the name "Jones, Brown & Company," the form *are* is preferred as the Company consists of members of the Brown and Jones families and possibly other stockholders. The rule governing the use of the singular or the plural in such cases is explained as follows: When the verb is used in the singular, the word Company is considered as consisting of an aggregate of persons thought of as a unit. When the verb is used in the plural, the personnel of the Company is considered distributively as consisting of so many different individuals—the president, the vice-president, secretary, treasurer, manager, stockholders, etc.

possessives.—"I. V. V.," Pittsfield, Mass.—The possessive of nouns ending in *x* is formed by the addition of apostrophe and *s*, under the rule that single monosyllabic nouns ending in a sibilant sound (*s*, *x*, *ce*, *se* or dental *ge*) add the apostrophe and *s*, except when the following words begin with a sibilant sound. When we speak of a *fox' skin*, we do not write *foxes* or *fox's* but *fox' skin*, because the next word, *skin*, begins with a sibilant sound. Therefore, the name cited, *Giraux*, takes an apostrophe and an *s* in any sentence in which the word following it does not begin with a sibilant sound.

tomato, both a fruit and a vegetable.—"A. P.," Berlin, Germany.—The New Standard Dictionary defines *tomato* as "the pulpy edible *fruit* of a plant of the family *Solanaceæ*, or the plant itself. The *fruit*, which is a flattened globular berry, but sometimes pear-shaped, usually red when ripe, is highly esteemed as a wholesome and nutritious *vegetable*. Its use for food in the United States began about the year 1830. The plant is of South American origin. . . . Before it became commonly used as a vegetable, it was called *love-apple*."

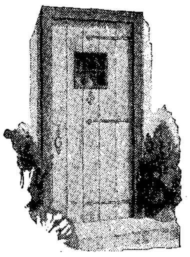
On page 987 of this work, we read: "Fruits may be classified as (1) *fleshy*, including berries, gourds, melons, oranges, apples, etc.; (2) *drupaceous*, such as contain stones, as the peach, cherry, and plum; (3) *dry*, including nuts, capsules, achenia, follicles, legumes, etc."

Originally the word *fruit* designated *vegetable* products in general, and Dr. Henry Bradley has quoted the following from a manuscript that dates from about 1175: "Me sawedh sed on ane time and gederedh the *frut* on odhertime."

Popularly the word *fruit* embraces certain vegetable products that resemble fruits in their qualities, as the stalks of rhubarb, and according to the New Standard Dictionary the word became restricted to edible products of plants, including all grains. A fruit is now generally understood to be a fleshy and juicy product of some plant, usually tree or shrub (and nearly always containing the seed), which, when ripe is edible without cooking, and adapted for use as a dessert rather than as a salad.

In botany, the *fruit* of a flowering plant is the matured seed-vessel and its contents, together with such accessory parts as become finally incorporated with them. Thus, in the botanical sense, not only apples, pears, peaches, tomatoes, figs, etc., but all berries, nuts, grains, beans, peas, pumpkins, squashes, cucumbers, and melons, as well as pine-cones, the samaras or winged seeds of the maple, ash, or elm, and many other products are *fruits*.

A *vegetable*, in the popular sense, is any part of a herbaceous plant, commonly used for culinary purposes, and may consist of a root, as in the beet and turnip; the stem, as in asparagus, celery, and rhubarb; a tuber, or underground stem, as in the potato or the Jerusalem artichoke; the foliage, as in the artichoke, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, and spinach; or *of that which is botanically the fruit as in the tomato*, bean, pea, and eggplant. Thus, the tomato is *both* a fruit and a vegetable, but in table use, and in the garden and market, it ranks only as a vegetable.



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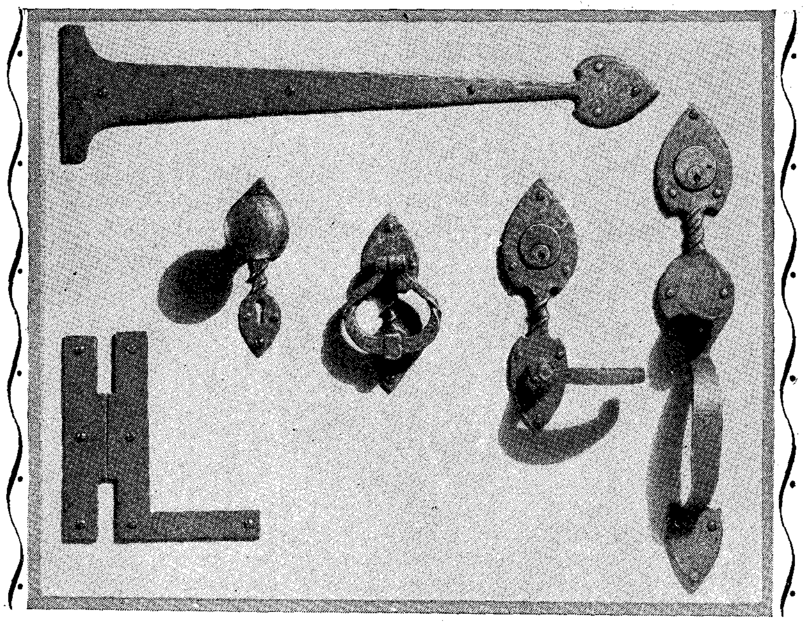

These new Sargent "Catalonia" pieces are of solid white bronze, shaped and finished in resemblance of hand-forged wrought iron. The entrance handle (ask for No. 2661CK*) has a thumb-latch, and connects directly with the Sargent cylinder lock. The doorknob (No.* 1621CK*) has an appropriate escutcheon and keyplate. (There is another doorknob, No.* 1620CK*, for interior use.) The popular lever handle with cylinder lock and the H and L hinge plates excel for homes built in the Early American manner. The strap hinge plate and the knocker are a delightful finishing touch to entrance doorways; ask for Sargent door knocker No.* 5CK, *strap hinge plate No.* 3CK.

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LOCKS AND HARDWARE

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Teething Pains?—His automobile bit a telegraph pole.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

Success Talk.—Our idea of high-pressure salesmanship is selling Senator Heflin a brown derby.—*Judge.*

Too Large for the Shelf.—
SECOND PLACE MANTEL URGED
FOR PERSHING
—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

Outclassed.—Preacher—"You must conquer yourself. I conquered myself when I was about your age."

Jones—"Well, you see, parson, I'm a harder man to lick than you are."—*Life.*

Age of Miracles.—The report which is unconfirmed, and, therefore, unworthy of too much credence, says that the plane came down in open water at a spot where some of the members of Nobile's party were marching.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Metaphysical Problem.—The doctor entered his reception room and found a typical old maid and a hard-boiled gentleman awaiting his ministrations.

Turning to his attendant, the physician asked, "Which came first—the hen or the yegg?"—*Judge.*

Better Stick to Spinach.—
WATCH THE EFFECTS OF FEEDING
ON BABIES
By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States Senator from New York
—*Portsmouth (Ohio) paper.*

Wrestling Match.—
And from the depths of the sedan
There came a muffled curse
He was trying to fold a road-map
Same as it was at first.
—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Twin Methuselahs.—Plattsmouth, Neb., May 4.—(A.P.)—The bodies of a young woman and two 701-year-old men, each with a bullet drilled through the left temple, were found Friday night by the woman's husband.—*Billings (Mont.) Gazette.*

Loquacious Cal.—As President Coolidge contemplated the state of the nation and the state of his own health to-day he was moved to joke with the reporters. . . .

"I've had a lot of raspberries before," said the President with a smile, "but these are the best I ever had."

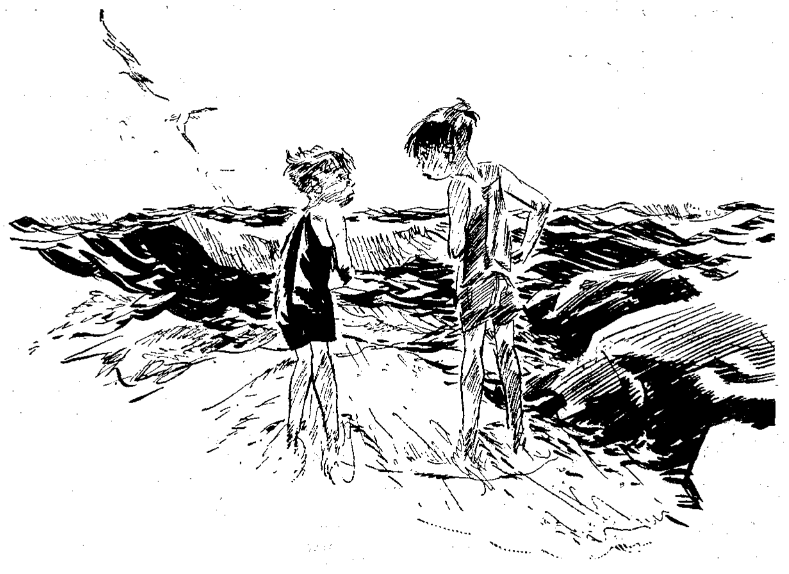
Further, in explaining why he had postponed a local sightseeing trip he said: ffi ffi ffi ffi ffi ffi.

—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Knew What To Do.—
YOUTH, KILLED, DIES
—*Head-line in a North Dakota paper.*

Artistic Endeavor.—Daughter—"Say, go easier with that duster, mother—I'm trying to blow smoke rings."—*Judge.*

Obliging Stranger.—Jewelry worth several hundreds of pounds was stolen from the window of a jeweler's shop at Southampton on Thursday night. In the window was a notice reading: "Goods must be cleared."—*London Morning Post.*



First Boy: "Isn't it cold in here?"
Second Boy: "Yes, I wouldn't have come in if mother hadn't told me not to!"
—*The Passing Show* (London).

Poachers Beware!—There will be no open season on prairie chickens and the season on all other upland game girls is closed.—*Oregon Daily Journal.*

At Last, the Amphibious Auto.—Some time ago another car with its driver plunged into the basin at this point, but swam ashore.—*New Orleans Times Picayune.*

All Explained.—"Why did you tell Joe you married me because I'm a wonderful cook? I can't boil a potato!"

"But I had to give some excuse."—*Hardware Age.*

Gentle as Lambs.—
LIONS WILL FEED
TEACHERS ABOUT
TO QUIT SCHOOLS
—*Dayton (O.) Journal.*

Self-Service.—"Aren't you afraid the birds will eat your seeds? You ought to put up a scarecrow."

"Oh, it's not worth it. There's always one of us in the garden."—*London Answers.*

Save the Pieces.—
AYNSLEYS FINEST
CUPS AND SAUCERS
Only a Few Left Now and They are All Smashed to the Very Limit for the Final Days of this Great Sale.
—*Ad in a Vernon (B. C.) paper.*

Somebody's Darling.—FOUND—Boston female, 1 bad eye, she's old.—*Ad in the Denver Post.*

Balky at the Post.—Helen—"So Peggy's new boy's a Scotchman? How does he treat her?"

Mabel—"Very reluctantly, I believe." —*Sydney (Australia) Bulletin.*

Leading a Double Life.—Tho retired now from active mission work, he is "doing the work of the Lord on the side" while following his earlier and more respectable trade as a boss bricklayer.—*Washington Star.*

Budding Barrymore.—She—"I'm sure I've seen your picture somewhere. Aren't you in the movies?"

He—"Well, not yet. But I pose for eyeglass ads."—*New York World.*

Mysterious Climate.—You will remember that it was yellow fever that prevented the French engineers from building the Panama Canal, as for every 100 people living in this zone 170 to 350 died each year from yellow fever.—*Medical column in a Waterbury (Conn.) paper.*

Leashed and Muzzled.—Sending in a sign he saw near Allenburg, Ontario:
DANGER!
HOT DOGS AHEAD.

Wandering Willie says they don't bite—unless one puts too much mustard on them.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Rounding 'em Up.—I take this method of soliciting your vote for the office of constable. I have been in the mule business in Bartlett for many years, and am experienced in the work that I am asking the voters for.—*Granger (Tex.) paper.*

Not Exclusive Enough.—City Urchin (in the country for the first time)—"This is just like grass, ain't it?"

Little Friend—"Why, it is grass, Chimmie."

Urchin—"No, it ain't, cos yer don't have to keep off it."—*Hardware Age.*

True Affinities.—
DePass-Key
An announcement received from Mr. and Mrs. Victor Hamilton DePass of Jacksonville, Florida, is the engagement of their sister, Miss Isabel Foster DePass to James Turner Key of Columbia.—*Columbia (S. C.) State.*

Gale-Breese
Zona Gale is now the wife of William Breese. Weather prediction: Little cyclones around the house—*Omaha Bee-News.*